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FEB. 21, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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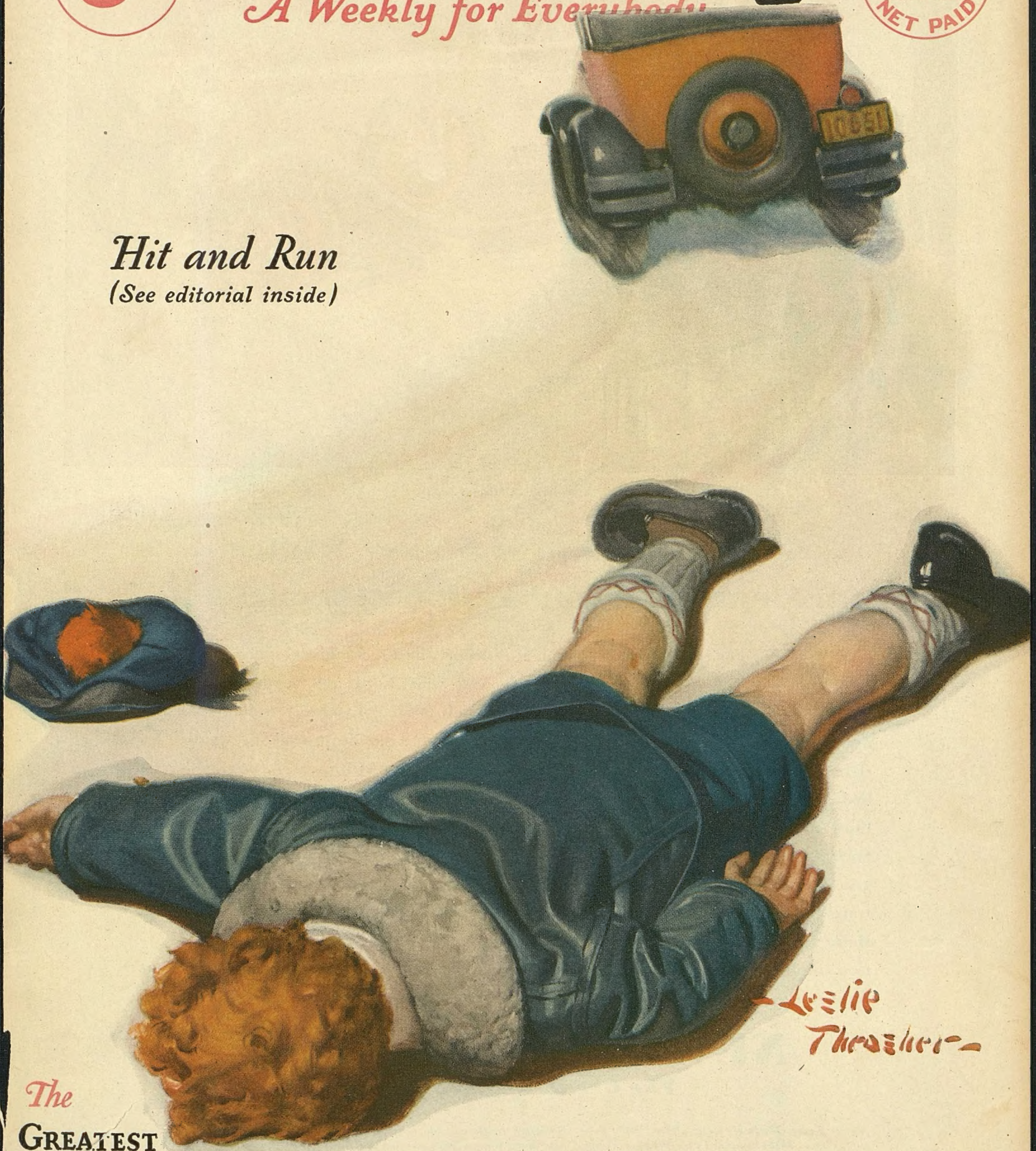
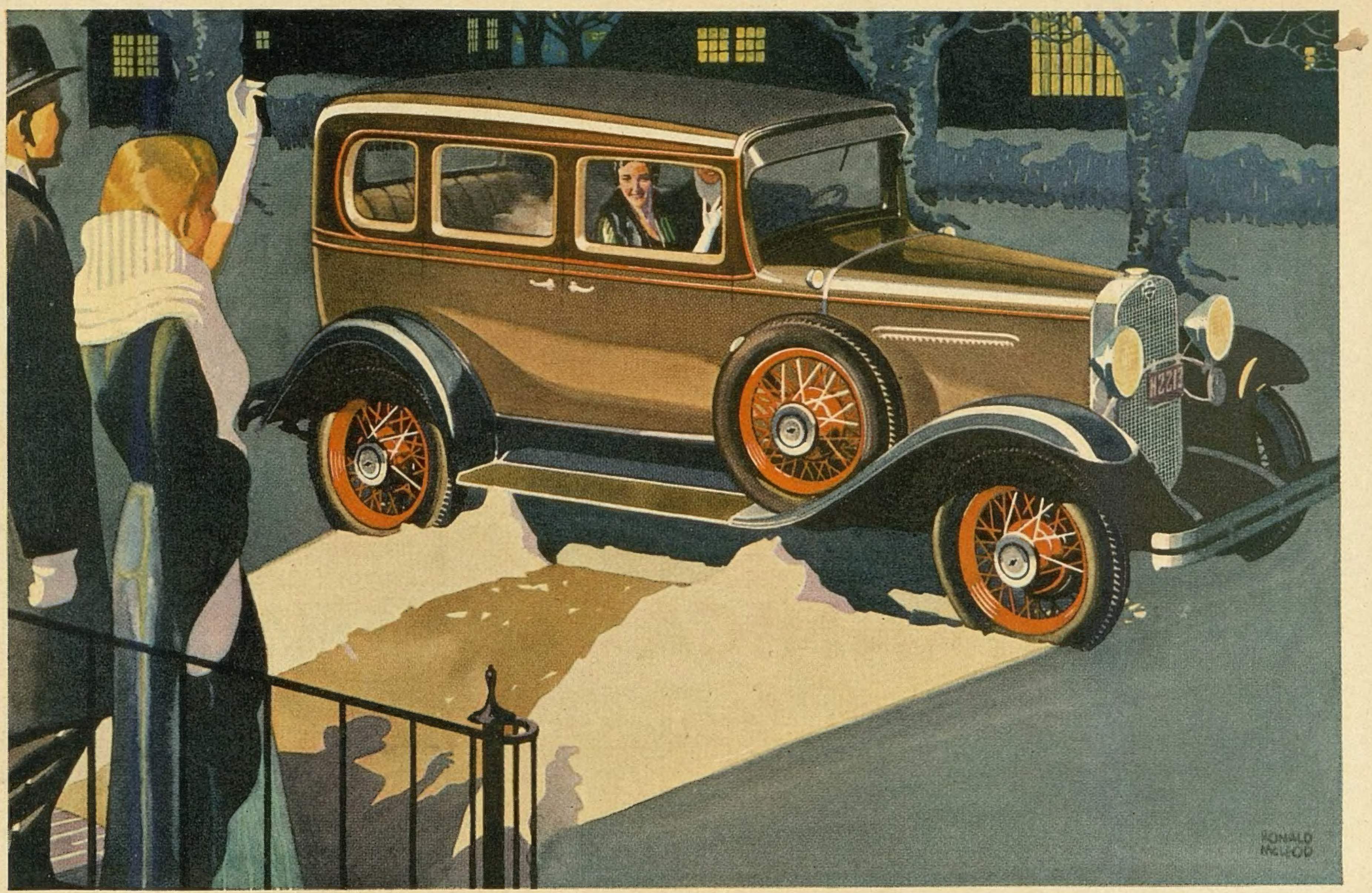


Hit and Run

(See editorial inside)

The
GREATEST
SPY STORY *by* SIDNEY **SUTHERLAND** *Also* GEORGE S. **BROOKS** ~ VACHEL **LINDSAY** ~ EDWARD **HOPE**



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CHEVROLET

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NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

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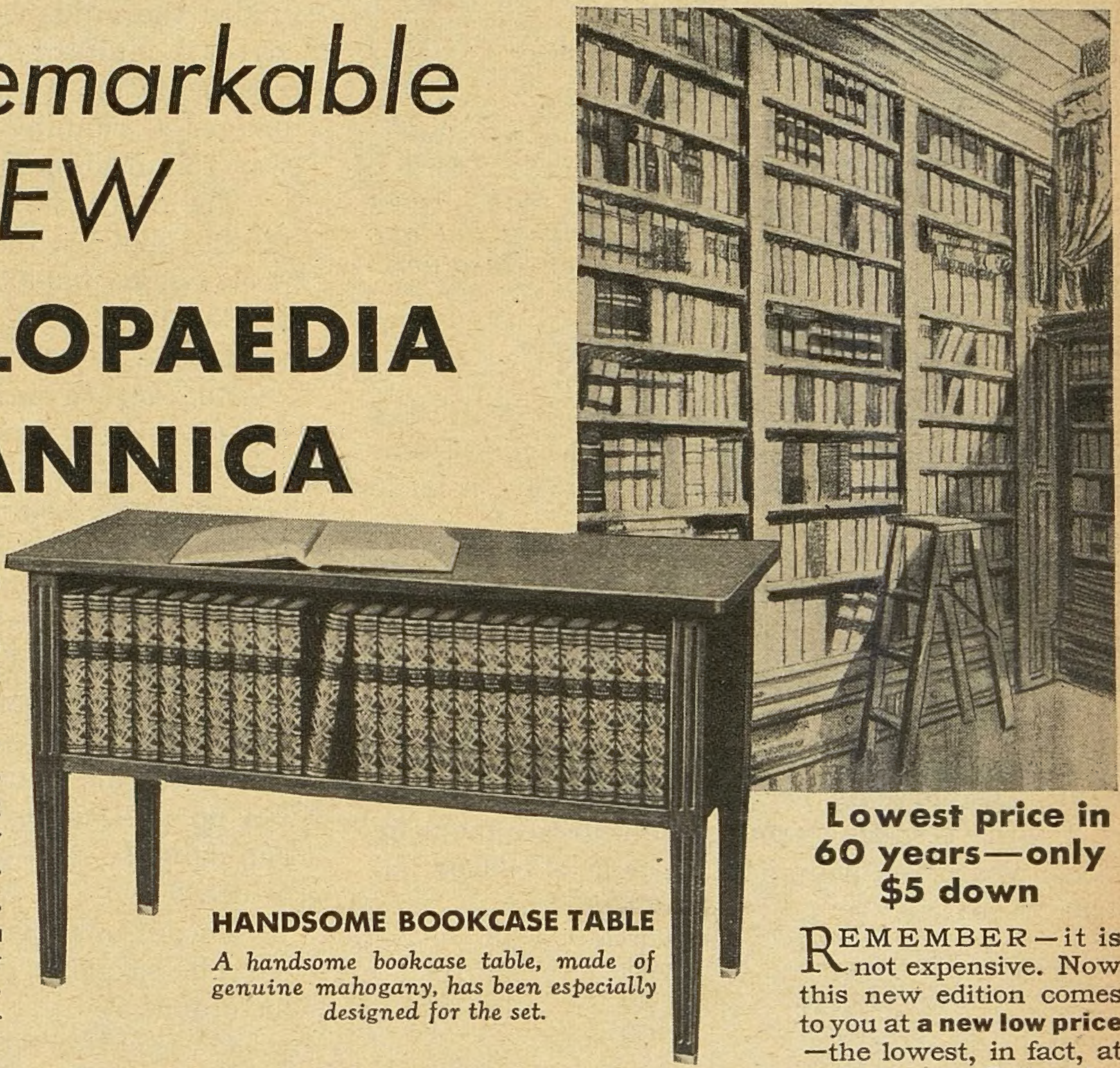

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FEB. 21, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8 No. 8

A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

"HIT AND RUN"

We know that a great many people will think the cover of this week's issue is not as cheerful as a cover should be. We expect to receive a large number of letters to this effect.

And yet we are printing Mr. Thrasher's picture —with some misgiving, but deliberately—as a contribution which we believe may wisely and reasonably be made to the cause of safety.

More than 875,000 persons were run over or hit by automobiles in the United States last year, and about one-fourth of these were children.

Deaths resulting from motor-car accidents in recent years, according to the federal census bureau, were:

	Adults	Children	Total
1926	16,145	4,869	21,014
1927	18,066	5,110	23,176
1928	19,968	4,943	24,911
1929	....	....	28,282

This week's picture, of course, is part of a sequence depicting some familiar adventures of children. This particular adventure is a result of the dangerous habit of "hitching on" to the rear of motor trucks and other fast-moving vehicles. The boy in the picture has fallen off a truck and been hit by a passing car.

In the old days of sleighs in winter and plodding horse-and-wagon teams in summer the habit was not so very dangerous. Now matters are vastly different, and the toll of human life is great.

In most cases, unfortunately, especially where children are involved, the fault is not so much that of the driver as of the victim who darts out unexpectedly in front of a car or hitches on behind for a free ride. In the first instance the thing often happens too quickly for the driver to do anything. In the second, usually, the driver doesn't even know anything has happened.

One of the best precautions being taken nowadays is that which you see outside many school buildings, where younger children are marshaled under the guidance of older ones and cross the street in military file while traffic is held up. This regimentation gives them a certain sense of the danger of running out helter-skelter into a roadway full of automobiles.

The railroads, with their safety campaigns and posters showing the perils of trying to beat trains to crossings, undoubtedly have done much to diminish the number of accidents due to this kind of recklessness.

But there are other ways of lessening the traffic dangers with which we are increasingly surrounded. We think a safety first campaign could very properly be undertaken by the oil companies through their gasoline filling stations. And the picture on this week's cover might indeed be one of a number of similar pictures which could suitably be hung as warnings in the filling stations.

It is human nature to be forgetful and to depend on reminders. Certainly seeing pictures like this would make automobile drivers more careful. For no one—not even the most callous of hit-and-run drivers—sets out deliberately to cause injury or death.

The hit-and-run driver flees from his fears over what he has done, but he would give his soul not to have done it.

(P. S.—Don't be too much grieved about the boy in the picture. We'll tell you a secret. He gets well.)

BEG PARDON

In the article "The Legion Looks at War," published in Liberty for December 6, a mistake occurred in the quoted statement of Paul Jouannet of Boston. Mr. Jouannet was represented as having said, "Now I print two papers here in Massachusetts, the Webster Times and the Uxbridge Times." The Uxbridge Times is owned and published by Mr. R. Wilkinson. The Times Publishing Company of Webster, Massachusetts, is the publisher of the Webster Evening Times and in addition prints the Uxbridge Times. Mr. Jouannet is the Boston representative of the Sheldon Press Company, which company is owned by the Times Publishing Company of Webster, Massachusetts.

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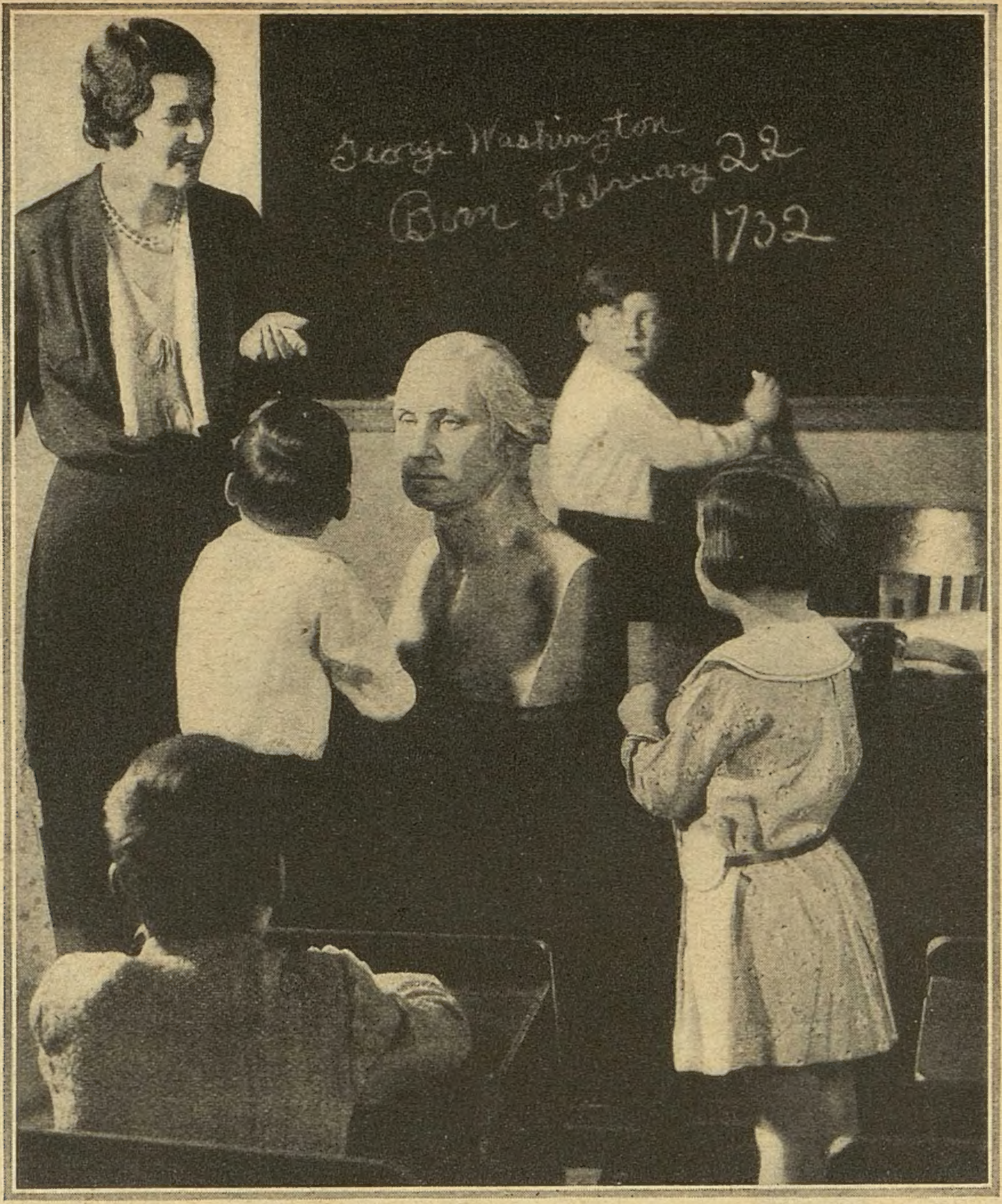
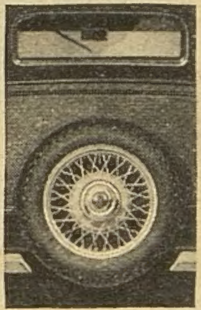


MAKING
NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING
THE OLD

Putting an Ideal to Work—

The friendly dealings which characterize your daily activities govern us at Oakland-Pontiac. . . . The qualities of goodness and reliability which you seek in a motor car, we are building into the new Oakland and the new Pontiac. . . . Here, at Oakland-Pontiac, we have a highly trained engineering and manufacturing organization. We have almost unlimited resources. Here we are putting an ideal to work. . . . And, because of efficient manufacturing and because of General Motors' purchasing power, we have been able to make these two fine cars meet today's economic needs. Into the new Oakland Eight, and the new Pontiac, now offered by your Oakland-Pontiac dealer, have been built added beauty, comfort, handling ease, performance and enduring value at new low prices.



Five wire wheels are standard equipment at no extra cost; wood wheels optional.

. . . . TWO FINE CARS . . . .

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with Bodies by Fisher

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Dr. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University

finds that Colgate's cleans teeth best

A TOOTHPASTE, Dr. Chambliss knows, should *clean the teeth thoroughly.*

Your own dentist will confirm this—ask him. He will tell you that cleanliness is the best possible safeguard against dental troubles.

Therefore, when Dr. Chambliss, world-renowned scientist, undertook to find out which toothpaste is best, he naturally compared the different brands on the only sensible basis—cleansing power.

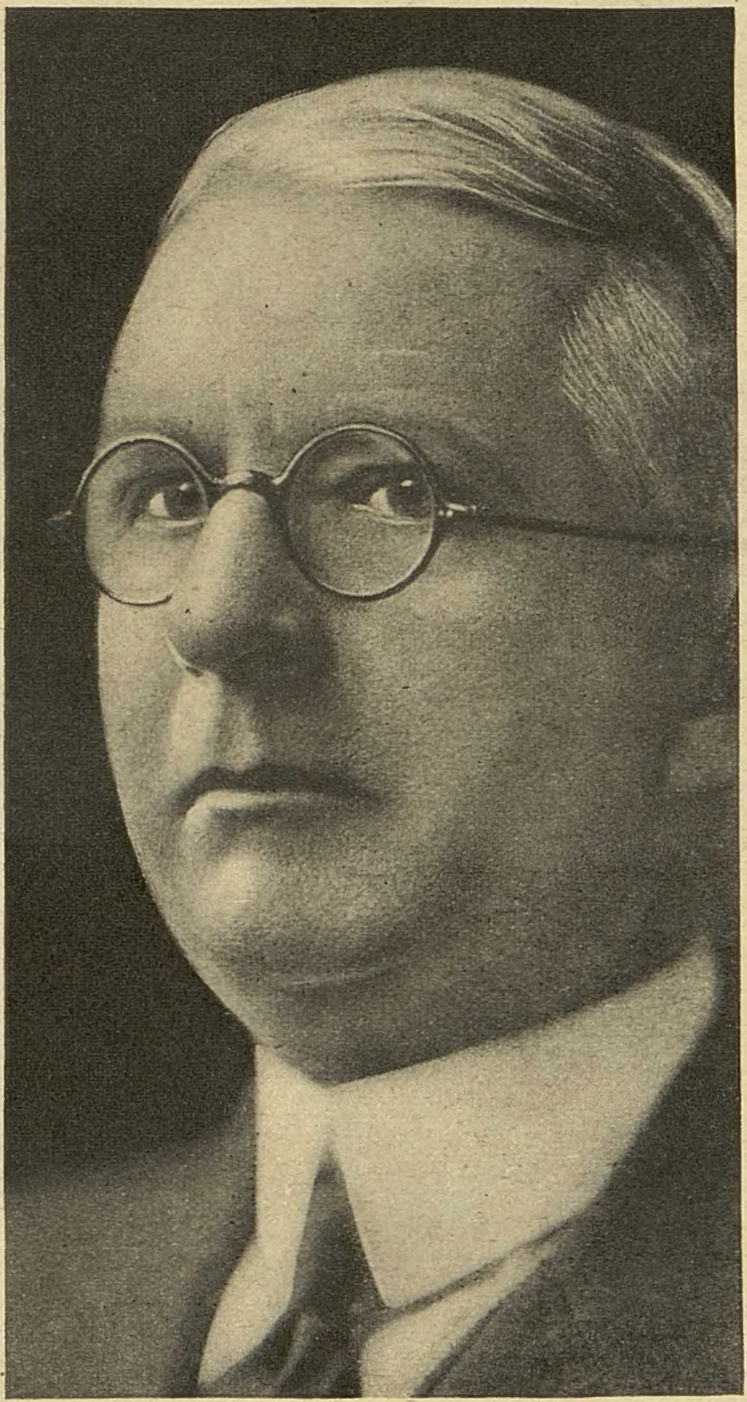
He carefully analyzed the leading brands of America—and he found that Colgate's has "greater cleansing ability" than all the others.

Why?

Let Dr. Chambliss answer: "I find Colgate's not only cleans the surfaces safely, but because of its penetrating foam it has a greater ability than the others to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying food particles.

"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a toothpaste—to cleanse teeth thoroughly."

Agreeing with Dr. Chambliss are a group of eminent scientists who have been retained to make analytical tests of toothpastes and render their expert opinions. Among these are such men as Jerome Alexander, B.S., M.Sc., and Dr. Allen Rogers, Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania. They state publicly that Colgate's is a superior cleanser.



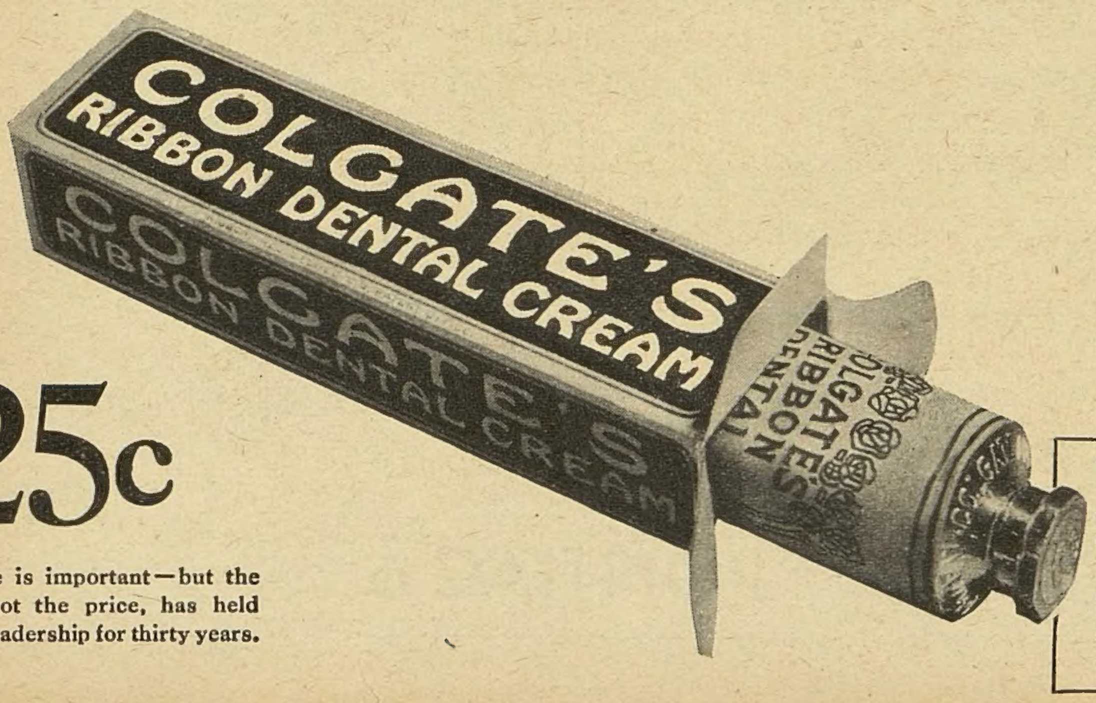
DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; noted internationally as a scientist; member of the American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England; Chemistry Society of London, and other leading associations.

Dr. Chambliss *says:*

"I have tested and compared toothpastes with reference to their cleansing qualities. I find Colgate's not only cleans the surfaces safely, but also because of its very penetrating foam it has greater ability than other dentifrices to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying food particles. Other dentifrices, because they are sluggish, lack this power.

"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a toothpaste—to cleanse the teeth thoroughly."

Hardee Chambliss



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Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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German SPIES in America

Picture by
Karl Godwin

The True Account, Now for the First Time Brought to Light, of the Imperial Government's Secret War on the Neutral United States

(Reading time: 20 min. 54 sec.)

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

who was a newspaper man for more than twenty years and has since written for Liberty on a variety of topics ranging from the careers of prize fighters and actresses to the greatest American detective mysteries. He is widely known as a painstaking investigator, and spent many months delving in government archives to unearth the facts which he here presents.

PART ONE

OFFHAND, one would think that the story of the World War had been told and retold in its entirety by now. It hasn't. The war on land has been told. Foch and Haig, Ludendorff and Cadorna, the Grand Duke Nicholas and King Albert, and now Pershing, these high-ranking participants and the lay historians of every country have written and rewritten the tale of hostilities ashore.

The war on the sea, likewise, has been narrated in full. Jellicoe and Sims, von Tirpitz and Beatty, von Luckner and U-boat commanders, and admirals from every naval college extant, these have joined with civilian chroniclers to reveal the maritime phases of the conflict. The war in the air is known to all through repetition almost to surfeit. True, the winged heroes—Bishop, Rickenbacker, Luke, Richthofen, Nungesser, Ball—were as modest as they were gallant and have had little to say about themselves; but they and their deeds and problems have not lacked orators and writers to apprise the world of the strife aloft.

And the war of the chancelleries has not been neglected. White Books and Blue Papers and Yellow Files, and memoirs of Clemenceau and Grey of Fallodon, of von Bethmann-Hollweg and Venizelos and Colonel House, and the suave tongues of beribboned diplomats have disclosed much of what went on behind the curtains.

The service of supplies, the medical branch, the engineering corps, the relief organizations, the marvels of homicidal science, the exchequers and the casualty lists, all these paragraphs in the slaughter have been set forth in minutiæ.

Seemingly, nothing remains untold. Yet, another chapter will now be written, the inside story of the war waged by the Imperial German government against neutral America from August, 1914, to April, 1917. Isolated incidents have, of course, been carried in the public prints; the confession of this spy has been published; the admissions of that secret agent have been ghost-written; but never until now have the unbelievable details of the war behind the war become accessible for publication.

In this series of articles will be disclosed a multitude of facts heretofore unknown—the activities of a horde

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page seven

of German spies and incendiaries and disease inoculators and bombers that spread all across the North American continent. For the first time have been assembled all the characters in the great plot and the deeds they did.

Atrocities is a word that instantly, and properly, arouses skepticism. So many lies in the name of patriotic propaganda were told about the Germans by the publicity bureaus of the Allied war offices, including our own, that to this day one is repelled by the sight of that word.

But if the deliberate, premeditated, planned and paid-for violations of a neutral country's rights, violations which killed and maimed American citizens and disorganized and wrecked American industries, constitute atrocities, then in these articles you will be told of German atrocities against neutral America that, in number and variety and ruthlessness, will astound you.

And not one single statement will be made throughout these installments which has not been proved, by convictions in American courts, by confessions of the participants, or by belated admissions by the highest German officials, who were either in Berlin or in America at the time the crimes were perpetrated.

> "Circular of November 2, 1914.
>
> "*General Headquarters to the military representative on the Russian and French fronts, as well as in Italy and Norway:*
>
> **"In all branch establishments of German banking houses in Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, China, and the United States, special military accounts have been opened for special war necessities. Main headquarters authorizes you to use these credits to an unlimited extent for the purpose of destroying factories, workshops, camps, and the most important centers of military and civil supply belonging to the enemy. In addition to the incitement of labor troubles, measures must be taken for the damaging of engines and machinery plants, the destruction of vessels carrying war material to enemy countries, the burning of stocks of raw materials and finished goods, and the depriving of large industrial centers of electric power, fuel, and food. Special agents, who will be placed at your disposal, will supply you with the necessary means for effecting explosions and fires, as well as with a list of people in the country under your supervision who are willing to undertake the task of destruction.**
>
> "(Signed) Dr. E. Fischer."

The sabotage circular which Berlin reminded its agents applied to neutral America. From a United States government report.

Keystone photo

Chandler P. Anderson, a lawyer and representative on the Mixed Claims Commission.

Keystone photo

Roland W. Boyden of Boston, umpire of the Commission which heard the sabotage story.

© Clinedinst

Dr. Wilhelm Kiesselbach, member appointed by Germany to the war damage tribunal.

IT required fourteen years and the best legal and detective brains in America to gather the facts from every corner of the world—but a tiny tile here and a little tile there and another tile yonder were picked up and studied and finally built into a vast mosaic of duplicity, sabotage, destruction, and treachery that would be incredible if the Germans themselves had not candidly admitted that it all happened on American territory before we entered the war.

The discovery of the facts came about as a result of the efforts of a small group of New York City lawyers to incriminate Germany in the destruction of Black Tom and Kingsland, gigantic assembling and shipping plants for Allied munitions and supplies. Acting for scores of American claimants, these lawyers sued Germany for $40,000,000 damages and undertook to prove that German agents had blown up and burned the great New Jersey establishments. This evidence now lies embedded in a printed record containing more than 10,000,000 words, with other huge volumes containing photostatic copies of the galaxy of exhibits introduced into the hearings.

The German-American Mixed Claims Commission's recent decision that Germany was not financially responsible for these particular damages does not deny, but in fact admits, that German agents swarmed in neutral America, committing countless depredations and violating American laws and rights at every opportunity. The commission merely maintained that the claimants had not submitted proof sufficient to outweigh Germany's flat denial that she ordered Black Tom and Kingsland destroyed.

Germany's only defense against the American charges was that, while it was true that German agents committed the crimes alleged against them, they did not destroy these two particular pieces of property, and by destroying any property at all were disobeying orders from Berlin. These orders, the Germans declared, were for the agents to *observe* what was going on in neutral America, but to do nothing until America should enter the war on the side of the Allies.

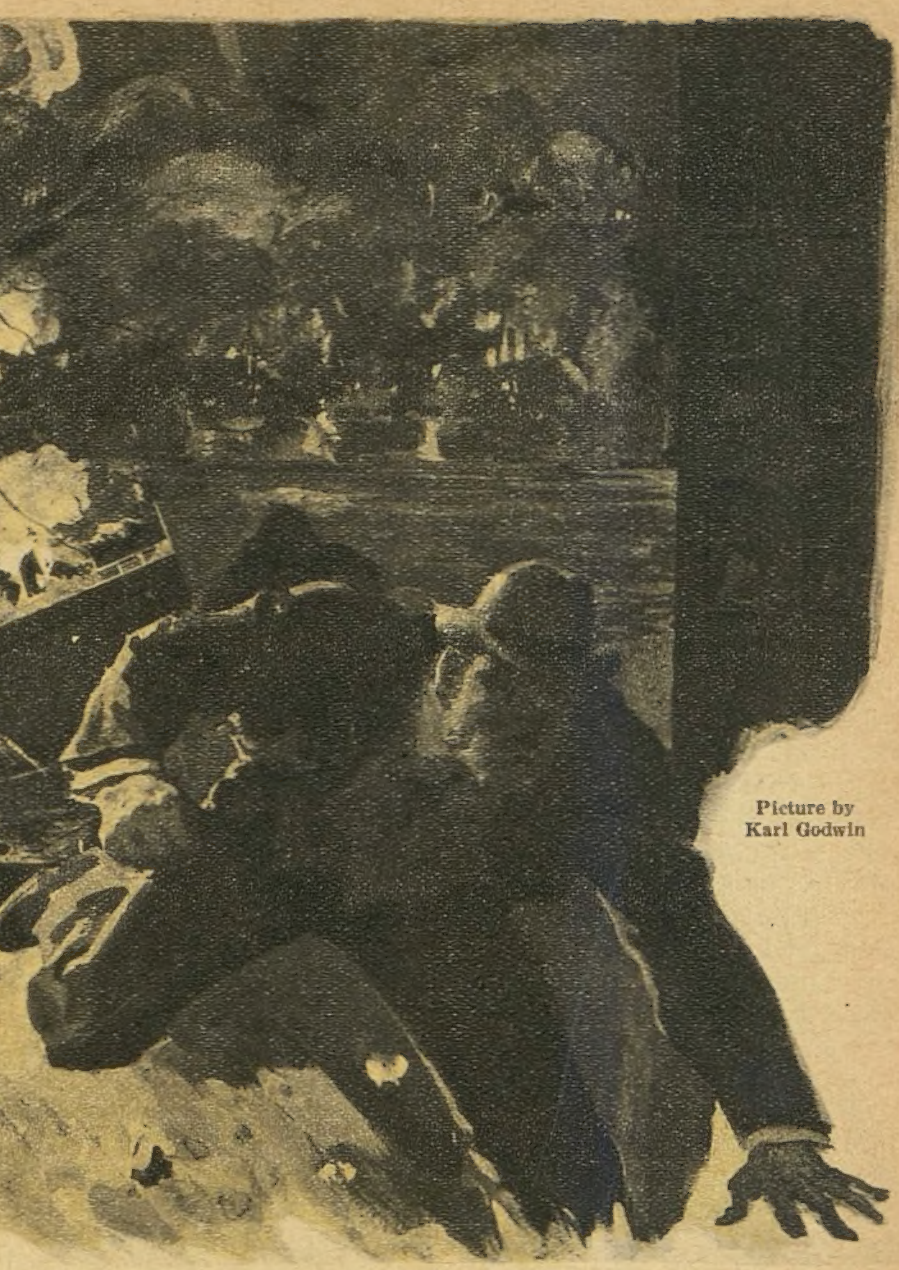
This latter defense was proved to be a deliberate falsehood, because intercepted and deciphered cables and records of payments the agents received both before and immediately after a piece of sabotage was perpetrated showed that for nearly three years the reign of terror and destruction caused by these agents received Berlin's whole-hearted indorsement.

And the disobedient agents were punished immediately upon their return to Germany by being decorated with the Iron Cross, the Order of the Red Eagle, by promotions in rank, increases in pay, and government positions. Moreover, the moment America entered the war this throng of agents, instead of remaining in the United States and starting their sabotage campaign, at once fled our borders, and the destruction of factories and munitions almost immediately ceased.

It's a long story behind the commission's decision. A story of detective achievement uncovering the activities on American soil of spies and saboteurs who tried to prevent the shipment of supplies and munitions to the Allied nations—a story so complicated and labyrinthine and bizarre and unbelievable as to details that it reads like nothing so much as mad fiction, a story that could not be printed were confirmation thereof not available and abundant.

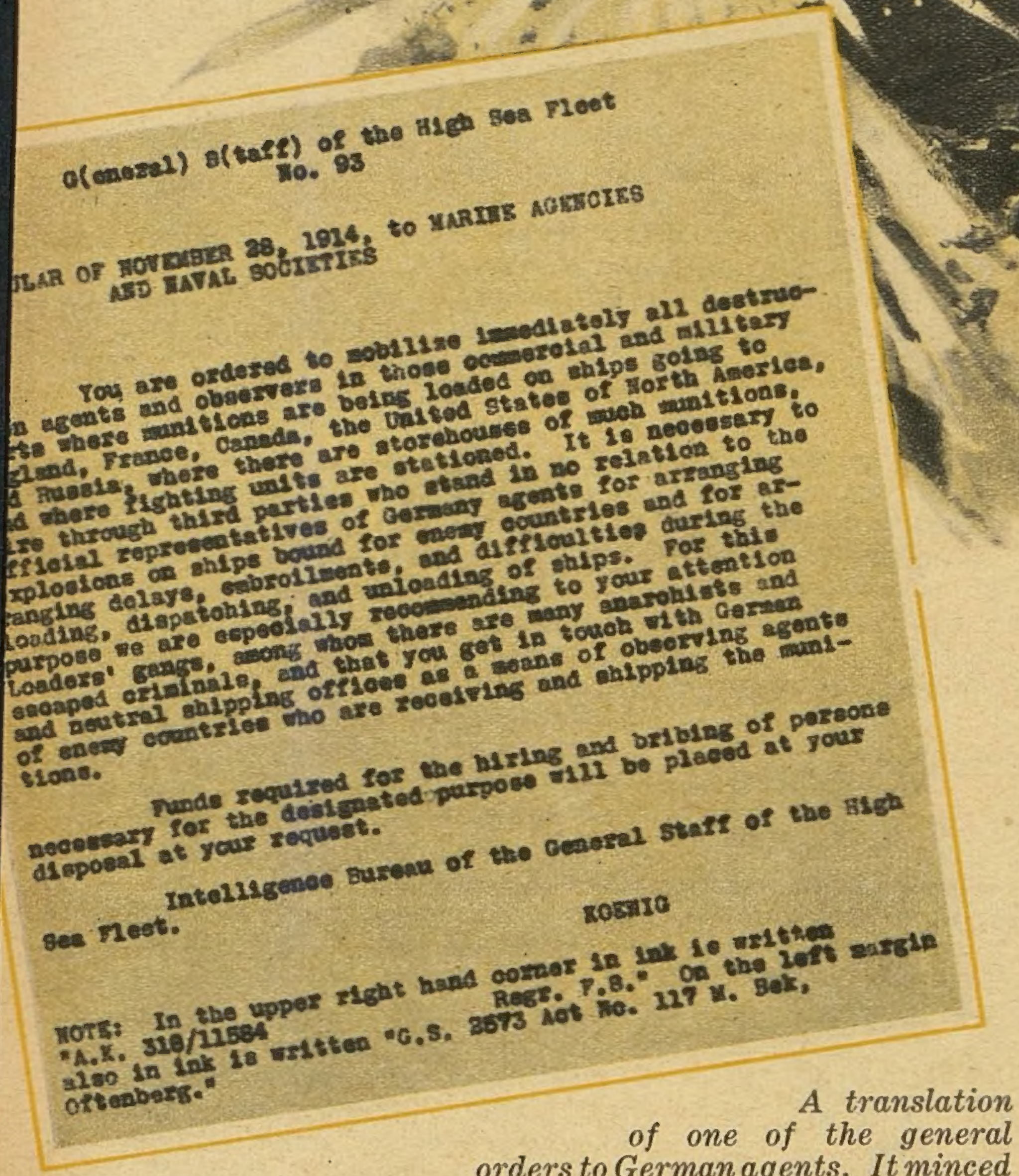
It's the greatest detective feat of all time! From the moment that Black Tom and Kingsland were wrecked more than fourteen years ago, these American attorneys and their operatives have combed the world for clues that would solve these two great wartime mysteries.

An abandoned fortress in Finland; a bank clerk in Chile; a motorcar operator's license in San Francisco; the hidden archives of the British Admiralty's secret service; an old chemist hiding on a sugar plantation in Cuba; a burning sawmill in Oregon; an intercepted letter from Palestine; the most closely guarded records of the Department of Justice in Washington, D. C.; a dynamite cache and spy rendezvous on West Fifteenth Street in New York City, run by a German woman under a



Picture by
Karl Godwin

Germans who violated America's neutrality were not only obeying a discipline but were actuated by the sincerest patriotic motives.



G(eneral) S(taff) of the High Sea Fleet
No. 93

LAR OF NOVEMBER 28, 1914, to MARINE AGENCIES
AND NAVAL SOCIETIES

You are ordered to mobilize immediately all destruc-
n agents and observers in those commercial and military
ts where munitions are being loaded on ships going to
gland, France, Canada, the United States of North America,
d Russia, where there are storehouses of such munitions,
d where fighting units are stationed. It is necessary to
re through third parties who stand in no relation to the
fficial representatives of Germany agents for arranging
xplosions on ships bound for enemy countries and for ar-
anging delays, embroilments, and difficulties during the
loading, dispatching, and unloading of ships. For this
purpose we are especially recommending to your attention
Loaders' gangs, among whom there are many anarchists and
escaped criminals, and that you get in touch with German
and neutral shipping offices as a means of observing agents
of enemy countries who are receiving and shipping the muni-
tions.

Funds required for the hiring and bribing of persons
necessary for the designated purpose will be placed at your
disposal at your request.

Intelligence Bureau of the General Staff of the High
Sea Fleet.
KOENIG

NOTE: In the upper right hand corner in ink is written
"A.K. 318/11584 Regr. F.S." On the left margin
also in ink is written "G.S. 2573 Act No. 117 M. Sek,
Offenberg."

A translation of one of the general orders to German agents. It minced no words. Note "criminals" and "bribing."

fictitious name; a court-martial in San Antonio, Texas; a slackers' banquet in Mexico City; a secret laboratory where anthrax cultures were propagated almost in the shadow of the Washington Monument in the nation's capital; a code book confiscated from a German consul in Persia; an American girl stenographer sentenced to a federal penitentiary; the broken parole of an interned German naval officer in Honolulu; the imprisonment in Georgia of a Russian baroness who double-crossed the czarina and the Mad Monk Rasputin; a time-bomb-making plant in the machine shop of the interned Vaterland in New York City; incendiary *pencils* distributed to American youths by the military staff in Berlin; invisible-ink writing on a brown cigarette paper in the cell of the only spy condemned to death in the United States; a mountain of falsehoods told by Ambassador von Bernstorff and proved as such; tens of millions of dollars spent by Berlin to procure sabotage in America—and a possible solution of the Thomas J. Mooney mystery, never before published, which throws such doubt on his guilt that he is entitled to the benefit of that just-established doubt.

All the above and many, many other places and men and women throughout the world eventually yielded the cryptic clues which, assembled and decoded and understood, constitute a chapter of the World War which never has been written until now.

It is from the interminable record compiled by the American claimants that I have selected the incidents and individuals of which I shall treat in this series.

AND lest it be thought at the outset of this strange story that I hold any opinion one way or the other about the commission's decision, or that I find in Germany's warfare on neutral America any ground for censure, let me say, first, that I don't know whether German agents destroyed either of the big plants, and, second, that I understand thoroughly and have no little sympathy with Germany's desperate efforts to keep neutral supplies and munitions from reaching her enemies.

Why, it was worth an army corps to Germany when Black Tom was blown up! It was equivalent to a naval victory for the Kaiser when the Kingsland assembly plant burned to the ground! And it was worth precisely whatever Berlin chose to pay for it to have her faithful agents burning, bombing, and otherwise destroying American factories, shipping, rolling stock, food supplies, grain elevators, horses and cattle every day during the period of our neutrality.

If a few American lives were lost in the secret war the All-Highest was waging against a noncombatant country, why, that's just part of the game. And if the neutrality rules adopted long before at The Hague at Germany's insistence (as you shall see) were later ignored and abrogated by her, why, that too is a part of the exigencies of war.

War, it will not be denied, is after all simply an effort to annihilate your enemy; and the Germans who violated America's neutrality were not only obeying a discipline

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page nine

instilled in them for years but were actuated by the sincerest patriotic motives. To keep a six-inch shell or a machine-gun cartridge belt from reaching the Allies' batteries was, potentially, to save a German soldier's life.

On this point—and it is well to dwell on this a moment before swinging into a recital of German sabotage in America—there were (and always will be) two diametrically opposed and firmly held opinions. In the German view, the United States merely became another Allied munitions factory, another enemy wheatfield, another hostile warehouse.

As such, Germany deemed it her privilege and duty to destroy or cripple the enemy's resources. Sabotage thus became a cardinal paragraph in the German program of winning the war.

There is an American viewpoint which conflicts with this. It is founded primarily on the fact that we were indifferent as to which adversary in Europe bought supplies from us, so long as the field was open to all—and we made money out of it.

Furthermore, there was ancient and sound warrant in America's policy. From the first prehistoric clash between tribal foes to the latest war, neutrals have furnished material to either combatant. That neutral right is grounded in the ages and established in universal practice. Germany herself sold arms and supplies to the Confederate states as well as to the Union forces during our Civil War; to Spain as well as to America in 1898; she sold what she could to the Boers, to Latin-American revolutionists, to all belligerents in China.

Again: the Germans had Krupp's and the Austrians had the Skoda works. In their desperate effort to avoid extermination the Allies had to buy from America and any other neutral country they could reach. Had we not furnished them with supplies it is exceedingly probable that they would have lost the war, at least on land, within a few months.

In short, Germany honestly felt that she was justified in waging war on a neutral world that was neutral in name only—and America honestly felt that she was within her rights in selling material to the Allies, or to Germany if she could have broken the blockade.

Mishkin photo

The leader of the American sleuths who turned up the evidence of Germany's secret war on neutral America. Amos J. Peaslee, counsel for the Lehigh Valley road and the Canadian Car and Foundry Company.

AS far as I am concerned, I make no effort to answer the question or to try to reconcile these viciously contrasting opinions; I do not condemn or even criticize Germany; I merely tell the story of what she and her agents did on American territory during the period of our neutrality. It makes a strange, thrilling, romantic tale.

A background to any story is often necessary and always desirable. First should be told the method by which the facts in the revelations I am about to make were obtained and exposed.

When Germany and the United States ended hostilities in their separate treaty of peace, a provision was made to establish an agency to consider the claims of American citizens and firms against Germany for damages she had inflicted on them. Each country was to appoint a commissioner and these two were to select a neutral umpire.

Germany, looking down the years, made a significant gesture: she asked that the umpire be an American citizen. The United States picked Chandler P. Anderson as her commissioner, and Berlin named Dr. Wilhelm Kiesselbach. These agreed upon former Supreme Court Justice Day as the umpire. Robert W. Bonynge was chosen to represent the United States government, which had satisfied itself as to Germany's guilt and the justice of the various American claims. Dr. Karl von Lewinski was named the German agent to controvert American claims. H. H. Martin was selected as counsel to the American agent; and Dr. Wilhelm Tannenberg furnished legal advice to von Lewinski.

The decisions of the commission were to be final in every instance. As the hearings proceeded, Mr. Day died and Edwin B. Parker succeeded him. He, too, expired after a time, and Roland Boyden was made umpire. In the years that the commission has been sitting more than 20,000 separate claims have been heard, and awards to American claimants, and against Germany, have totaled about $260,000,000. Many claims were not allowed. The work of the commission was about ended when the Black Tom verdict was handed down, less than $13,000,000 being involved in claims to be heard thereafter.

UNDER the War Claims Act the United States retained 20 per cent, about $300,000,000, of all the German property confiscated during the war, to settle these claims, and returned to Germany 80 per cent of the property originally seized. Any surplus remaining after the American claims are satisfied will be rebated to Germany by the Alien Property Custodian.

Since the crime of arson has long since disappeared under the statute of limitations, no extradition proceedings could lie against such Germans as were implicated and had left American territory. Of course, no time statute exculpates murder—but, of course, any murder alleged would have to be proved, and the commission had no jurisdiction in that premise.

The two chief claims to come before the commission were to be the Black Tom and Kingsland cases. Black Tom was destroyed on July 30, 1916, and Kingsland was burned on January 11, 1917. Probably $60,000,000 damages was done in those two fires, and three men are known to have perished in the Black Tom explosions. There were literally hundreds of claimants as a result of these two conflagrations, 149 factories supplying munitions to the Kingsland assembly plant alone, to say nothing of the underwriters, railroads, shippers, and residents near by. As time passed the losses were scaled down until claims were made for $18,000,000 in the Black Tom suit and $22,000,000 for the Kingsland fire.

Edgar H. Boles and R. Warren Barrett were the lawyers for the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which owned Black Tom. Coudert Brothers, the famous international lawyers, represented Kingsland and the underwriters there. Mahlon B. Doing, a brilliant young partner in that firm, was assigned to the case. Rumsey & Morgan acted for the Black Tom underwriters; and Lansing & Woolsey were retained in an advisory capacity. Also, Mr. Lansing, having been Secretary of State in President Wilson's cabinet, would know his way about in the search for Washington wartime records that would be needed in the cases.

Eventually it was decided by the claimants and the above-named lawyers to consolidate the presentation of the mass of evidence gathered during the years, and Peaslee & Brigham were selected to lead the American forces into battle against the Germans before the commission.

Since a large part of the extraordinary case built up by the claimants was due to the energy and ability of Peaslee & Brigham and their operatives, a word is desirable as to the personality of Amos J. Peaslee. He was a major in charge of courier service on General Pershing's staff in France, and performed the same office for the Peace Conference in Paris. He is a short, slender, round-headed, tireless, astute lawyer, who has given more than six years to the preparation of the claims which the commission finally decided were not proved against the defendants. How Mr. Peaslee obtained the first clues that started him and his assistants on a round-the-world search for evidence, and how he would take an isolated fact here and a solitary incident there and a detached clue yonder and weave them into an accusation that was usually followed by a confession, will be described in detail.

That Germany was prepared to fight in August, 1914, is a fact now known to all the world even more clearly than it was known at the time, and nobody was in the dark about it then. Irvin Cobb's celebrated gasp of awe when he found that German uniforms were provided with a spare suspenders button aroused the world's admiration for the provisions the Germans had made to go into battle with nothing left to chance.

Now it is known that that extra button was only a part of the great scheme of preparedness. For instance, Dr. Walter T. Scheele, concerning whom much will be told in these installments, was instructed by Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché at the German embassy in Washington, D. C., more than a year before the war started to hold himself in readiness.

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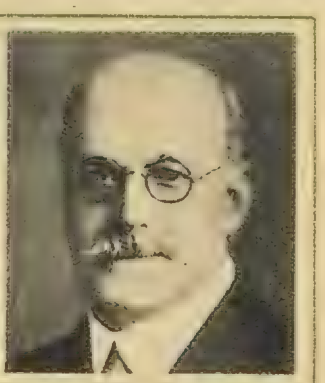
Dr. Karl von Lewinski, who defended Germany against the claims of sabotage.


Keystone photo

Robert W. Bonynge, who represented the United States in the hearings.

Scheele confessed he was a spy in America. A twenty-three-year-old lieutenant in 1893, he had specialized in chemistry and his superiors sent him to the United States on a two-year assignment to study American methods.

So clever and complete were his reports to Berlin about the progress of American chemistry that he remained on that assignment, not two years, but exactly twenty-four years!

How he earned his $1,500 a year during the two decades and a half he was in our midst and what he did in the way of manufacturing time bombs to destroy American shipping while we were neutral will be told presently.

In 1913, a year before the Kaiser launched his legions across France, Dr. Scheele returned to Berlin, compared notes with headquarters, brought all his chemistry reports up to date, received orders as to his rôle in the war, and returned to America to await the commencement of the conflict, a commencement which was delayed for a year because the Kaiser needed more time to stock up supplies against the blockade he foresaw, and because there really was no pretext for war until the Austrian archduke was assassinated in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914.

And Scheele, as will be shown, was only one of a great throng secretly stationed in America, or sent here hurriedly after August, 1914, adequately prepared and perfectly willing to serve Germany in any capacity that might arise.

NOR were the vast number of Scheeles in America at all convinced of the righteousness of President Wilson's proclamation of August 18, 1914, in which he informed the world that the United States was absolutely neutral in a war that was spreading across the globe, and that among her neutral rights was the exercise of one which Germany specifically and determinedly sponsored at the second Hague convention—the right of a neutral to sell supplies to any belligerent able to accept delivery of them.

Within four weeks after the World War started German sabotage was under way and was being paid for by German officials sent here and provided with funds by Berlin long before Germany's official declaration of war against neutral America was issued. For, while the United States never did declare war against Germany, merely holding that a state of war already existed—the sabotage and U-boat ruthlessness—and while Germany never did acknowledge that state of war which Congress declared, the Kaiser did officially, though secretly, declare war on America within four months after the World War began!

On November 2, 1914, the German General Staff issued a general sabotage order applying to all neutral European countries.

The command was sent to the German military attachés in those countries, and instructed them to avail themselves of special new credits established by the imperial treasury; to destroy factories, plants, and warehouses containing munitions and other materials for the Allies; to damage the motors and machinery of trains and vessels carrying such material; to burn stocks, wreck transmission lines and public utilities, and to make use of special agents detailed for this work and furnished with explosives and incendiary devices.

FOR fear that this drastic invasion of neutral rights might not be as successful as it ought to be, the German Admiralty issued Circular No. 93 on November 28, 1914, to all its marine agencies and naval attachés in the world, *including the United States:* to mobilize all available agents in all centers where Allied materials were made or stored or shipped, and to hire, if possible, third persons having no official relation to Germany to destroy by explosion and arson and any other means all such materials.

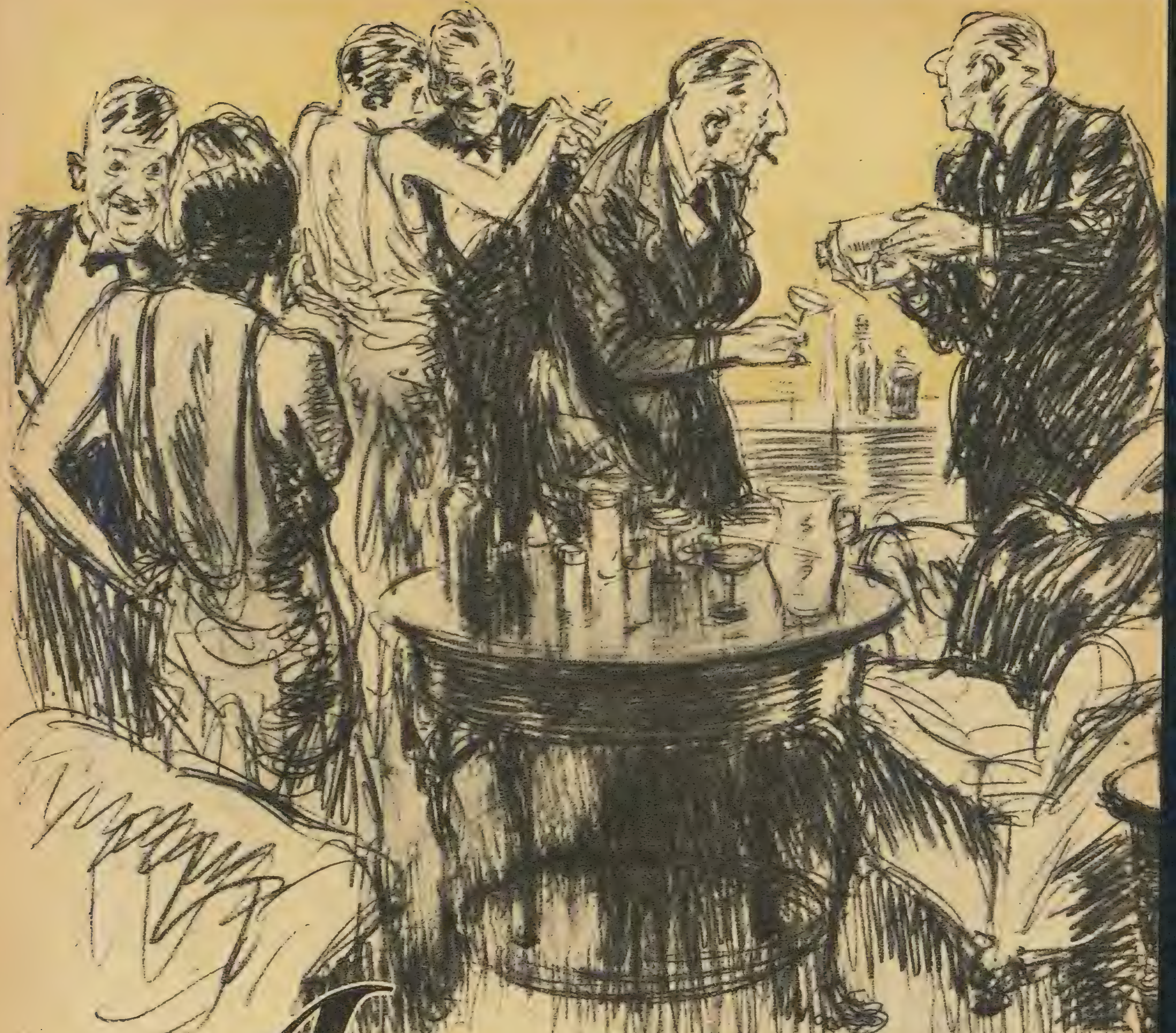
The General Staff must have heard of this Admiralty declaration of war on America and felt ashamed of its own moderation, for its previous omission of the United States from Germany's list of enemies was soon rectified, as follows:

> Document No. 59. Circular Jan. 15, 1915, from the General Staff to Military Attachés and all Agents in the United States:
>
> Enclosed you will find the circular of Nov. 2, 1914, for your guidance and its application to the territory of the United States. In this connection your attention is called to the possibility of hiring destruction agents among members of the anarchist (labor) organizations.
>
> General Army Councillor,
> Dr. (E.) Fischer.

Determining, then, to conduct its warfare against neutral America to a finish, the Foreign Office joined the General Staff and the Admiralty, threw all restraint and responsibility and reluctance overboard, and, eleven days after the foregoing secret cable was sent, transmitted the following cipher cable to Ambassador von Bernstorff in Washington, D. C.:

> Jan. 26, 1915. For the Military Attaché:
>
> Information regarding persons suitable for carrying out sabotage in the United States and Canada can be obtained from the following:
>
> (1) Joseph MacGarrity, 5412 Spring Fields, Philadelphia, Pa.
> (2) John P. Keating,   Avenue, Chicago.
> (3) Jeremiah O'Leary,   Park Row, New York, 16.
>
> First and second of these absolutely trustworthy and discreet; the third is trustworthy but not always discreet.
>
> These persons were indicated by Sir Roger Casement.
>
> In the United States sabotage may be carried out against all kinds of factories which supply war material, but railways, embankments and bridges in that country should be left alone.
>
> Neither the embassy nor the Irish-German propaganda must in any way be compromised.
>
> Representative of the General Staff,
> Zimmermann.

How the above messages were intercepted and decoded, and the reason for the confusion in the addresses of the three gentlemen named above, will be told next week.



All Fixed

(Reading time: 40 min. 57 sec.)

IS that Pete, Miss Smith? Have him come in.

Hello, Pete. I'm awful glad you could come, because there's something you've got to fix for me. . . .

Miss Smith, may I present my friend, Mr. Peter Holmes? Yes. Miss Smith is my nurse.

Let him bring his chair over by the bed, Miss Smith, because it hurts my side to talk loud. Thanks, Miss Smith. I'll ring if I want anything. I've got to go over some business with Mr. Holmes.

By

GEORGE S. BROOKS

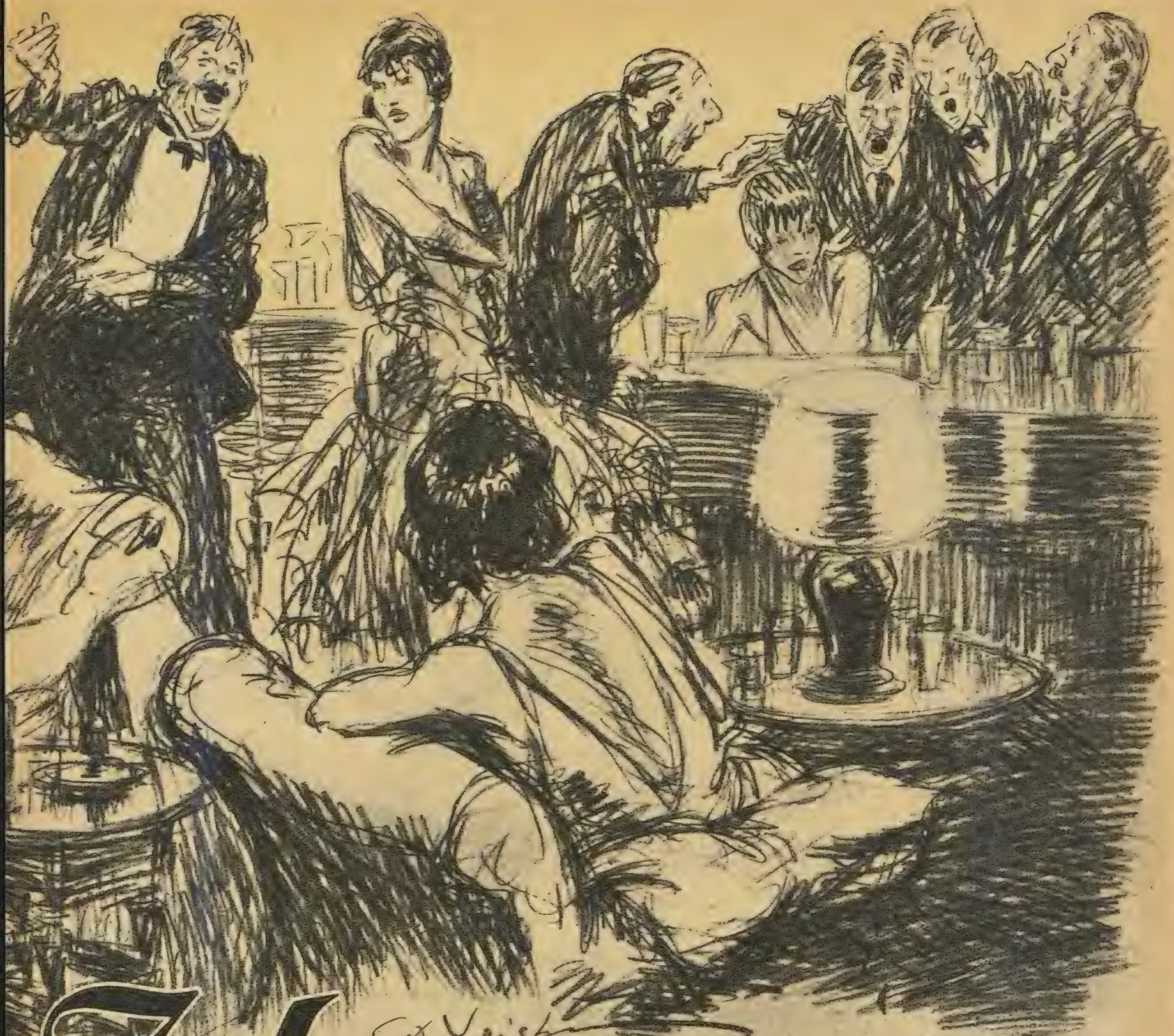
who was born a Presbyterian, a farmer's son, and a Yankee, which, he says, qualifies him to be chosen President almost any time. After college and war experience he went newspapering, then became a magazine editor, movie scenario writer, and fiction writer. He is married, has three children, and lives in Cortland, N. Y.

Pictures by C. A. VOIGHT

Wait a minute, Miss Smith. Now, if my wife should come back, couldn't you tell her I'm resting or sleeping or something? Thanks. Stall her. Thanks a lot, Miss Smith.

She wants to have me moved home, where she can take care of me—I mean my wife does—but I'd rather be here. For a few days anyway. I can look after my business better in the hospital than at home.

Now, Pete, if that damn' nurse has gone, I'll tell you what I want you to do for me.



Up

A Story for Husbands

WHILE it lasted, it was a night in a million. Just one big laugh after another.

No, I don't think I look bad. I don't feel bad. What's a couple of black eyes? They always look worse than they are. I could get up and go to the office this minute, but a rest won't do me any harm.

Oh, it happened last night. Around midnight, I should say. It was an accident.

Not an automobile accident. Just an accident, I said.

My nose? Why, it's busted, of course. If my nose wasn't busted there wouldn't be that kind of a bandage on it. And I tell you again I wasn't trying to drive my car when I was drunk. I wasn't even in my car when it happened.

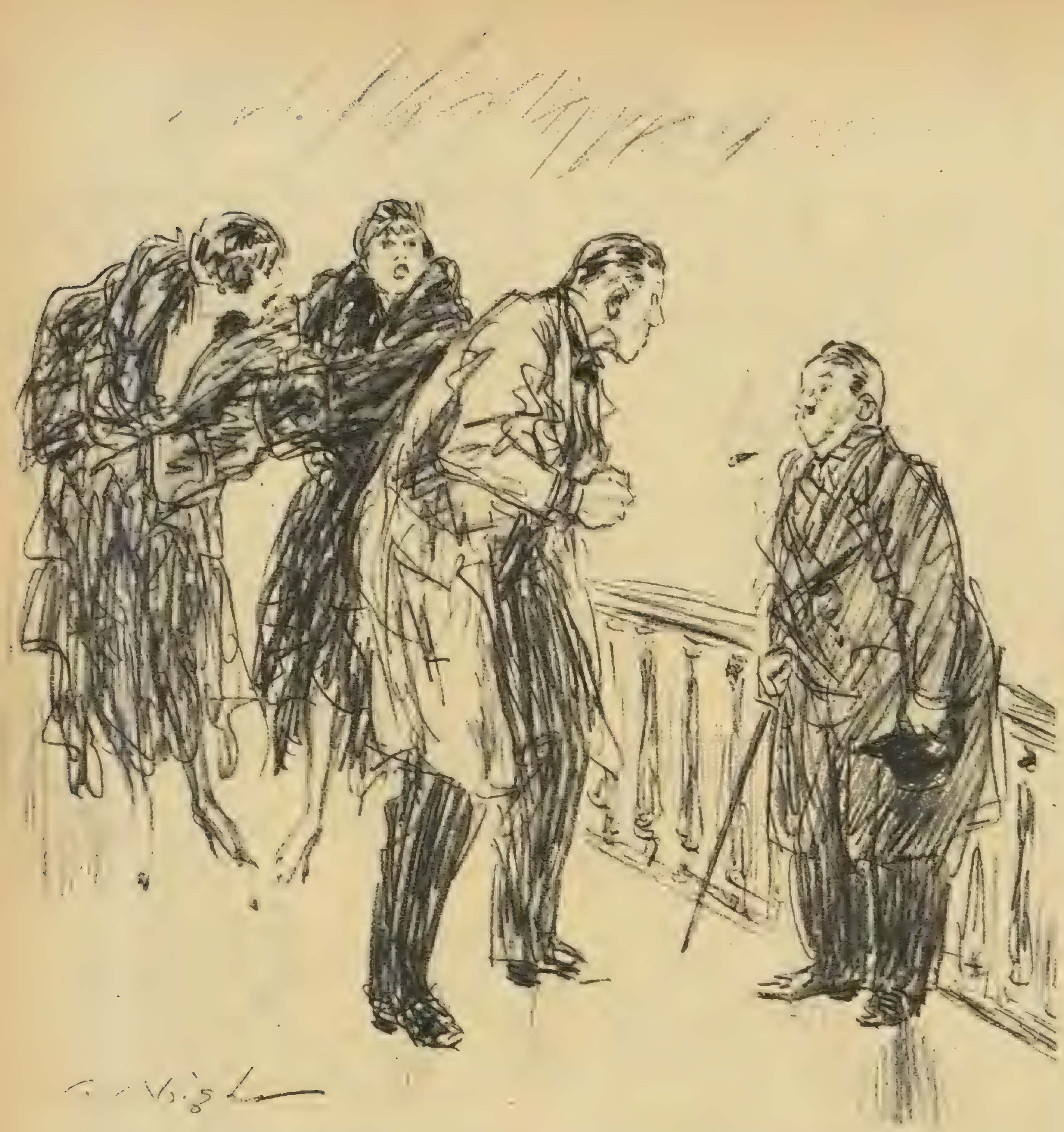
Light a cigarette for me. And open the window so they won't smell it in the corridor. They tried to tell me I couldn't smoke in the hospital. But I said I couldn't see myself lying here all day, as if I'd had twins, without a smoke. Smoking rests your nerves. Surgeons said cigarettes were as good as medicine during the war.

No, put it in my other hand. I can't move that hand. Fractured collar bone. And that side's all strapped up too, to ease the ribs. Two or three ribs. I forget whether the doctor said two or three. Doesn't hurt me except when I cough. That's all. Nothing serious. I feel fine.

Now, Pete, I'll tell you how you can do me a big favor. Did you bring the blank check from my office? Good! Where's your pen?

Make it out to cash for one thousand dollars. I'll sign it. One thousand—I'll tell you what happened some other time.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



I tried to hush Bee up. The more I shushed the louder she screamed. "Does she shut up or do you?" Toughee Taylor asked me.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

There wasn't any trouble at all. Oh, I slipped and fell. That's common enough.

Let me take your pen now. Give me that book off the stand to write on. Ouch! Ouch! I must of twisted my knee some way when I moved. My knee is bruised. Well, I guess the bank will recognize that signature. If they don't, come back and I'll try to write a better one. What is this book, anyhow? After Death. They must think this is a morgue—putting a book called After Death in a man's room.

Hospitals, Pete, aren't all they claim they are when they're putting on drives to get funds for them. And you have to pay for everything you get. Take this room, for instance. It's a seventy-dollar-a-week room and everything you can think of is extra. Hospitals have more extras than an afternoon paper.

OH, yes. About the accident. It was just one of those things. Honest, that's all. It might happen to you, or Sam, or Bill, or anyone. Only this time it happened to me.

Well, it hurts me to talk now. Show a little consideration, can't you? When I'm feeling better, come up some afternoon. I'll tell you all about it.

As I was saying: when you draw that thousand dollars from the bank, you are to take it down to police headquarters. Ask for the inspector—Inspector Hallahan. Tell the inspector that you want to put up bail for a friend of yours who's locked up.

No, don't say I sent you. It's for a friend of yours who's in the boiler, see? Not anyone you know, but it won't hurt you to say that he's a friend of yours. I'd better not appear in it at all. Yes, a thousand dollars cash bail.

This fellow you're going to bail out is locked up down there on a charge of assault, second degree. Why, he assaulted me.

Yes, yes. He hit me. That's it. Once. He socked me on the nose. Once was enough. It busted my nose and blacked both eyes. No, no! The busted ribs and the collar bone came from the fall—after he'd hit me.

It certainly was a good sock, all right. Oh, yes! He can sock.

GET this right, Pete. After you've deposited the cash bail and this fellow is released, you better have a talk with him. He'd talk to you. No reason why not. He's cooled off by now. You know, lying on those hard bunks in the bull pen does cool you off.

Tell him that I put up the bail and I want him to duck out of town and forfeit it. You tell him that if he doesn't jump the bail, I'll raise hell. I'll prosecute him right to the limit of the law. Make it strong. Scare him. Tell him I'm a friend of the judge's. If he doesn't jump his bail and keep out of sight until this has blown over, he's going to take a rap in the pen. That's on the level, too. I mean it.

He must have some money on him. He must have had something in his pocket when he was locked up. But if he hasn't, give him fifty bucks to lam it out of town and I'll pay you back. I mean, Pete, you should do anything you have to. See that he breezes. The whole thing is I can't afford to appear against him, no matter what it costs.

Why? That's my business, Pete.

Yes, sir. If you'd asked me to do this for you, I wouldn't say "aye, but, or no." No, I wouldn't. I'd say to myself: "Poor old Pete's laid up in bed in the Memorial Hospital. He wouldn't ask me to do this unless he had a good reason for wanting it done. So I'll try to do what he wants and then forget about it." That is my idea of friendship.

I know it is, Pete. Of course you are. That's why I phoned for you to come up.

His name is Taylor. I don't know his first name. Inspector Hallahan will turn him loose if you deposit the bail money. Ask for a fellow named Taylor who socked me. You can't make a mistake. There aren't two of them. I was only hit once. It was out in that road house on the Post Road, about midnight last night.

I don't know his first name. How would I know it? Well, you can hit a guy without knowing his front name, can't you? It's just as easy to *be* hit by one. People are killed by total strangers every day. Yes, I've seen him around plenty of times. But I never spoke to him until last night. He'd never spoken to me.

You're right. This Taylor is a big man. Look at what he did to me with one smack. He used to weigh a hundred

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

When Winter Sweeps Down From the North

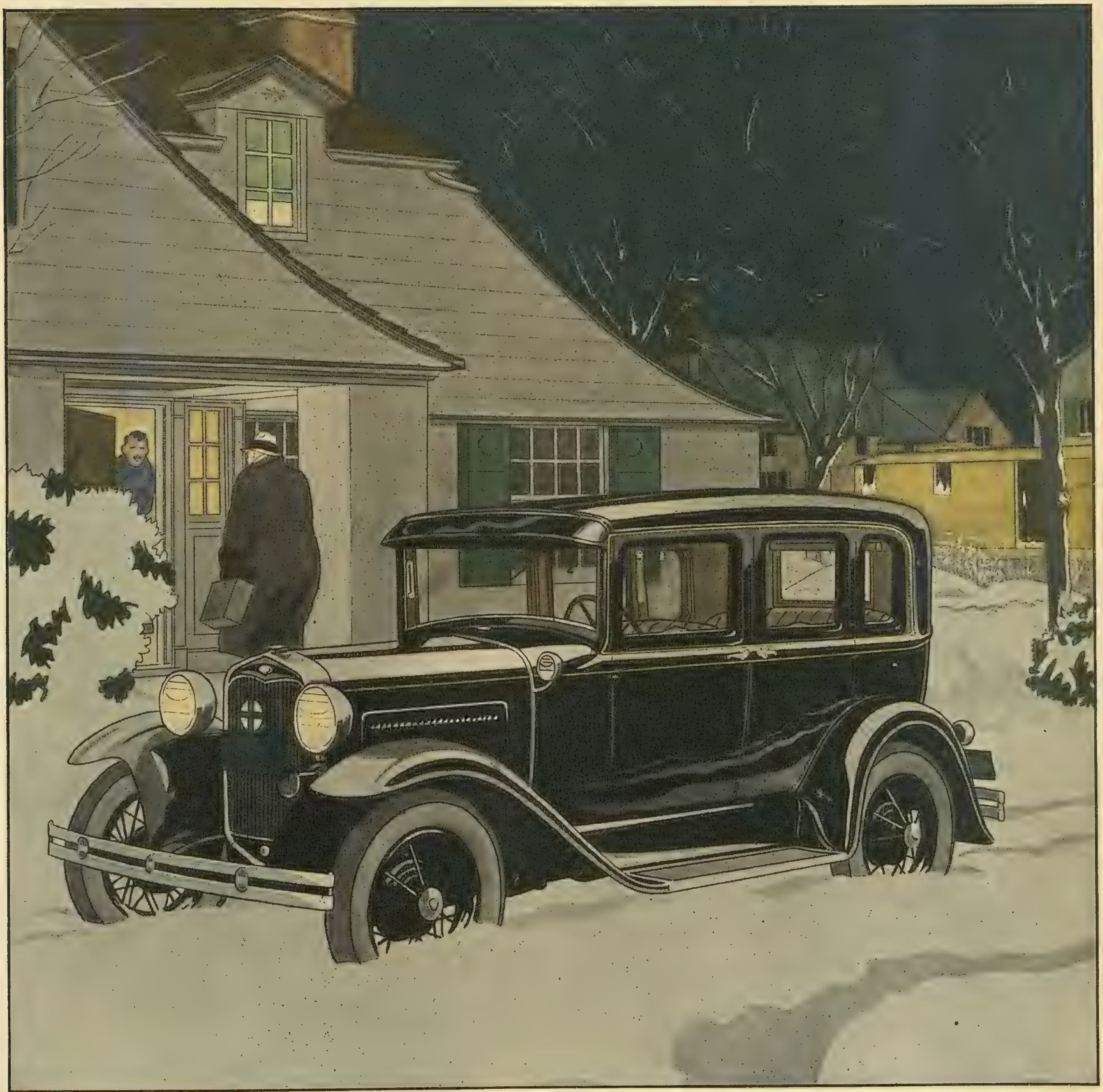
THROUGHOUT this country—in Canada and in Europe—the new Ford has made an unusual record for endurance and reliability. Cold weather emphasizes the value of its simplicity of design and dependable performance under all conditions.

The 1930 Automobile Winter Race, arranged by the Royal Automobile Club of Sweden, resulted in a sweeping victory for the Ford cars. This run was made over slippery mountainous roads. At times, the cars were half hidden by snow. During the night the temperature was twenty degrees below zero.

At Fernan Lake, Idaho, a Ford car went through the ice and was submerged in fifteen feet of water. It was finally raised after twelve days and found to be in good condition. After a new battery and carburetor bowl were installed it was driven away under its own power. Even the exterior finish showed no serious harm.

There have been countless other examples of the way the new Ford stands up under the added stress and strain of winter driving.

Through swirling sleet and drifting snow it has fought its way on missions of business and of urgent need. Lives have been saved by its ability to get through. Thousands of Ford owners have found that it is no longer necessary to lay up the car when winter sweeps down from the north.



The beautiful new Ford Town Sedan is richly finished and upholstered. You may purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company

WHAT IS THE

A·T·&·T·?

ALL that most people see of the telephone company are a telephone and a few feet of wire.

But through that telephone you can talk with any one of millions of people, all linked together by the web of equipment of the Bell System.

All its efforts are turned constantly to one job —to give better telephone service to an ever-increasing number of people, as cheaply as it possibly can.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company provides the staff work for the Bell System. To it the operation of the telephone service is a public trust. It pays a reasonable dividend to its stockholders . . . and uses all earnings beyond that to improve and extend the service.

There are more than five hundred and fifty thousand stockholders, and no one person owns so much as one per cent of its stock.

The Bell System operates through 24 regional companies, each one attuned to the needs of its particular territory. In addition, the 5000 members of the Bell Laboratories staff do the scientific work which makes it possible to improve and widen the service at least cost to its users. The Western Electric Company, which manufactures for the Bell System, specializes in the economical production of telephone equipment of the highest quality.

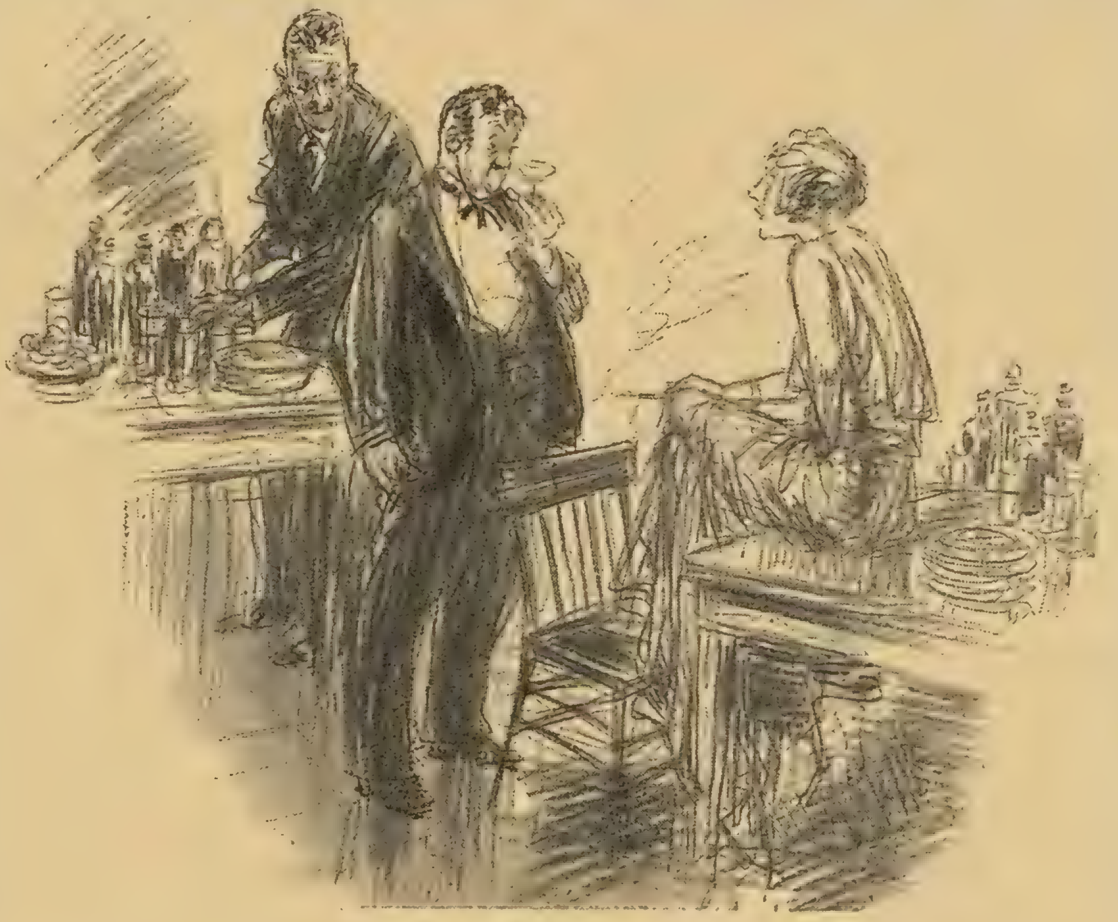
All these facilities are directly available throughout the entire Bell System, at any time or place. . . . Because of them, every dollar that you spend for telephone service brings you constantly greater value and convenience.

★ *THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

eighty-nine and a half, but I should judge he's heavier now. . . .

Sure! The pug. Toughee Taylor—the old heavyweight. Now you know it all. You see? It won't take you ten minutes. All you have to do is go to the bank, cash that check, take the thousand to police headquarters, and bail Taylor. Tell him to jump the bail and scram out of town for a while. Give him get-away money if you have to.



Jim and Irene advised me to put some rye with mine.

You're dead wrong. My wife knows all about it. Yes, she is back from Florida. Night before last.

On the level, Pete! She was at the road house with me when it happened. The fight was over her, kind of. It was her fault more than it was mine. Listen! Beatrice and I went to the road house together. To Kelly's place. We ran into this mug Toughee Taylor with his gal and one thing led to another. My wife Bee talked too much, started a little argument. Not between Bee and me, but between Toughee and me. Then I had this accident.

You don't?

There's the phone. Call up my wife and ask her. So help me, I'm telling you the gospel. . . .

It wasn't over Toughee's gal, either. Well, not exactly. I mean my wife didn't suspect that I'd been out with Toughee's girl or anything wrong, like that.

But I tell you I hadn't been out with her. I don't even know Toughee's gal.

Her name is Violet and she's a blonde.

I heard about her from a friend of mine.

Sam Mackay knows her. He said she is a manicurist in the barber shop in the Mackay Building. I believe I met her once, when she was out with Sam. But I never gave her a tumble, that time or last night either.

I wouldn't be bothered. She isn't my type. She's a chunky, dyed blonde. For me they have to be dark and willowy and seductive and mysterious. It takes girls who are kind of clever and subtle to bother me. There's something cheap and obvious about a plump, bleached job, with piano legs, like this Violet. Now I remember when you wanted me to . . .

LISTEN, Pete. I'm not trying to change the subject. You ought to know me well enough to realize I never hold out on a pal. If there was anything to tell about this girl, I'd tell it. What do I care?

Beatrice sore at me? Not on your life.

You should have seen Bee last night after my accident. She cried and cried because I was hurt. She stayed with me every minute I was in the emergency room, while they set the bones. This morning she drove down without her breakfast to bring me those roses. Why, Bee's all cut up about this. She told the cops that Toughee hit me with a pair of brass knuckles. She said she'd swear to it in court. That's why they put Toughee Taylor's bail up to a thousand dollars instead of five hundred. She'd have that mug hung for sloughing me if she could. Bee's pretty vindictive if anybody does anything to me.

Just go down to headquarters like a good fellow and bail Toughee out.

Bee's ready to swear he hit me with brass knuckles and he didn't. If Bee was your wife you wouldn't want her going into court and perjuring herself, would you?

That's what she'll do if Toughee Taylor goes to trial. Women are funny that way. They don't think lying is a crime. A woman would rather lie than tell you the truth. An oath means nothing to them. Perjury is just a word. You have to get the woman's viewpoint to appreciate how they feel about lying. . . .

I'll be blest if I can see why you think there's something you haven't heard. There's nothing back of it. I happened to have a few words with a fellow in a gin mill, that's all. Then Bee stuck in her five cents to talk. The fellow and I had a run-in. Afterwards I found out he was a pug. I suspected it as I went over the railing.

Say! You ought to be a district attorney. Cross-examination. Whew!

I GIVE you my word of honor, it wasn't that. How could I make a pass at Violet, when Bee was right there beside me? . . . Why, from the first time I saw Violet I never wanted to see her again. Look at her? Not me.

Pete, if you were tied up here in the hospital instead of me, and I came in to see you, I'd try to be a little sympathetic. I wouldn't go at an old chum with any third-degree stuff.

No, I haven't anything to hide. Ask me anything you like.

Offhand I'd say this started because Bee's so suspicious. She's been watching me like I'm a marked-down sale of fur coats, ever since a year ago—when she was south before. You remember how it was last year while Bee was away? Boy, oh, boy! Were those parties? You must remember that one night. . . . I thought you would. I wish you'd join the Athletic Club. Great bunch.

Last year, over at the club, there were six of us whose wives had gone to Florida. We called ourselves the Sunshine Widowers Club. Comical idea, wasn't it? All our wives were south in the sunshine and there we were, north with the moonshine. That's one of Sam's gags about us.

But when Beatrice and our other wives came back. I mean the other fellows' wives. You know how people are. Hear something and tell more.

That was a year ago. Ever since, Bee has narrowed in on me. She's said things. Well, the kind of things wives say. I don't say that she doesn't trust me any more—she gives me an evening out now and then—but she has reservations. She's not the little pal she used to be.

One day around New Year's—when I happened to tell her she looked tired and pale—I said she ought to get herself a flock of sunshine. Why, I just opened my mouth to tell her she should go to Palm Beach. She jumped right down my throat.

"I'm a girl who likes winter sports just as well as any stenographer," Bee said. "I know all about that far-away look of yours. I know what it means. You're thinking about gadding around town while I'm sitting with a lot of old women bridge players between a palm tree and a hot-dog stand. This winter," Bee said, "I'm going to stay home and do some cruising myself. I'll find winter sports and plenty of them. There's a tall blond boy," said Bee, "who's the swimming instructor at the pool."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ALL FIXED UP
Continued from page seventeen]

She didn’t mean it. That’s only her way.

However, Sam’s wife was going. She called Bee up. And Mrs. Steel. And Vail’s wife and married sister. They were all going. Bee changed her mind finally. But right up to the minute the train started, she was crabbing, crabbing, crabbing. I told her to get herself all new clothes even, and to charge them. There isn’t anything in the world that pleases a woman so much as being let buy a new outfit and charging it. Imagine a woman making a talk because she’s being sent down to the smartest resort in the country for five weeks, with every rag she takes all new. Women aren’t ever satisfied!

But she didn’t let up on me, even in the station.

“Listen,” Bee said, right in front of the Pullman conductor and the porter and Mrs. Steel, when I was putting her on the train. “Listen. I may be the one who’s going away, but it’s a ten-to-one shot that you’re the one who gets the vacation.”

“You bet they do,” said Mrs. Steel.

The Pullman conductor and the porter grinned wise.

“Honey bunch,” I began. Bee wouldn’t listen.

“Watch your step, Big Boy,” was the last thing she said. “Maybe it’s true that what I don’t know won’t harden my arteries. But what I hear, when I get back, is liable to cost you alimony. If you slip, Precious, you’ll fall on your flask.”

I told the cook and both maids that they could go visiting over the week-end.

Then she kissed me and stepped on the train.

Jim had been hearing the same storm warnings from his radio.

“I can remember,” Jim said after the train pulled out, “when a woman got on the train with her bustle and a bag of peanut brittle and thanked you for paying her fare. Now,” Jim added, “you buy her two tickets with drawing-room space and five-dollar novels and new clothes and she isn’t satisfied unless she can shake some Tabasco sauce in your eyes so you’ll be crying when the train pulls out. It will take another generation to find out whether women’s liberty has been a good thing for the nation.”

Anyway, I resolved that this year Beatrice wouldn’t have any reason to complain. I turned over a new leaf.

Pete, you can believe it or not, but I was just as conscientious as if Beatrice and I hadn’t been married at all. You would have thought I was engaged to her, the way I went on. The first two weeks she was away I wrote her every morning. Every day, not missing one. Twice a week I wired her candy and flowers. People at the hotel in Palm Beach must have thought she had a new boy friend.

EVEN that did not suit Bee. All that talk about me the year before must have burned her plenty.

“You’re overdoing the candy, letter, and flowers racket,” she wrote me. “And, listen, Sweetie. I may be lying on the sand in the sunshine, but that isn’t any reason why you should lie like hell on the typewriter. I can guess how hard you’re working and I know just how cold it is at home. The Florida papers carry the daily temperature in the weather bulletins, so I know what the snowfall was on Main Street every day since I left. Both of your blizzards sounded like scenes from Way Down East. But last Sunday, when you wrote about camping in front of the fireplace because it was too cold and stormy to get out, it was warmer at home than it was in Miami, unless the government is as cockeyed as you are. From now on, Lovey, try not to make yourself conspicuous. P. S. Mrs. Steel and I have lots of fun reading yours and Jim’s letters aloud. You two ought to get together on the weather you’re having, though. You don’t live a mile apart and Jim was playing with the puppy on the lawn all the Sunday morning it was too cold for you to go out. And you took a long walk to the cemetery the day it sleeted in Jim’s letter.”

After that one, I decided I’d be natural and write her once a week. I was sure to be misjudged anyway. . . .

All the weeks she was away, I kept thinking to myself, “Now, old man, don’t do anything that will be misinterpreted. You don’t want to lose Bee. She’s a great wife for you and a great pal. Don’t let anything come between you. It’ll be better,” I said to myself, “to avoid even the appearance of evil.”

Look here, Pete, I’m coming to the part about last night and Toughee Taylor just as soon as I can. I’m not trying to box you on this story. I’ve nothing to hide.

Well, if you don’t like the way I tell it, try to find out what happened from someone else. That’s all.

I’ll come to that part when it’s time. Don’t hurry me. You wouldn’t understand it unless I explained how things stood between Bee and me.

IN a way, you might say Jim Steel was to blame. I’ve told you about him. Oh, you know. You’ve seen his name in the papers hundreds of times. Jim Steel, the lawyer, of Steel, Wheaton, Steel, and Parsons. They have all the big murder trials and important divorces and things. Sure. The one who was in a little trouble for subornation of perjury. But they didn’t get anything on him.

Jim was to blame. I know I said my wife was to blame. She is so suspicious. Well, I guess they’re both to blame.

It was this way: Jim had three cases of imported champagne—a present from one of his clients who’s a bootlegger. Jim thought we ought to have a party to drink the champagne.

He kept talking about it. Party. Party. Party. That’s all he could think about. Finally, I gave in. I saw he’d have to get that party idea out of his system.

Our gang, the Sunshine Widowers Club, talked it over. We all said it would be better to have the party in someone’s house. Quieter and more room. In a hotel or anywhere it’s liable to attract attention. Not that we wanted to have a wild party. None of us wanted that. Just invite a few congenial people in to spend the evening.

It couldn’t be at Jim’s house, because his married sister is there while his wife is south. Sam Mackay lives in an apartment. He says that the people downstairs are nervous and kick to the manager if anyone sneezes after nine o’clock. Vail DuBois could have had it at his house, but Vail is funny about that place he bought. He says it is too close to his next neighbor. He built on a thirty-foot lot. His neighbors, he claims, watch him so close that he can phone them to find out what he’s going to have for dinner at home. Captain Mellick is an officer out at the fort. We could have gone to the Post, but that meant inviting sixteen other officers.

So everybody decided my house was the logical place to hold the party. I have a whole acre on Western Parkway, you know, with that private drive to get in. You can park six or eight cars back there without showing from the street, the way it’s landscaped.

So it was fixed to throw this party at my house.

Now, if Jim’s three cases had only been Scotch, or rye, or bourbon, there needn’t have been this trouble afterward. We would have had a session—played a little poker or shot a little craps and no harm done. But it wasn’t whisky. It was wine.

“Wine, and particularly champagne wine,” said Sam, “is a ladies’ drink.”

“Yes, it is,” I said. “I always think a man looks foolish drinking that wealthy water, except, of course, when he’s drinking with a lady.”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

...Raised His Pay $4800* After Reading This Amazing Book Which Is Now *FREE!*

* Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, L. Van Hauten, Grand Rapids, Mich., and many others.

Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.

Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The TIME-CLOCK constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really COUNTED in the business and social world!

Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the GOOD things of life every man DESERVES for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.

Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made $200 a week—and Jenkins $275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.

A Ray of Light

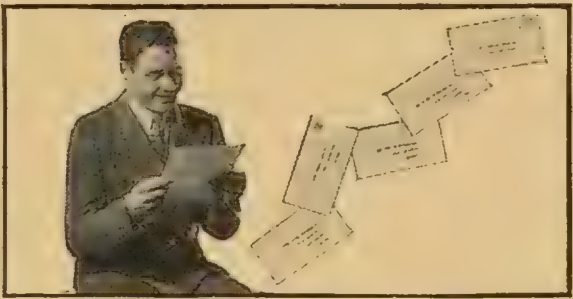
Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making $525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if HE could do it, so could I!

The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "THE MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED." It wasn't a very *big* book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never *dreamed* of—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

What I Discovered

Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the REAL TRUTH about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost ANY man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions." I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his $8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making $125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from $15 a week to $7500 a year—these and *hundreds* of others! It certainly *was* a revelation!

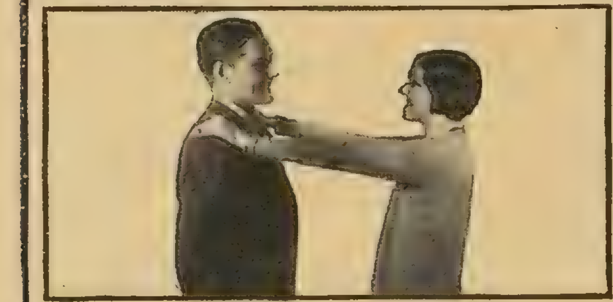


Free Employment Service

Furthermore, I discovered that the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published the book, also operates a most effective employment service! Last year they received requests from all over the U. S. and Canada for more than 50,000 salesmen trained by their method. This service is FREE to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions this way!

Making Good At Last!

It didn't take me long to decide to cast my lot with N. S. T. A.—and after a few weeks I had mastered the secrets of Master Salesmanship during spare time, without losing a day or a dollar from my old job. When I was ready, the Employment Manager found me over a dozen good openings to choose from—and I selected one which paid me over $70 a week to start!



Was It Worth It?

Today my salary is $4800 greater than ever before! No more punching time-clocks or worrying over dimes and quarters! NOW my services are in REAL DEMAND with bigger prospects for the future than I ever dared HOPE for back in those days when I was just another "name" on a pay-roll!

The Key to MASTER-SALESMANSHIP
Chicago

Get Your Copy Free

Right now the book—"The Key to Master Salesmanship"—which banished all my fears and troubles and showed me how to get started on the road to success and independence—will be mailed as a gift to any ambitious man, absolutely FREE. And since there is no obligation, why not see for yourself what amazing facts it contains! Just mail the coupon now—for there is no better way in the world to invest a 2-cent stamp! I KNOW!

Mail It Today!

Simply fill this out and mail to the National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. B-233, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Your free copy of "Master Salesmanship" will be sent you by return mail.

National Salesmen's Training Assn., Dept. B-233, N.S.T.A. Building, Chicago, Illinois
Without obligation, please send me a free copy of "The Key to Master Salesmanship."
Name..............................
Address..............................
Town..............State..............
Age......Occupation..............

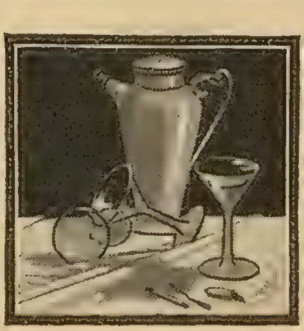
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

The others agreed.

We had to change our plans a little, since it wasn't to be a stag party. We decided on a neighborly get-together. Just a quiet evening such as we might have had with our own wives, if our wives hadn't been in Florida.

“There are a good many nice girls around the city,” Jim Steel suggested. “Lots and lots of nice girls, who aren't sporty or anything like that, but who like a good time now and then. I mean girls who work places and who aren't exactly conventional. I mean girls who have good jobs that they don't want to lose. The kind of girls who are just as careful about their reputations as we are. Now, if we could meet some girls like that—”

“I know a girl who earns her own living,” Sam cut in. “Nothing against her because she works and supports her mother, of course. She's employed in my building.”



Mackay & Mackay own that building where Sam has his offices. Sam and his brother certainly must be making money. I'm coming to that, Pete. Anybody'd think you were a newspaper reporter trying to write this up. There are guys who'd be sore if you nosed into their business the way you do into mine. I'm telling it all just as fast as I can.

“Yes, sir,” said Sam. “Perhaps I could bring that girl. I think her name's Violet. She's a manicurist in the barber shop.

“Now, if I could only remember her address,” Sam went on, “maybe she'd know of another girl.” He took his memorandum book out of his pocket. “I was right. Her name *is* Violet. Her phone number is Grantland 2749-J. Excuse me while I call her and find out if she'd like to come.” He went over to the booth. This was in the grill room at the Athletic Club, one night after dinner.

While we were waiting for Sam to come back from phoning, Jim Steel had an idea.

“There's a new musical show trying out here,” said Jim. “The Midnight Madness Revue. It's booked into the Lyceum for a week before it goes to New York. There are some very attractive young women connected with that show. I saw it last night. Just by accident,” said Jim, “I happened to go back stage with Steve Hess, the house manager. This was after the show. And I was introduced to Irene, that dancer who's featured in it. Just by accident, you understand. Now, I was thinking if we called Steve Hess and invited him to the party, he might be able to bring the company manager and the comedians and some of—”

“Yes, Jim,” I said. “Steve might do that for us. Only I met this dancer, Irene, on Monday night. The night the show opened.”

“Does that give you prior rights?” Jim demanded.

“Well, it does if the party is going to be at my house.”

JUST then Sam crawled out of the phone booth. “Violet can come,” he told us. “And she said she knows a couple of other girls—”

“Keep your Violet and the other girls,” returned Jim. “We don't need local talent. We're going to have *artistes* at this party.”

“As to that,” Sam replied, “Violet is quite an *artiste*, too.”

So we rang Steve Hess at the box office. He said we should set the party for Saturday night after the show. That gave everybody all day Sunday to rest up in, as the show people didn't have to get their train to New York until afternoon.

What are you laughing at?

I said to myself, “Let's be sensible about this. There's no use of causing talk and getting Bee all excited about something that doesn't mean anything. The best way is to keep Bee from hearing a whisper.” I told the cook and both maids that they could go visiting over the week-end. I said I'd take my meals out while they were away. So they went Friday morning.

I hired the porter at the store—a nice old fellow—to come up to the house Sunday noon. He was to clean up the place and put everything back in order before the maids checked back on Monday. He's a handy old fellow who can do anything. Neat as a pin, too.

No. I wasn't covering up. I wouldn't call it covering up. I was merely being discreet.

I even took the trouble to put the best of my wife's vases and bric-a-brac in the cellar closet so there wouldn't be any breakage. I had things figured out. I'm real systematic when I put my mind on it.

“Here's once,” I said to myself, “that everything will be smooth and Bee won't hear any backfire.”

I told the man who looks after the furnace and walks for me that he could have Sunday off, too. I said I'd take care of the fires. He seemed pretty clubby with the maids. There wasn't any sense in taking chances.

Now, I ask you. Was I set or wasn't I?

About nine o'clock Saturday night, when I drove back to my place from dinner, I took all the ice cubes out of the refrigerator and set them outdoors, so I could freeze another lot of cubes. That was for those who wanted highballs. Sure. I'd kicked in a case of rye along with Jim's three cases of champagne. We wanted enough, didn't we? We didn't have to chill the wine. Just set it outdoors.

Then I put the chicken sandwiches on platters, along with some rye bread and cold cuts, so everybody could help themselves. I opened the dampers in the furnace, turned on the radio, and waited for the gang.

SAM brought his girl, this Violet the manicurist. They got there first. I told you she was a dyed blonde, didn't I? Yes, that's her. The same one who was with Toughee Taylor when I had the accident last night.

No. She's nothing but a dull pain to me and never was. Get that straight.

They came out in the kitchen for a highball apiece, while I made some coffee. Then Sam asked if he could show her over the house, because he thinks I have a nifty layout. I told him to go ahead. I was boiling the coffee.

In a little while everybody turned up.

There were our Sunshine Widowers; Steve Hess, the house manager; a fellow named Wimpfimer, the company manager; a hungry mug they called Abe Chlupsa, who was press agent for the show; and Louis Whitehouse the comedian. And some of the young ladies, too.

Well, some of them were showgirls, some out of the pony line, and one or two from the ballet. Oh, positively. Very high-class people, all of them.

Louis Whitehouse and Steve Hess brought Irene the dancer out into the kitchen where I was. Carried her in their arms, just like she was a big doll. They had tied a ribbon, a red ribbon, around her neck. On the end of the ribbon was a card. One side was holly and the words “Merry Christmas.” On the other side Steve and Jim Steel had written, “With love to daddy.”

“Santa Claus certainly put something in these stockings for you,” said Louis Whitehouse when they'd set Irene on the stationary tubs in the kitchen and had showed me the card.

That guy is some comic. I saw him once in a show in New York. . . .

Well, all right. But that show was a knockout. I wanted to tell you—

Irene played she was a doll. If you sat her up, she'd open her eyes. When she laid down, she'd close her eyes. She walked around our kitchen stiff-legged like a doll and said “Papa” in a squeaky voice. She's a cute kid. She had the whole crowd eating out of her hand. Just a natural clown.

I could see that Jim wished I hadn't insisted. About Irene, I mean. He'd fallen for her like an egg on the sidewalk. All busted open. That's how Jim was with Irene. He made himself ridiculous.

As soon as the show crowd stampeded in, the party was set. All ashore who were going ashore, you know. There wasn't any use waiting, so we went to work on the wine. It seemed as if I couldn't get the corks out of the bottles fast enough.

And sing? There was a boy they called Buck, from the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

ELEVEN TUBES

PHILCO SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS

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+ SUPERHETERODYNE
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Ted Husing, famous announcer, pictures at the left the distorted tone from a radio whose units are but partially balanced. At the right he illustrates the true, clear, undistorted tone produced by the exact balancing of every electrical unit in every Philco set

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NEVER before such a radio as this! Here is the new, advanced Philco which does things no other receiver ever did :: :: Only the largest makers of radio in the world, we believe, could produce such a *combination* of improvements at such sensational prices :: :: Eleven tubes give enormous power and distance — more than the average owner needs but how wonderful to bring *you* programs you have never heard before :: :: Automatic Volume Control makes this vast power usable by *holding* the programs, near and far, at constant level *without fading* :: :: Screen Grid power is combined with Superheterodyne selectivity to give you perfect reception and sharp, unblurred tuning, anywhere on the dial. And in addition to this split hair selectivity, you have the surest, most accurate tuning set in the world, because of the glowing arrow indicator on the Station Recording Dial. You simply log your favorite stations on the dial and then, ever afterwards, you tune in these stations with perfect accuracy by simply bringing the call letters exactly under the glowing arrow :: :: Tone-Control gives you still another radio delight by permitting four shades of tone quality, "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow," or "Deep" at a touch of your finger. And Balanced Units have eliminated radio distortion. The Philco tone, in this new radio and in all Philcos has such *realism* as to take your breath away :: :: Such radio reception, you have never heard before :: :: Let the nearest Philco dealer demonstrate it to you. He has the most complete line of radios in the world from Baby Grands at $49.50 to Screen Grid at $110; Superheterodyne-Plus Radios at $129.50 and $155; Radio-Phonographs, $99.50 to $272, less tubes; Philco Balanced Tubes for balanced performance; Philco-Transitone Automobile Radio, $65, including tubes. All sets sold with Philco Balanced Tubes. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

ELEVEN-TUBE HIGHBOY

Exquisite walnut cabinet with built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker; 11 Tubes; Illuminated Station Recording Dial for permanent log of favorite stations and easy tuning; Tone-Control; Automatic Volume Control and all features . . . $155.00 *less tubes*

The same 11-tube Superheterodyne-Plus in a marvelous RADIO-PHONOGRAPH *with Automatic Record Changer less tubes* $272.00

◂PHILCO▸

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

show. With him at the piano, we had grand opera. Three or four tunes at once. They rolled up the rugs to dance, too. I must have been out in the kitchen when they did that. I don't remember it, anyway.

Jim and Irene and I stayed in the kitchen mostly. I couldn't shake Jim. He kept finding fault with the champagne. He said it must be cut, because it didn't take hold. It wasn't taking hold of me, and Irene said it wasn't doing her any good. So maybe Jim was right.

Jim and Irene advised me to put some rye with mine. That's what they had done with their glasses.

It makes a good drink, Pete. Fill your glass half full of rye and then level it off with champagne. I'd never thought to try it until Jim and Irene showed me how.

"Irene, honey bunch," I promised her, "I'm never going to drink champagne again unless it has rye in it."

"Good boy," said Irene and kissed me. Kind of a sisterly kiss, because Jim was right there in the kitchen with us. She'd have been affectionate if I'd had her alone. Nice girl, too. "Let me put some more rye in your glass. Wine needs spiking for a regular guy like you. Here, I'll fix your drinks, daddy."

I suppose I took more than I'd intended to. I must have taken more. Things were confused. I guess I drank some of Irene's drink when she asked me to hold it for her, and what with her drink and my own, too, it was quite an evening, even for me.

Oh, yes. I must tell you. They slid down the banister. It was fun. Great comedy. We fellows stood at the bottom of the stairs. The girls would run up to the top and slide down the banister. We would catch them in our arms.

Sam's girl, Violet—yes, the one who's really Toughee Taylor's gal—she began it. She's kind of a tramp. There's never any class to Sam's girls. No discrimination.

Of course, Irene wouldn't do it. Slide down the banister like that. She isn't the rough-house type. She must come from a good family. You can see that she has background.

As I say, the ponies from the show and this Violet they slid down the banister for a long time.

I tell you, Pete, while it lasted, it was a night in a million. Just one big laugh after another. Too bad you missed it.

The house got too hot. I'd left the dampers on the furnace, all the drafts open, too. It was a regular oven before we noticed it. We opened windows, but even then I felt sleepy. You know how that is. If a room is too hot, you'll start yawning in spite of yourself.

"You're sleepy, old-timer," Violet said, noticing me. "Go on in there in the library and catch yourself forty winks. Cork off for a few minutes. You'll feel better. Here. Take another rye before you go. Sure, you can stand one more."

THINGS were just getting good. You couldn't tell the gang to go home. So Jim and Violet took me into the library and I laid down on the davenport. They put out the light and went out, shutting the door, so I wouldn't be disturbed. There wasn't any reason why I couldn't catch myself a cat nap.

I was not tight, Pete. I'd taken something, of course. But I wasn't tight. Just tired. I hadn't been getting enough sleep.

I lost consciousness right away. Dropped off like a baby. And the next thing I knew, it was broad daylight. I woke up, cold as Cæsar's ghost and twice as lonesome.

Yes, lonesome. Irene had gone. She'd gone with Jim, back to her hotel.

If you don't quit laughing, I'll never tell you another word. . . .

I have told you everything. Jim had taken Irene. They'd gone. I didn't see her again.

They'd all gone by the time I woke up, half frozen. They lammed it away, leaving the front door and the windows open behind them.

Yes, and the furnace went out, too.

Well, I had to go downstairs and build the furnace fire. Then I had to bring in all our rugs from outdoors, before people started going by our house on their way to church. Some of the crowd had been drunk the night before. They'd rolled up our best rugs when they wanted to dance and thrown them out the French windows.

It was noon by the time I got the downstairs warm enough so you didn't see your breath.

Oh, terrible! I was coming down with a hard cold, too. Next thing to pneumonia.

AND the house? Well. The house was just too bad. Empty champagne bottles and rye bottles and glasses and cigarette butts. Everywhere. Cigarette ashes in the goldfish bowl. Killed the goldfish. Deader than King Tut. What a time I had replacing them, too. Did you ever try to buy a pair of fantail goldfish in this town on a Sunday? No? Well, don't try. It can be done, but don't try! People who keep pet stores never have telephones. They all live twenty miles out in subdivisions, where the streets and numbers are guessing games.

There were the rings of highball glasses on the baby grand. Wouldn't you think people would know better than to put their highball glasses down on a new piano top? It leaves a white ring, every time. I had to have that piano refinished.

They left lighted butts on the mantel and on the tops of the bookshelves. Black holes burned, everywhere you looked.

Some mugs don't seem to know how to act civilized when you invite them into a white man's house. Sometimes I'm so disgusted with the idea of entertaining that I say I'll never throw another party so long as I live. Why, once, when my wife and I had a dinner party, we found that someone had—

I'm coming to that, Pete.

The old porter turned up at noon. "Well, Mister Davis," he said, when he looked around, "I just wish I'd been here last night. That's all. What had I better do first?"

I told him I didn't care, but when the plumbers came, to let them in. What could you expect with the windows open in zero weather? Two water pipes, besides the pipes in the kitchen. I told you the furnace went out. Those pipes had to be fixed and I had to buy new goldfish before the maids came back in the morning. It seems as if my wife thinks more of those goldfish than she does of me, sometimes. She keeps talking about how much Tommy—he's the little one—grew while she was away.

I took the dead fish down with me when I bought the new ones, but I couldn't match them exactly.

Oh, Pete, I felt miserable. Lack of sleep always takes it out of me.

When I brought the goldfish back, the plumbers were working and the painter was going over the mantel covering up the burned places where the butts had been. With plenty of drier in the paint you can have an overnight job that would surprise you. I thought everything was set, but the old porter rushed in, excited.

"Mister Davis," he said, "have you been upstairs?"

No, I hadn't been upstairs. I had had too much to do downstairs.

"You been robbed," he told me.

At first I laughed at him. There wasn't anything in my house that bunch would want to steal. There weren't any thieves in the crowd, anyway.

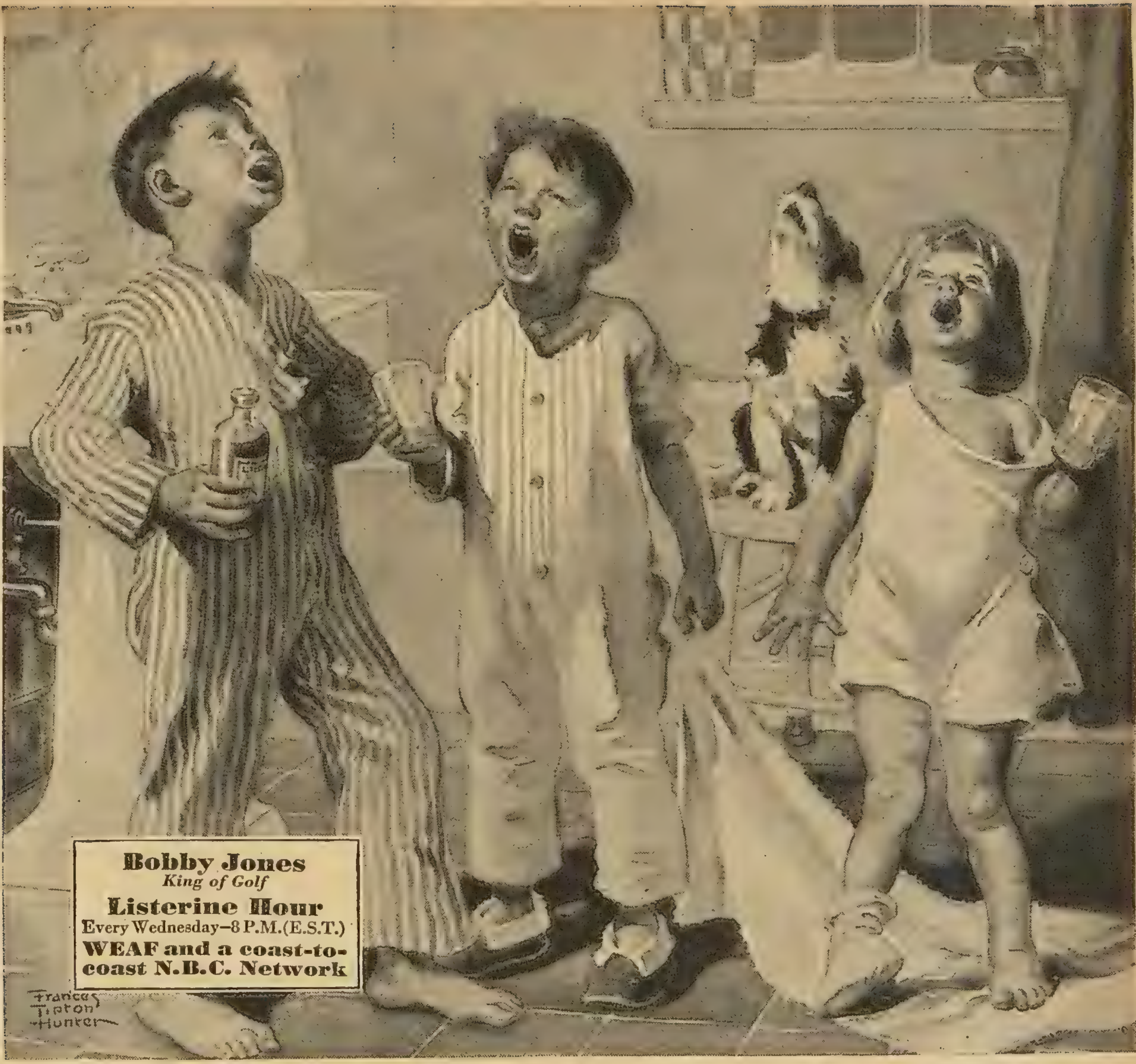
"I'll show you, Mister Davis. All your wife's clothes has been stole."

Yes, sir. It was so. Those chorus girls had been boosting my wife's clothes while they were running upstairs to slide down the banister. They'd opened the closets in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

WANT A COLOR COPY OF THIS FOR FRAMING?

A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, enlarged, on heavy art paper without any advertising on it, will be sent on receipt of 4¢ in stamps and the circular top of the outside wrapper of a Listerine bottle. Address Dept. LB2, Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.



Bobby Jones
King of Golf
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Every Wednesday—8 P.M. (E.S.T.)
WEAF and a coast-to-coast N.B.C. Network

To guard against, to treat Sore Throat

gargle Listerine—reduces mouth germs 98%

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the Micrococcus Catarrhalis, associated with head colds; the dangerous Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Pneumococcus (pneumonia), and the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

GARGLE EVERY 2 HOURS

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount. At the same time, it is one of the most powerful germicides known when used undiluted.

Within 15 seconds it kills the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the germ generally used to test antiseptic power because of its resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus, the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

Bee's room, taken dresses, coats, everything. They'd left their old duds, too. Some of them. I told you I'd let Bee buy all new things to go south with, so the chorines had a good haul on what was left.

They'd even ripped open her bureau drawers, looking for lingerie and stockings. They were gone. I couldn't tell how much, because I didn't know what Bee left there originally.

By this time the show troupe was on its way back to New York, so nothing could be done about that.

It seemed to me, Pete, that this thieving was just the last straw. I'm a fellow who can face most anything. But this was too much. This licked me. How would you feel if your house guests turned out to be crooks? I went into the library, because of the smell of paint in the living room, and wrapped myself up in a steamer rug. I tried to go to sleep and forget it.

There I was. Stuff stole that I couldn't replace. Even if I'd had a list of what was taken, I couldn't replace the things, because the clothes had been worn more or less. And just the minute that Beatrice heard women's clothes had been taken, I knew she'd be suspicious. I was in a spot. Beatrice was suspicious, anyway. Believe me, it was a spot. A tough spot.

As I sat there, I said to myself: "Old man, get thinking. Get thinking. You either fix this or it's alimony. Fix or alimony. Fix or alimony." I bet I said those words a million times. "Fix or alimony for you."

"Now," I said to myself, "there's a way this can be fixed, if you just think hard enough. Everything can be fixed if you're willing to spend money and know how. Fix this or you're sunk, old man."

Pretty soon I had an inspiration.

Do you know Charlie Kaufman? The insurance man? No? Oh, he's a regular. You ought to know Charlie. There's a pal for you.

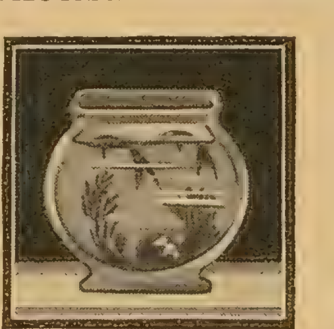
I phoned Charlie to come over.

No. No. I wasn't fool enough to try to collect burglar insurance. Would I let myself be put on record, signing affidavits and swearing to statements of loss? Do I look that dumb—to put this whole thing down on paper and have it all come out when the insurance detectives pinched the showgirls? I'm not Johnny the Dope. Not yet.

Charlie drove in and I showed him. "Now, Charlie, old-timer," I said, "how about it?"

At first Charlie thought just as you did. He figured I was going to try to collect some of the policy. "You had a loss, all right. I'll send up an adjuster."

"You will not," I said. "Not unless he comes in over my dead body," I told Charlie. "Now, I have an idea that two thousand would buy everything new that my wife lost. Yes. Two thousand would positively cover the lot. But let's say twenty-five hundred. If she thinks she's beating the insurance company, Bee will be tickled to death and won't ask so many questions, for fear she'll have to give it back. What's five hundred dollars, if we can satisfy the wife?"



"WAIT a minute. Hold on there." Charlie interrupted me. "There's a limit clause on wearing apparel—"

"Oh, never mind the policy, Charlie. Now: If I give you my check for twenty-five hundred, will you give me an insurance company check, made out to the wife, for twenty-five hundred? Just to help a pal?"

He hesitated, on account of having it go through his books. But I explained how he could destroy the canceled check and his balance would be just the same. So, finally, when I'd reminded him how I went to bat for him the time he was pinched for driving while intox—I know the judge and I took care of Charlie—Charlie said he'd do it.

I gave him my check for twenty-five hundred. I could just picture how tickled Bee would be to get that roll all at once.

"Just a couple more things," I said to myself, "and I'm set."

So I drove down to police headquarters and found a friend of mine, Detective Lieutenant Boyle. I reported the burglary to him, saying all my wife's clothes were stolen some time during the previous night. I said entrance was gained through a window, a sneak-thief job. That was just in case.

Sure. There it was on the complaint book, officially, in the event that anyone troubled to check up. It's just as easy to do things right.

Then I had a friend of mine introduce me to Bob Kane. He's police reporter on the Morning Sun. He's a nice fellow, if you ever need a favor from the paper. Write his name down. Bob Kane. K-a-n-e. Those reporters are wise birds. They don't get much pay, but they are just as smart as some men who've made millions. Kane saw right through my story in a minute.

I gave him two quarts of rye and told him, as a favor, I'd like a big piece in the paper about the burglary, mentioning that my wife's clothing was stolen. I said I'd like it printed the next morning. Kane said he could do it, but it would take two more quarts of rye for the city editor and the boys on the copy desk. I gave him the four quarts and, sure enough, he came through.

NEXT morning there was an article right on the front page of the local section of the Sun. It was a dandy article, kind of kidding if you knew the inside, but on the level if you didn't. They had a little rhyme for a headline. It went like this:

WESTERN PARKWAY BURGLARS,
SHOPPING FOR A TROUSSEAU,
STEAL THE LADY'S CLOTHING!
WHERE DID THE BURGLARS GO?

The piece under it said the police were working on the case. But that wasn't so, for I had told Detective Lieutenant Boyle to never mind. There were reasons, I said, why it didn't need any investigation.

Monday I wrote Beatrice, inclosing the newspaper clipping. I took all the blame for the burglary in my letter to her, saying I hadn't been careful about locking windows. That was bound to make her feel good, if I left myself wide open to her "I told you so." She's always claiming that I don't lock the windows. I said, too, that I'd had the insurance people there.

That day, so she'd get it in the same mail, Charlie mailed the company check for twenty-five hundred dollars. He wrote her a nice letter on the insurance stationery, saying that the company regretted the burglary and hoped that the check inclosed would cover the loss. Beatrice would never think to figure that she couldn't have had a check until there had been a sworn statement of loss and inventories and all that. Charlie is a real friend.

You can't beat a woman, though. She wrote right back to Charlie that the check wasn't half enough. According to her, she must have lost more clothes than Irene Bordoni ever owned.

But she phoned me from Palm Beach to tell me that she was an even thousand to the good, no matter what the burglars took. She said I was never to buy any insurance from any company except Charlie's. She added—at seven dollars and a half a minute—that Charlie was one of the most accommodating men she'd ever met in business, and I'd better thank him for being so prompt and courteous.

Isn't that funny, Pete?

Sometimes a man just can't get women. Beatrice, for instance. She didn't think she was doing anything underhanded when she wrote Charlie that his check wouldn't cover her loss. No, sir. Women look at those things differently from what we do.

You can't say a woman isn't honorable, Pete. It's just that they have different standards about what is honorable.

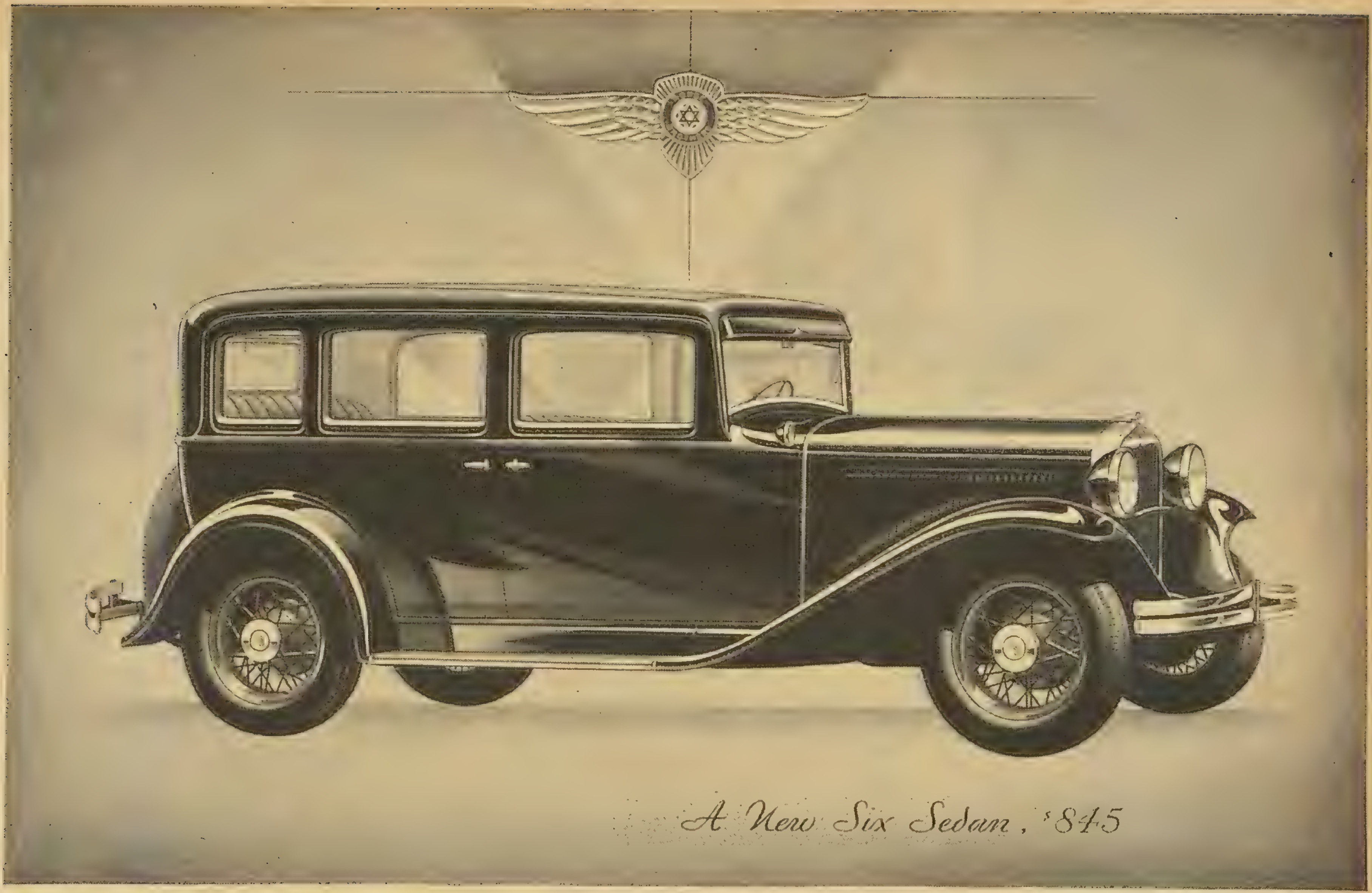
After Bee phoned I felt better. She was satisfied. That was the main thing. Whatever it cost me, it hadn't cost too much if Bee was happy about it.

The cook and the maids came back to work without noticing anything. At least, they didn't say anything.

So far as I could see, everything was check and double check for all time to come. There wasn't a hole in my story. I was covered like a carnation in a greenhouse.

Of course, Bee stayed south three weeks longer than

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]



Beautiful new Dodge cars

CARRY ON A FINE TRADITION

It is Dodge Brothers belief that the best way to stimulate business is to offer the public more for its dollars—to meet the desire for higher living standards by giving real advancements without increase in cost. ∞ The new Dodge Six and Eight are better cars, not cheaper cars. They represent a great stride forward in beauty, size, comfort and power. And they are built with the firm conviction that the most important thing about a motor car is that it be a *good* motor car. ∞ In offering cars so obviously advanced in character, yet remaining at traditional Dodge levels in price, Dodge feels that it is acting in the true spirit of American progress, and that the value which results is instantly apparent.

DODGE SIX AND EIGHT

New Dodge Six $815 to $845, New Dodge Eight $1095 to $1135; Standard Six $735 to $835, Standard Eight $995 to $1095. Prices f. o. b. factory.

● Margaret King, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. King, Jr., Albany, N. Y.*

They thought they couldn't raise her . . .

but look at her now!

Think of the proud joy of being the mother of this lovely baby! Beautiful, clear-eyed Margaret King of Albany. Upon seeing her, your first thought is, "A perfect picture of health." Yet, Mrs. King writes us, she thought she could not raise her baby daughter!

"Food would not stay in her stomach two minutes. After trying everything, we decided to try Borden's Eagle Brand and now have a wonderfully healthy child. She is now 3½ years old, weighs 35 pounds and is 37 inches tall. A photographer asked me to let her pose and this is the picture. I hope people will see what Eagle Brand did for my little girl. I cannot say enough in its favor." *Signed*, Mrs. William B. King, Jr., North Allen St., Albany, N. Y.

A word to other mothers

If *your* baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Mail the coupon below for the new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare"—a free booklet containing practical feeding directions and suggestions for supplementary foods. Also "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book for recording baby's growth and accomplishments.

● *Every letter and picture published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful parent or other relative.*

The Borden Company, Dept. C. B.-12, Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copies of the new *"Baby's Welfare"* and *"The Best Baby."*

My baby is________months old.

*Name*________

*Address*________

*City*________*State*________

Please print name and address plainly

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

she intended. She stopped off in Pinehurst on her way back. Catch Beatrice coming home while she had a dollar left! She hasn't any idea of the value of money. She stayed in Pinehurst until every cent of the twenty-five hundred dollars was spent.

She'd spend twenty-five hundred just like I'd spend a quarter.

But everything was lovely when I met her at the depot day before yesterday. She didn't have a question in her system. She didn't even kid me about if I'd been a good boy.

Yes. You have to be smart if you keep out of the divorce courts these days.

Oh!

Sure. About this deal last night. I was coming to that. You got more questions than a grand jury. I'm not indicted or anything.

Last night Bee and I had to go over to her family's for dinner. Over on the north side. They're churchy conservative people; not a bit like Bee. Her father and mother, I mean. They're old-fashioned and stodgy.

When we started home after dinner, Bee kissed me.

"Now," said Bee, "I want a lot of drinks to wake me up."

Bee's family don't even have cocktails with their dinners.

Bee kissed me again.

"I want to go places," Bee said. "Father and mother always make me feel as if I'm eleven years old and late for Sunday school. It will take lots of liquor to get the home life out of my system," Bee said. "H'ist your mainsail. Here's a breeze."

She picked Kelly's place. So we went to Kelly's. There wasn't any reason why not.

You understand that both of us were cold sober. We hadn't even smelt a cork when we got into Kelly's place. We could hear the dance band upstairs and we were feeling fine. Not a thing on our conscience.

Well, Pete, it was this way.

Up at the top of the stairs, who should be coming out of the dance room as we were going in but this Toughee Taylor and the chunky blonde, Violet, Sam's girl. The one he had at the party. Only she is Toughee's regular girl and was two-timing Toughee when she was out with Sam. But Toughee didn't know that. Nobody'd tell him.

I saw them, and I thought I'd walk past Violet as if I'd never seen her before. I guess she thought she'd walk past me the same way. Except for Beatrice, who was with me, there wouldn't have been any trouble. I said she was to blame. Remember?

"My coat!" Bee screeched, pointing at the wrap Violet was wearing. "There's my coat!"

Yes, sir. She horned in right at the top of the stairs.

"She's wearing my evening coat!" Bee yelled. "Have her arrested. That's my evening coat that was stolen!" Bee screamed.

I tried to hush Bee up. Kelly and Kelly's bouncer and two waiters came running. Bee told them that Violet had stolen her coat and to arrest Violet. All the time I was hushing and shushing Bee, but it didn't get me anywhere. The more I shushed the louder she screamed.

"Shut up that dame's yap!" Toughee Taylor told me, taking me by the lapels of my dinner jacket. "My Violet hasn't stole nothing. My Violet bought that coat on her back with eleven dollars I give her. Bought it at a sale—"

"Eleven dollars!" yelled my wife, not taking the hint. "That evening wrap cost two hundred last fall in New York. Take it off her and look at the label and you'll see it's stolen—"

"Does she shut up or do you?" Toughee Taylor asked me.

Well, Pete, what could I do? I couldn't make Beatrice shut up. She kept yelling, "Arrest her! Arrest her!"

Toughee was mad. I couldn't talk to him.

Nobody would listen to me.

So Toughee let me have it. He led with his left and crossed with a straight right before Kelly and the bouncer could do anything. That sock was plenty. It blacked both eyes and broke my nose. I went over the banister and lit on a chair that was standing by the check girl's closet, down below. It broke the chair, the collar bone, two or three ribs, and something else that I can't remember the name of.

That's all there is to it. Now you know. I hope you feel better.

Oh, enough! Probably five thousand dollars, all told. Twenty-five hundred in one lump to Bee. A grand for Toughee's bail, these hospital bills, and everything else. I'm lucky if there isn't more than five grand.

Now, Pete, will you please go to the bank, draw that thousand dollars, bail Toughee? Yes. Soon as you spring him, give him whatever he needs to heel out of town. You can see why I'd rather not appear against him.

Will you please go, quick?

Pete, I'm wondering about that, too. Bee will think it's strange if Violet isn't locked up for receiving stolen property or burglary or homicide or something.

As soon as you get Toughee out of the way, I'm going to figure a way to explain that to Bee.

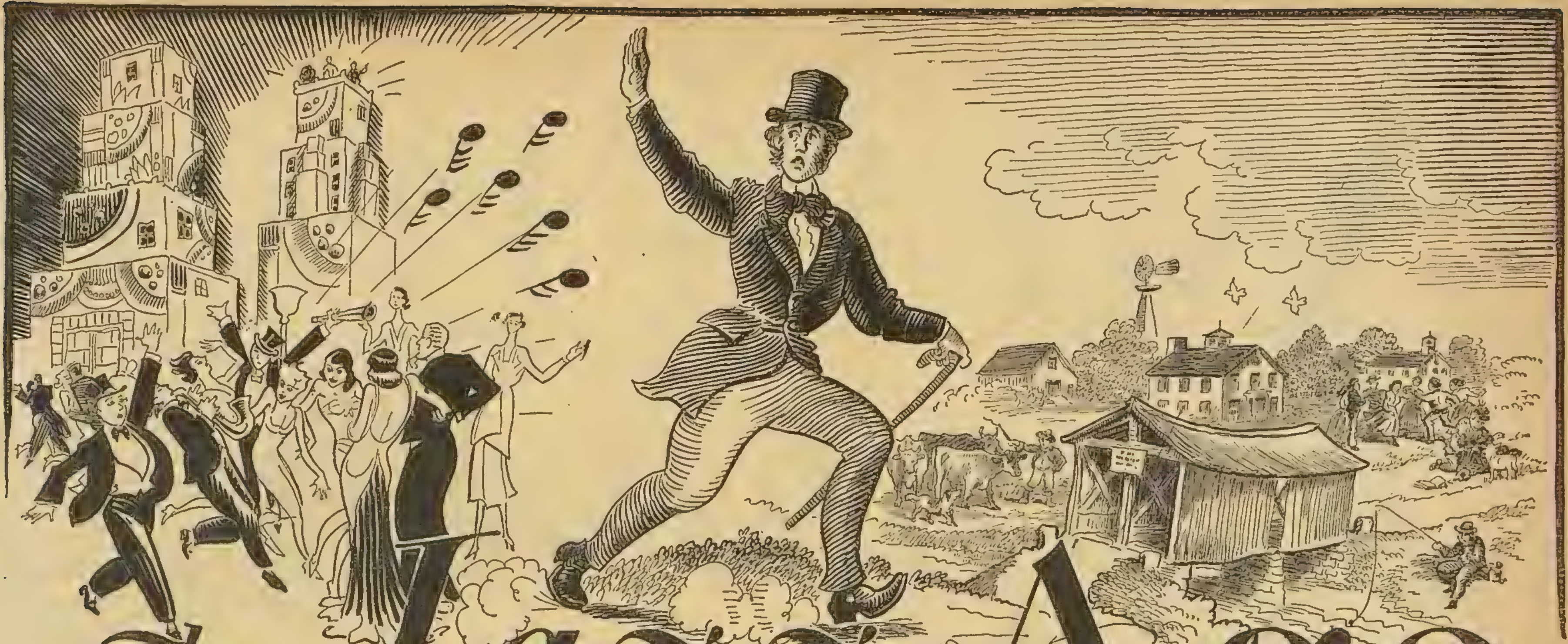
I thought that perhaps I'd ask Captain Murphy to help me out. He owes me a favor. He's the police captain Murphy.

I thought I'd have him tell my wife that there's a law that says you can't divorce a woman or arrest a woman who's going to have a baby. He can say that he was ready to arrest Violet, but he learned that she's an expectant mother. That's an out, all right.

I thought of that. Pretty smart. Give me credit.

And if we can make Beatrice believe that, I think we'll be all fixed up.

THE END



The Jazz Age

{To be read and chanted, quite aloud, by an open hearth-fire,
with the radio turned off. Reading time: 4 minutes 3 seconds.}

By

VACHEL LINDSAY

the noted American poet, who has tramped, like a troubadour of old, from his home state, Illinois, to New Mexico and through the south, making his poems pay the way. He is the author of a number of books of verse and has recited his poems before the English departments of many schools and universities. He lives in Springfield, Illinois.

Pictures by
JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

GOOD-BY, Jazz Age, I'm going Home, and fish in the minnow crick,
With any old twine, a good bent pin, and a worm, and a hickory stick.

Good-by, Jazz Age. The Wagon Bridge, broken, finds the Broken Bridge Farm.
A sign on the rail warns motors away, so stray lambs meet no harm;

And so scarab beetles take to the trail, unterrified gypsies again;
Swans cross the lane:—Greek ladies of old! And roosters are Robin Hood's men!

Good-by, Jazz Age. I'm going Home. The tottering bridge will stand
If you take it afoot, whistle a charm, a witch-hazel wand in your hand.

The minnow crick shines! Curves on the grass! The path by the bank finds the yard,
A blue iron deer, a green iron dog, and a live pup that barks at you hard.

He bites only those who are togged out for golf, wear movie clothes or puttees.
Oh, you must be dressed like Josh Billings at best, to put the quaint hound at his ease.

We will never come back from the Broken Bridge Farm. Home-logs uphold every shack.
We eat what we raise, and raise what we eat, and spare any stranger a snack.

On the mantel are dream-books. They came in oak bureaus in Cumberland Gap wagon-trains.
The novelty volumes are Riley and Nye, and the Jumping Frog yarn, Mark Twain's.

Good-by, Jazz Age. I'm going Home, where Artemus Ward is still hot,
And Falstaff is quoted when pigs are in clover, and Burns, when the weasel is shot.

The Biglow Papers are cutting up capers, the whiplash of Gulliver stings,
And Widow Bedott is a friend to the fancy, and Tennyson's Camelot sings.

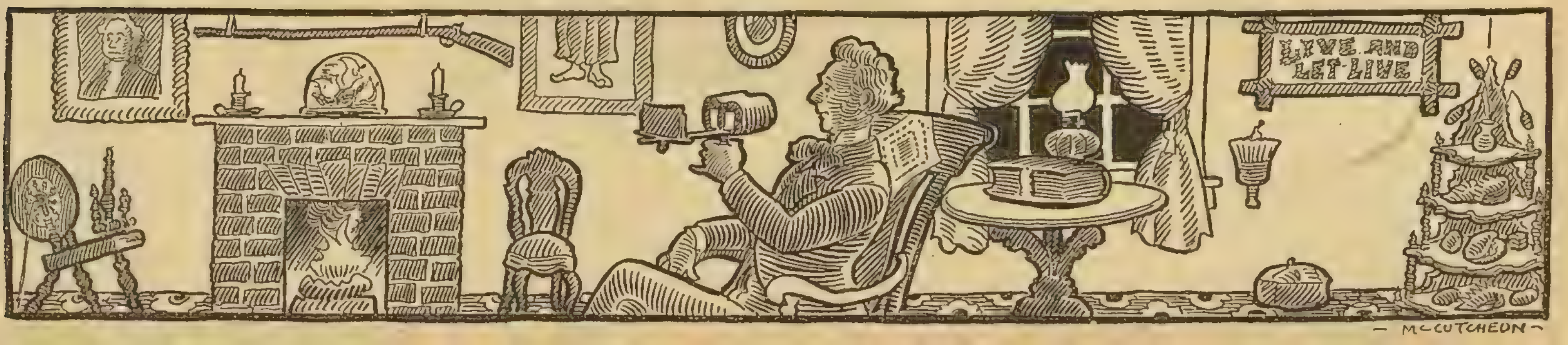
When the sun's on the field, the jigs of Dan Tucker will make us young yokels again;
When the rain's on the pane, the poems of Poe transform us to musical men.

Good-by, Jazz Age, I'm going Home, to a parlor with wax flowers and candles,
Spinning wheels, snuffers, Washington's picture, chromos of saints wearing sandals.

We will eat what we raise, and raise what we eat, and will not be shattered by noise;
Will dress like the pictures in dog-eared McGuffey:—Third Reader sweethearts and boys.

As Emerson sang:—"Good-by, proud world." The hill of sun burned Uncle Sam
Is a citadel set for ten thousand years yet, far from the scramble and cram.

His homestead the State, the Hearth, the Hope, The Star Spangled Banner of Power.
Good-by, Jazz Age. I'm going Home. "The Clock on the Stair" strikes the hour.



AVIATION Responds

A Word for the Defense

By

SWANEE TAYLOR

(Itinerant Pilot)

(Reading time: 9 minutes 3 seconds.)

WE have read a mass of evidence, skillfully presented by Captain Bogart Rogers in a recent issue of Liberty, wherein it is charged that American aviation is guilty of all the crimes on the calendar—and in the first degree. But we in the industry believe that fair-minded citizens will agree that his pillory was too cruel; that scorn comes with conviction, never on indictment. With irrefutable evidence we will endeavor to prove to your satisfaction that the defendant was not in the room when the crime or crimes were committed. In fact, she wasn't even in the building!

Commercial aviation came out of the war like a girl emerging from the convent on graduation day. Nearly a thousand war birds, with a sprinkling of pre-war stock, visualizing high potentialities in the airplane as an instrument of peace and prosperity, rallied round the flag. They were extremely young, hence chock-full of humanitarian ideals. Leaving the military service each went forth in the world to gratify his blistering desire to preach the aëronautical gospel. The public was thrilled, impressed, and went for a ride—in autos. These early barnstorming pilots were flying those

Mr. Taylor, pictured at the right, is a veteran of the industry and one of the best known men in it. He is a former navy pilot and now demonstrates ships for a manufacturer, does exhibition flying, and acts as judge at air meets.

At any flying school today a student is sure of getting expert instruction. Here are tyros learning about planes from Captain Fred Becker.

Small comparison here with the automobile. This transport air liner carries many passengers in comfort.

Photo by Aëro Digest, New York

A frivolous side of the aviation business. Girl passengers playing cards in the cabin of a de luxe Fokker ship on a transcontinental trip.

almost unflyable army training planes (a sin for which certain war profiteers will answer in hell), and the public can only be commended for its excellent judgment in staying out of those death traps. Nor could an average sane man accept our glowing prophecies of the rich blessings that would come with a belief in flying. He became especially skeptical when he took one look at the weather-battered machines.

So aviation laid out an extensive course of hard work. There followed several years of tedious and painful labor in propagating the message among unbelievers. It was during this era that I left the army to join that tiny legion of barnstorming or gypsy flyers. Times were hard for us—in fact, out and out tough. But we plugged ahead and mourned our dead in silence.

In four or five years practically all of the war-surplus ships were worn out, and several modern types were put on the market. Soon we were getting something decent to fly! It was the first pinpoint of light on a very dark horizon. Many of us felt sufficiently encouraged even to take unto ourselves wives, while not a few of the brothers were able to dig up the down payment on that first baby.

When the year 1926 closed, our books showed that aërial service pilots (youngsters had replaced us as barnstormers by then) had flown over 7,000,000 miles during that calendar year. Mail and transport lines had speeded up commerce to the tune of pretty nearly $5,000,000 more. Our capital investment was up to the $15,000,000 mark. It appeared that our public was beginning to appreciate us, and we rejoiced. Everyone was still reconciled, however, to the idea of several years more of very deliberate and careful growth.

Then came Lindbergh. He made a highly sensational stunt flight. But I am starkly aware of the fact that his flight unlocked the door which admitted to aviation a vast horde of students, would-be manufacturers, eager investors (commonly called suckers), and an active army of sharp-toothed promoters. These latter birds of prey came too, wearing helmets and goggles which were recognized as uniform habiliments for all air enthusiasts. Lindbergh unlocked the gate, but it was Clarence Chamberlin, with his weird passenger Charley Levine, who opened wide the doors admitting a truly rabid throng. Golly me, didn't people suddenly go completely cuckoo on aviation! An inundation of recruits into every phase of aëronautics literally submerged us. But why blame aviation for that? It is like saying that the house had no business catching fire.

Lindbergh returned from Europe a colonel and with the unnecessary proof in his pocket that the Atlantic could be flown if the gods were favorable and a good engine kept on being good. That had been proved several times before. In the jazz days of 1927 the flight looked like a boon to aviation. In the cold stock-taking days of 1931 the picture is changed—at least, it is for the garden variety of pilot, the thousands of us to whom aviation isn't a great adventure but a tough job at which to make money for the kids' shoes.

THERE is no doubt that the name of Lindbergh focused the public attention on the romantic side of aviation. Everybody wanted to be fair-haired and blue-eyed, and fly around the world. The greasy unromantic mechanic in the hangar was forgotten. This wasn't Lindbergh's fault. He was a victim of his own spectacular deed. Major and minor stockateers capitalized his every word. Beholding this flagrant abuse of his statements, Lindy first became reluctant to speak for publication, then ceased altogether. Yet, the very mention of his name sold blocks of stock and brought in new drafts of enlistments. It hurt us plenty.

In the meantime, aviation's immediate problem was to bring about some semblance of order in the household, so that the newcomers would not be sleeping on factory and hangar floors. As for trying to stem the tide—utterly impossible! So we did the next best thing. Pilots set to work instructing aspiring fledglings in the intricacies of getting off the ground and back in a thoughtful manner. Theirs was the thankless task of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Acme-P. & A. photo

One of the big new trimotored Ford planes carrying passengers and mail between Cleveland and Chicago.

Photo by Aëro Digest

A modern transport station: the United Airport at Burbank, California.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

endeavoring to frustrate what they, in many cases, knew to be suicide in the third degree. Engineers worked night and day to stave off a multitude of half-baked ideas of design which were jammed into new types of recent graduates of fly-by-night aëronautical engineering gristmills. In most factories, too, experienced builders were having their troubles with an influx of utterly impractical ideas on production and management. New ideas, stupid ideas, and lame ideas teemed all over us like fleas on a dog. Many a dog failed to catch the rabbit because he had to stop to attend his fleas. The aircraft industry had to stop work many times, at inopportune moments, to scratch.

Personally, I thought that we did a noteworthy job in taking care of rookies. Surely enough ships were built for them to crack up. And the number of schools to teach them how to stagger through the air was sufficient to their requirements. Most of these schools have closed down, now that the rush is over. But there are quite a number of schools doing almost brisk business. And, what is more important, every school existing today is of A-1 rating. At any one of them a student gets what may be classed as superexpert instruction. If my statement is questioned I substantiate myself in Comparative American Records, compiled by our Aëronautical Chamber of Commerce. In this report we find that in the first six months of 1930 there was an increase of 2,352 pilots. The number of schools has diminished, yes; but the number of students shows a steady gain from year to year. Young people have accepted aviation. Wherein lies positive assurance of aviation's ultimate success.

BUT I get too far ahead. Taking care of the expansion was but one task at hand. Our normal gait of engineering progress had to be maintained. Motors had to be developed, and aërodynamical science had to push on.

While we were seriously bent on furthering this development, an added worry came up to make matters worse. Internal strife broke out. By the middle of 1928 aviation's house was divided into two distinct groups. On the left side we had the Whoopee group, who were all for more publicizing and bigger and better freak flights. On the other side were grouped the less numerous Practical faction. This latter heartily opposed the impossible program proposed, as well as the vacuous din set up by their opponents. They stood for sanely operated transport lines. Thus matters stood when that day dawned red, to turn very blue, in October, 1929.

Came the Market Crash!

When that historic thud awakened the world from a sweet dream of paper profits, one prolonged wail was set up by a magnificent chorus of singed investors, youthful pilots out of work, and collapsible manufacturers. Their loud teeth-gnashings and bawlings completely covered up the volitant departure of the investment brokers and stock promoters, who took with them, *per se*, the *bona fide* cause of complaint. Recovering from his original grief, many a stung customer discovered, to his greater grief, that he had no one to hang the blame on.

Your stung sucker has to have some definite person or object upon which to heap his complaint. Never does he consider himself as having been even slightly at fault. No, not once in history has a fresh-plucked sap manfully admitted that he walked into the trap with his eyes open. So it was in the case of most of the aviation gamblers. Finding nothing else as suitable target for their tear gas, they turned their abuse full on the industry. And these saps, I repeat, include all sundry greedy chumps, who rushed into flying with the fond belief that they were going to get much for little.

So much for what led up to the present status of com-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

indulge...

without regrets

THERE are times when we all are tempted to take a holiday from the usual prudence.

Where is the person who wants to be discreet in diet every day in the year? It isn't human!

And it isn't necessary!

Your stomach won't be poisoned by every little indiscretion if you will just remember to give it the friendly aid of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It will sweeten the system and put things to rights.

Suppose you *do* overload your stomach with those things that bring on acidity? Phillips' Milk of Magnesia will neutralize many times its volume in acid. Take two spoonfuls *before* and *after* any over-indulgence. It's a very simple way to avoid those miserable mornings which usually follow too much to eat and drink.

When you over-indulge—eating, drinking, smoking — don't suffer for hours! Nature will restore a proper alkaline balance in time, but Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts immediately. A creamy, pleasant-tasting emulsion that sweetens the stomach, dispels that sour gas, and relieves the nausea and headache, and feeling of biliousness due to overdoing. (Phillips' mild laxative properties always help the bowels at such times.)

Make sure it's genuine. The signature of Chas. H. Phillips on wrapper and bottle will tell you it's the real product endorsed by the medical profession. Less perfect preparations do not *act* the same.

PHILLIPS
MILK OF MAGNESIA
For Troubles due to Acid
INDIGESTION
SOUR STOMACH
HEARTBURN
CONSTIPATION
GAS. NAUSEA

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

COLDS
are
Contagious

CHILDREN are *especially* susceptible to colds from careless coughing—often the whole family is infected.

Consider them — and yourself — when you carelessly cough and sneeze. Take Luden's— *for Quick Relief.*

Luden's Menthol Action spreads a cooling, soothing film over the irritated nerve-ends. Coughing is relieved — in 10 seconds.

Everywhere—in the familiar yellow package—5c. (In Canada 10c.)

LUDEN'S

LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS
relieve
coughing
in ten seconds

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

mercial flying. It is easy to see that those who brought about the distressing situation were newcomers. None of the old-timers, and I say this with pride, were guilty of promotional machinations. Those who did get mixed up in companies soon became pawns in the hands of their guileful Master Minds.

There is nothing wrong with aviation. Nothing at all save that people will persist in comparing the airplane to the automobile. They are alike in that both now use gasoline engines and both have rubber tires on their wheels. Right there all similarity ceases.

I will even concede that the airplane has not justified its existence as yet. But by the same token neither have the Bremen and Europa, the speed boats of the North German Lloyd line, justified their existence. There are freighters that can get one safely and slowly to Europe and back.

Nor has the multihorse-powered auto. Autos of less power can do the work. It's all a question of wedding speed to safety. The airplane has the speed—it is fast getting the safety.

FLYING is in a class all by itself. It is a new mode of getting from place to place. It will develop and be successful.

Not today, perhaps, or tomorrow. The first steamship was a dangerous freak, and midocean was a long way from home. So is the sky at 10,000 feet far from home.

We will not advance as fast as stockholders would like us to. But it was the bankers, not the pilots, who promised that we would. We kept up our normal rate of aëronautical development even while all the frenzy was about us. We can keep it up in the future. Already some of our divisions are making real money. The Stinson and Laird companies, just to cite two I know of, are making money manufacturing and selling good airplanes.

It was in this that Rogers was unfair: He singled out aviation to point at overproduction. He could as truly have picked damn near every industry in America, from automobiles to garters, and howled the same story.

THE air companies have shaken themselves loose from the ignorant directorates that smothered them under stock issues and are getting back into the sunlight. And if the bankers who want profits will leave us to the engineers who want engines, we'll be fine, thank you. Nor do we need ocean flights to help us. In the end they hurt. We'll have them when we know we can do them safely. Just now they belong to the circus side. They are heroic but valueless.

Everything worth while, to risk being trite, comes only after much thought and effort. There remain a number of things in flying to be thought out and worked out. We in aviation pledge ourselves to the task of solving the problems to your satisfaction and comfort.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

M. R. Werner on

RUSSIA

The biographer of Barnum and Bryan tells of a visit to soviet-land

Franklin P. Adams on

WAITERS

A sprightly piece by the famous wit, best known as F. P. A.

Paul Gallico on

TUNNEY

What the ex-champ is like, today — by one who knows him well

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

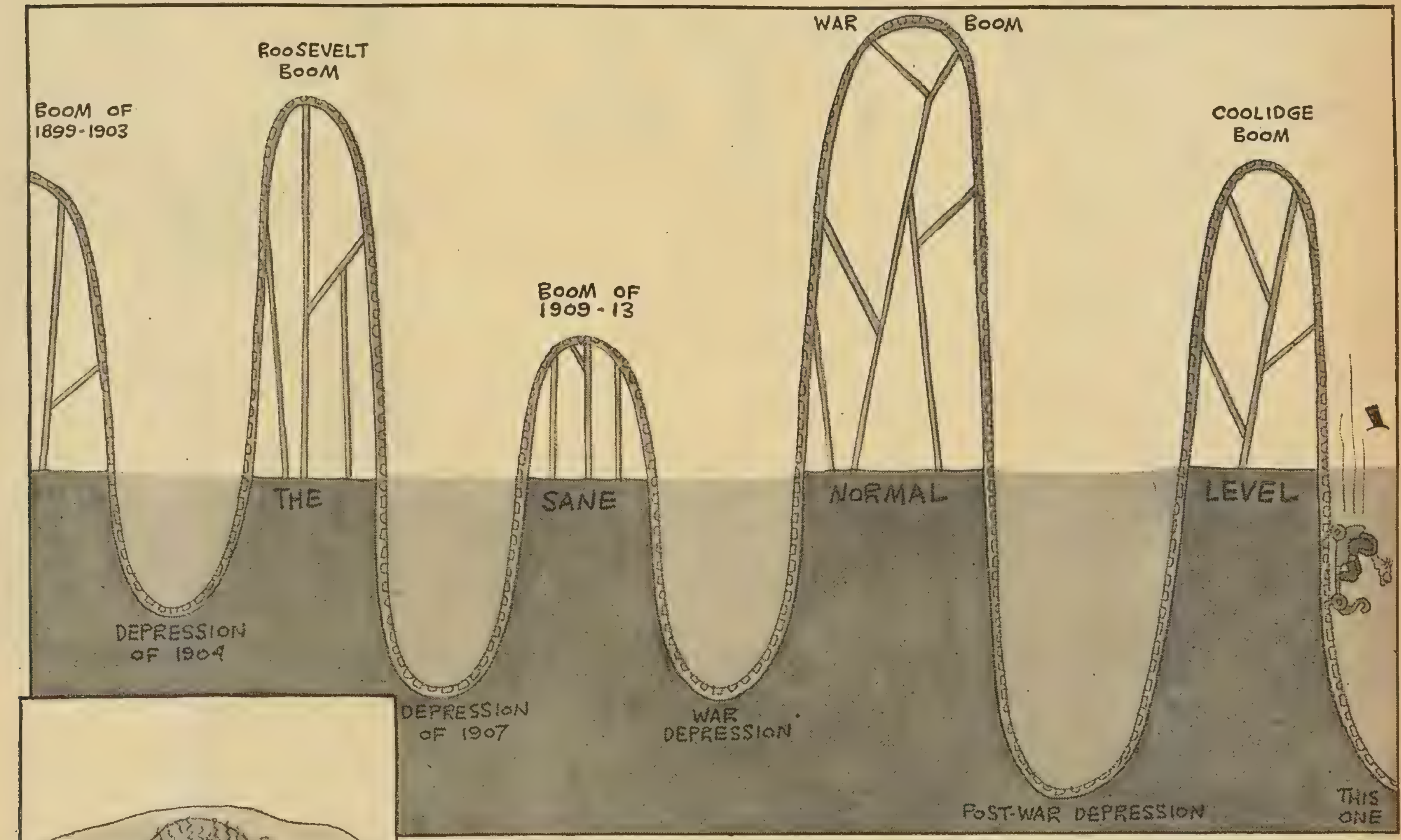
1—Maoris are natives of what country?
2—What is hæmoglobin?
3—What dye is made from the bodies of insects?
4—Where is the Isle of Wight?
5—Who was the first signer of the Declaration of Independence?
6—What is the highest English decoration for valor?
7—Who painted The Angelus?
8—Who wrote Faërie Queene?
9—Where is the University of Michigan?
10—What are the young of pigeons called?
11—In what country is Lake Como?
12—Where is the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte?
13—What does the French phrase *affaire de cœur* mean?
14—What is the meaning of Gargantuan?
15—What is a cryptogram?
16—To what island group does Java belong?
17—What is a river horse?
18—What is an amulet?
19—What is the name of the flowing garment worn by senators of ancient Rome?
20—What is the capital of Haiti?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-eight)

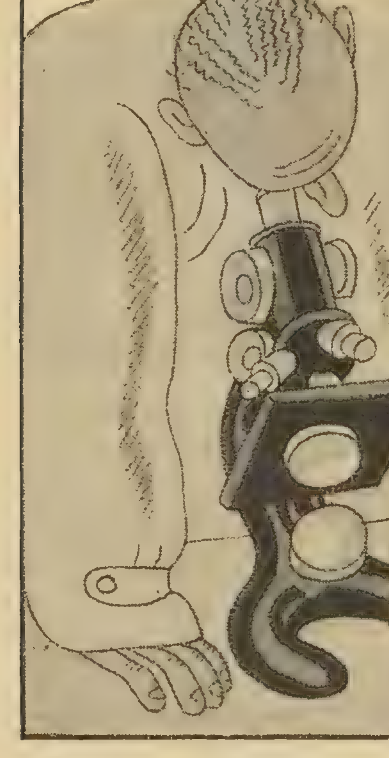
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

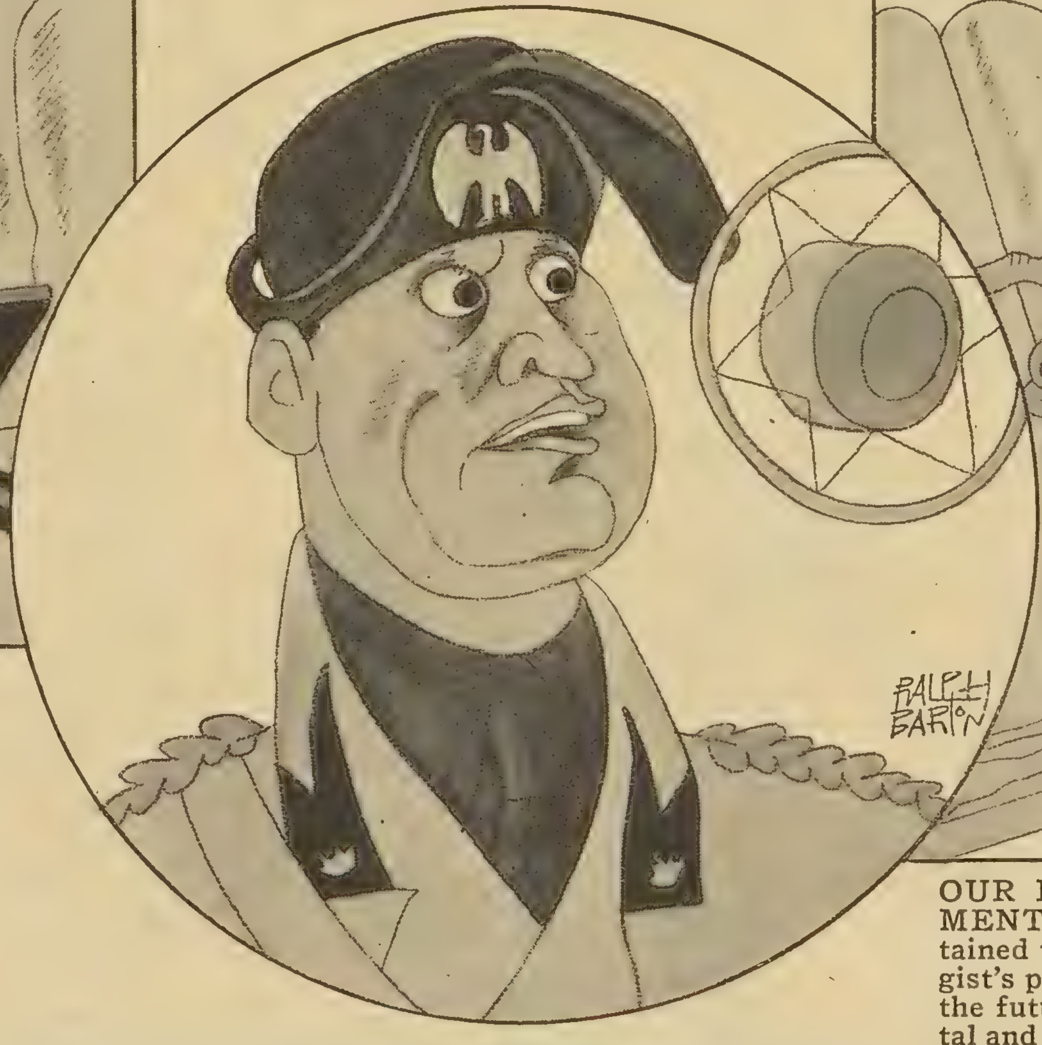
By RALPH BARTON


BOOM OF 1899-1903
ROOSEVELT BOOM
BOOM OF 1909-13
WAR BOOM
COOLIDGE BOOM
THE
SANE
NORMAL
LEVEL
DEPRESSION OF 1904
DEPRESSION OF 1907
WAR DEPRESSION
POST-WAR DEPRESSION
THIS ONE

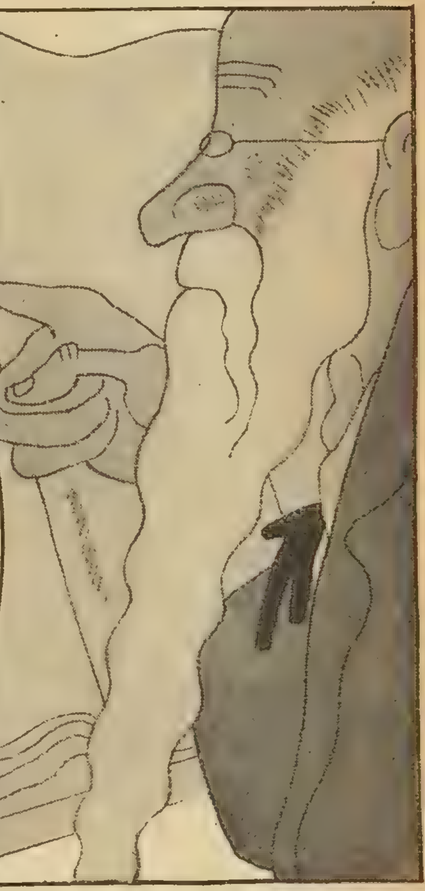
PROGRESS—or the Business World's idea of the shortest distance between two points.



THE INVENTOR of the micrometer which will measure accurately down to 1-100,000th of an inch is now working on an instrument which will detect the difference between the principles of the Republican and Democratic parties.



MUSSOLINI PLEDGES that Italy will never take the initiative in starting a war. How was it, now, that the heads of the governments of Austria, Bulgaria, China, Cuba, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, Japan, Liberia, Montenegro, Panama, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, San Marino, Serbia, Siam, Turkey, United States, Belgium, and Brazil worded the same beautiful speech in 1914-18?



OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT has definitely ascertained that the Chicago sociologist's prediction that the man of the future would remain a mental and cultural infant to the age of 40 was made quite recently and not a hundred years ago.

THEN and NOW

The Talkies Picture Our Pioneer Past and Our Gangster Present

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 minutes 15 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE GREAT MEADOW

CAST

Berk Jarvis	John Mack Brown	Evan Muir	Gavin Gordon
Diony Hall	Eleanor Boardman	Thomas Hall	Russell Simpson
Elvira Jarvis	Lucille La Verne	Mistress Hall	Sarah Padden
Betty Hall	Anita Louise	Sally Tolliver	Helen Jerome Eddy

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Directed by Charles Brabin.

THE so-called epic films are coming thick and fast. Paramount has already released one called Fighting Caravans. The Great Meadow follows on the heels of The Big Trail, although the time of the trek to Kentucky from Virginia was much earlier than the blazing of the Oregon trail.

The hardships met along the way are similar—the fight over the mountains, through rivers at flood, through mud, rain, and hail. It took five months for the small group headed by Berk Jarvis to reach the plains of Kentucky from the coast of Virginia, and almost every step of the way was on foot, since most of the horses and cattle were lost shortly after starting out.

These stories of the pioneers who helped to settle this vast land of ours never fail to stir me. This one, for the most part, is moving, although it has its moments of incredibility.

John Mack Brown is a good type for the southern pioneer and Eleanor Boardman, who has been out of films for so long, makes a promising reëntrance as the pioneer's bride. The photography is artistic and the changing backgrounds beautiful.

★ ★ ★ LITTLE CÆSAR

CAST

Rico Bandello	Edward G. Robinson
Joe Massara	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Olga Strassof	Glenda Farrell
The Big Boy	Sidney Blackmer
Sergeant Flaherty	Thomas Jackson
Arnie Lorch	Maurice Black
Sam Vettori	Stanley Fields
Otero	George E. Stone

Produced by First National.
Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.

Little Cæsar made a great stir when it came out as a book. It was picked by one of the book clubs and was a best seller through a season. It has been made into a thrilling picture.

It is not much of a story, but the meteoric rise and fall of Rico Bandello, known as Little Cæsar, is so realistically handled that you have the sense of sitting in on some real underworld activities. Edward G. Robinson has distinguished himself before in crook films, but as Little Cæsar I think he surpasses all his other characterizations. Perhaps that is because the dialogue in this picture is better than in most of its kind. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives a first-rate performance of Little Cæsar's pal, Joe, who has such a desperate time trying to shake the boss and his gang. Thomas Jackson, as a police sergeant, is both suave and forceful in his pursuit of Rico.

The picture version sticks pretty close to W. R. Burnett's novel, although neither Blondy nor Sealskin is materialized on the screen. Joe's romance with Olga is the only sentimental touch in the story.

Eleanor Boardman

Charles Rogers and Frances Dee take life lightly in Along Came Youth.

Love and danger: Glenda Farrell and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Little Cæsar.

and John Mack Brown in The Great Meadow.

★ ★ ★ NEW MOON

CAST

Lieut. Michael Petroff	Lawrence Tibbett
Princess Tanya Strogoff	Grace Moore
Governor Boris Brusiloff	Adolphe Menjou
Count Strogoff	Roland Young
Potkin	Gus Shy
Countess Strogoff	Emily Fitzroy

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Jack Conway.

When produced on the stage New Moon had a run of over a year in New York. The Romberg music is delightful and it is beautifully sung by Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.

The story has a Russian background against which is set the romance of a beautiful princess and a young lieutenant. There are complications, of course, which prevent the romance from running smoothly, but it all ends well for the lovers. The important thing is the charming singing of Miss Moore and Mr. Tibbett.

★ ★ ALONG CAME YOUTH

CAST

Larry Brooks	Charles Rogers
Elinor Farrington	Frances Dee
Ambrose	Stuart Erwin
Eustace	William Austin
Lady Prunella	Evelyn Hall
Señor Cortes	Leo White
Señora Cortes	Mathilde Comont
Sue Long	Betty Boyd

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Lloyd Corrigan and Norman McLeod.

Straight comedy is the métier for Buddy Rogers. He and Stuart Erwin and Frances Dee, who played opposite Chevalier in Playboy of Paris, have and give a lot of fun in this bright little comedy.

It is about two young Americans stranded in England with a race horse, and how they work their amusing way through the kitchen of an opulent South American to the drawing-room of one of the old county families. There is a double romance woven through the comedy.

The melodious picture, New Moon, tempts you with Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, and Adolphe Menjou.

The lady with the grin is Barbara Weeks. Phillips Holmes is the glum-looking gentleman. They're in Man to Man.

This is a good picture to take the children to see. I think they'd like the steeplechase and the five little boys whose chief recreation is hunting butlers and eating pastry.

★ ★ MAN TO MAN

CAST

"Barber John" Bolton	Grant Mitchell
Emily	Lucille Powers
Michael Bolton	Phillips Holmes
Jim McCord	George Marion
Rip Henry	Otis Harlan
Cal Bolton	Russell Simpson
Vint Glade	Dwight Frye

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Allan Dwan.

The shame of a son for his father furnishes the motive for Man to Man.

Michael couldn't help being sensitive about a father who had spent nearly twenty years in jail for murder, even though the deed had been committed in self-defense and all his father's old friends had stood by him through the years.

The story is sympathetically told, and it is competently enacted by a good cast, particularly by the two men who play father and son, Grant Mitchell, who has had considerable stage experience, and young Phillips Holmes, well known to movie fans.

Do you know that—

Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudraye, is now a director for Radio Pictures? He has just completed the French version of The Royal Bed, which was known on the stage as The Queen's Husband? . . . Corsair, by Walton Green, which was recently published as a serial in Liberty, will be filmed under the direction of Roland West with Chester Morris in the leading rôle? . . . Nearly four thousand extras were used by Frank Lloyd in directing some of the scenes in East Lynne? Clive Brook and Conrad Nagel will support Ann Harding in this feature?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Reaching for the Moon, The Criminal Code, The Right to Love, The Royal Family of Broadway, Danger Lights, Tom Sawyer, Paid, The Devil to Pay.

Ten Grains *of*

The Story of a Successful Headache

By

EDWARD HOPE

who graduated at Princeton ten years ago, worked a while for an advertising agency, and then for seven years conducted a newspaper column in New York. Now, at thirty or so, he has retired to write fiction.

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY

(Reading time: 36 min. 50 sec.)

CHARLES MAWSON VICKERY blinked resentfully at a new day. He raised a parchment-skinned pink hand and pressed it against the base of his skull, as if to squeeze away the ache. He screwed up his wrinkled face into an expression of acute distaste. He grunted.

He switched his body about in bed, laid hold of the bell pull beside the carven head post, and yanked viciously. He slid down under the covers and looked expectantly sidelong at the door. For thirty seconds or so.

Then he whirled round again and jerked the bell pull sharply four or five times. He pushed out his lower lip and leered at the door, daring it to remain oblivious. A goose-fleshy gust of freezing air forced him back into the horizontal position. He glowered at the ceiling.

The wind reached down his neck with chilly fingers. He shivered. Once more he slid free of the blankets. He took the strip of tapestry in both hands and swung his weight on it. It came off.

Robins knocked softly and entered. The bell pull flew across the room and wrapped itself around his neck. He plucked it free and gazed with injured dignity at his glaring employer.

"Beh! Hope I'm not interfering with your private affairs, Robins. Breaking in on your letter writing. Forcing you to lay down your bridge hand. Beh!"

"You've been ringing long, sir?"

"Not more than fifty times. . . . Don't stand there goggling and folding that thing! Close the windows! Turn on the heat! Want me to freeze to death?"

Robins moved to the windows on mincing feet. The radiator hissed, sputtered, began a dismal clanking.

"Robins, are you making that infernal racket?"

"No, sir. I imagine—"

"Never mind your imaginings! Stop that banging! At once! How many times do I have to tell you I've got a headache?"

"You have a headache, sir?"

"Of *course* I've got a headache. . . . *Will* you stop that noise?"

The noise ceased.

"How'd you do that?"

"I turned it off, sir."

"And how do you expect the room to get warm?"

"Well, sir, you—"

"Don't argue with me, Robins! Go and draw my bath. Moderately warm. I don't care to be boiled alive this morning."

The man started softly for the bathroom.

"Robins."

"Sir?"

"I'll have my breakfast in my room this morning."

"Your room, sir?"

"My room."

"You mean—*here*, sir?"

"I believe this is my room. It's not the library and it's not the front hall."

"But . . . Mrs. Vickery . . ."

"Precisely. Tell her I shall not be down to breakfast. I have a headache."

"Perhaps ten grains of aspirin, sir . . ."

"Perhaps one grain of sense, Robins. It would improve you marvelously. I'm having my breakfast here."

Robins looked as grieved as his perfect training permitted.

"And, Robins, I'll have hot bread for my breakfast. Muffins or rolls or corn bread. Whatever the others are having. Not that stale, dried-up, lukewarm toast. Under any circumstances."

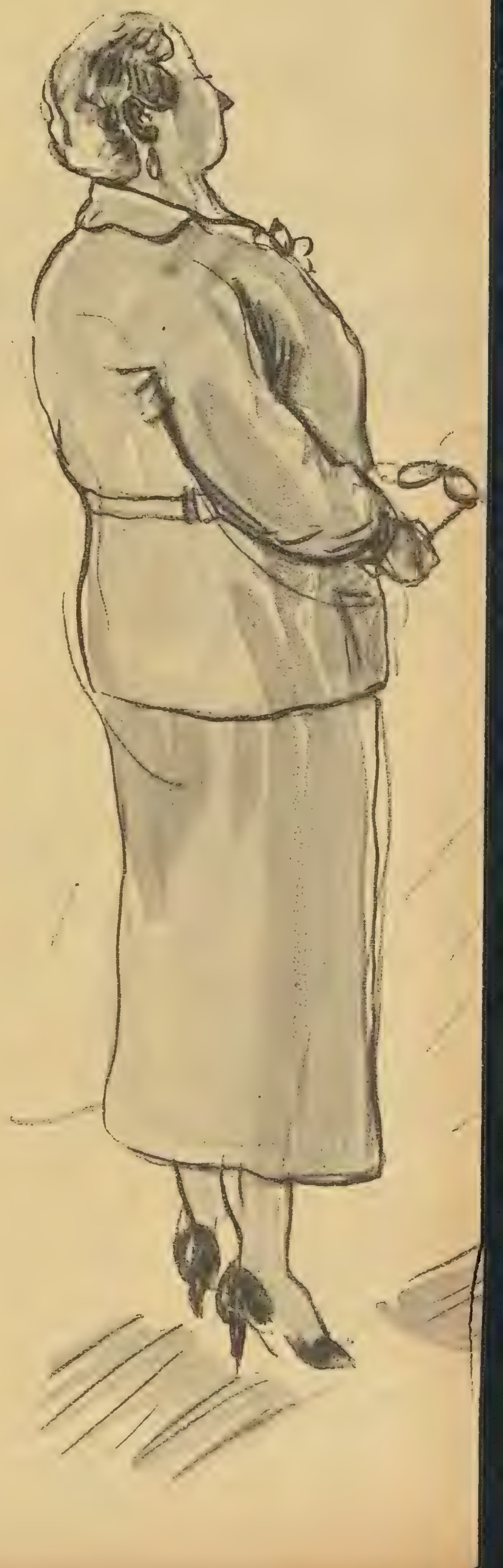
"But . . . the doctor . . ."

"MY eye!" said Mr. Vickery. "It's thirty years since I've enjoyed the luxury of breakfast in my room. It's four or five years since I've had anything for breakfast but stale toast. This morning I'll have hot bread and I'll have it here. Is that clear?"

"If I may say so, sir—"

"You may not say so!" . . .

Ten minutes later Mr. Vickery was poking a toe idly at the bath brush, which had floated to the other end of the tub. There was a knock at the door. The bather sat up.



ASPIRIN

“ Who's that? ”

Mrs. Vickery bulged in, her mouth drawn small into the what's-all-this-nonsense expression she had used with equal success upon children, committee meetings, and her husband. Mrs. Vickery was in her fifties and her hundred and fifties in age and weight respectively, a severe, parliamentary woman, before whom whole clubs had quailed.

“ Robins says you have a headache, Charles.”

Mr. Vickery essayed something in the way of drawing himself up to his full height, but with no conspicuous success. Even when he was dressed and standing, Mr. Vickery's height was not impressive. In the great bathtub he was able only to poke his head over the edge of the porcelain. He looked like a small animal peering out of its hole.

He tried to hunch himself up a little. He placed his hand on a sunken piece of soap. It skidded and threw him on his back with a splash.

Mrs. Vickery clucked impatiently.

“ Go away,” said her husband, pushing the soapsuds out of his left eye.

His wife turned, without a word, to the medicine cabinet. She rattled bottles. She came forth with a small one, unscrewing its metal top. “ I'm going to give you ten grains of aspirin,” she announced.

“ You're not! ”

“ Charles, I must say—”

“ All I want is a little privacy. Get out of here! A man's bathroom is his castle.”

She held out a teaspoon in which were two white tablets. In her other hand was a glass of water. “Take this.”

“ I'LL give you ten to go away,” said Mr. Vickery, looking rather like a snapping turtle. “ One . . . two. . . . When I say ten I'm going to ring for Robins. . . . Three . . . four. . . . And when he comes I'm going to jump out of the tub. . . . Five . . . six. . . . And make a scene for him. . . . Seven . . .”

His finger hovered over the button on the wall beside the tub.

“ Charles, don't be absurd! You're acting like a—”

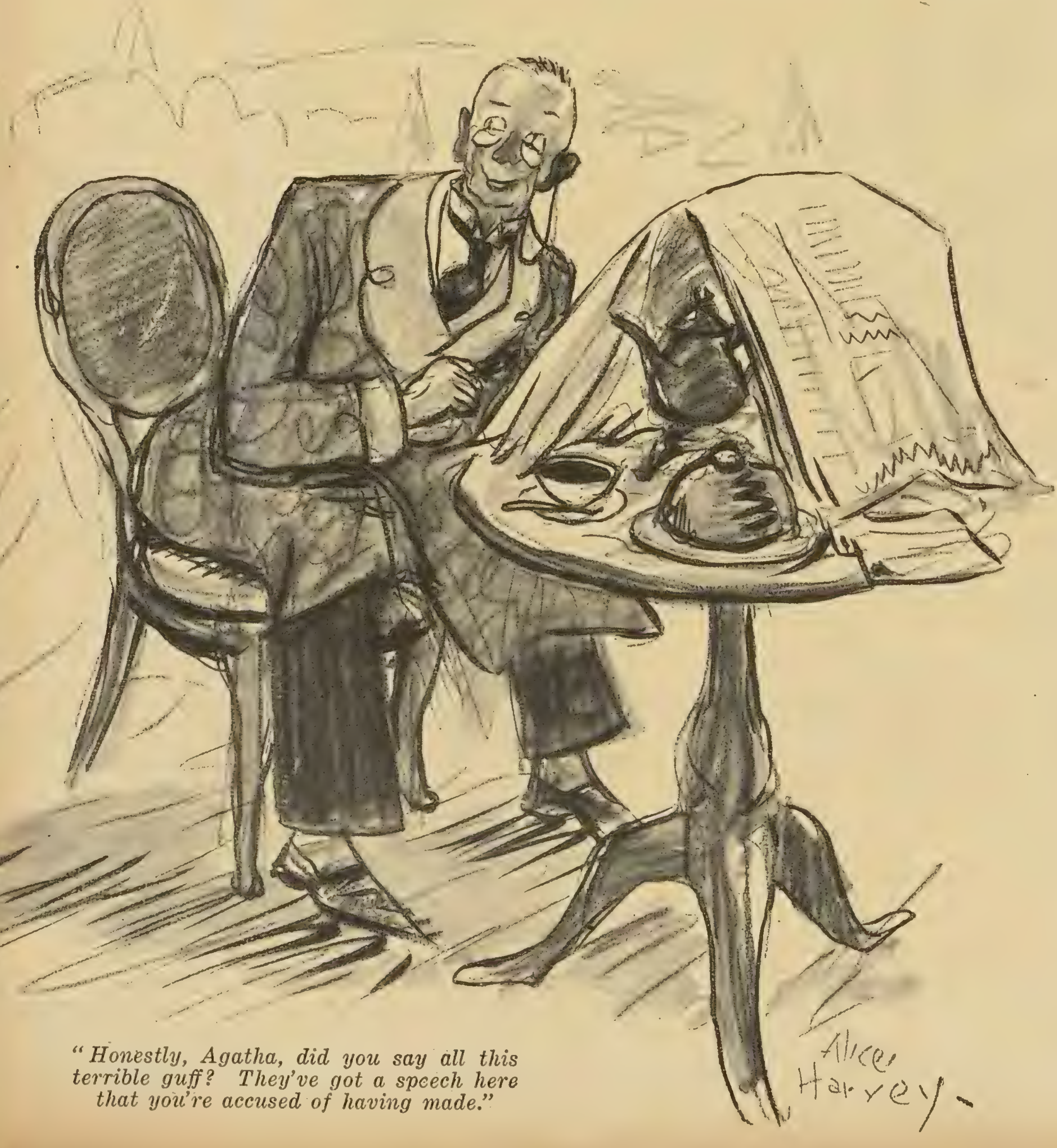
“ Eight. . . . Robins'll love it. . . .. Nine . . .”

The door slammed. She was gone. . . .

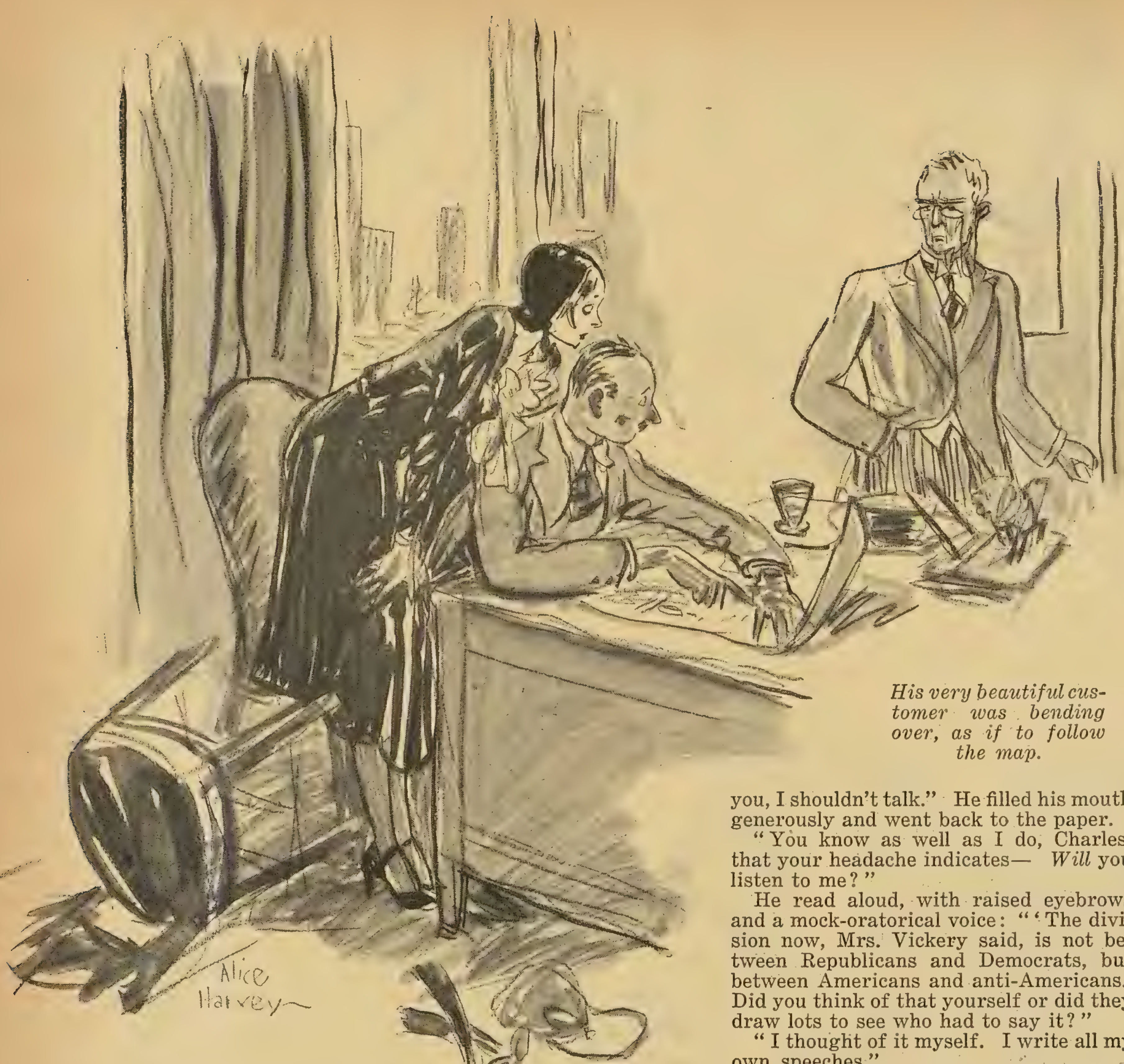
He was buttering his third steaming popover, the anguished Robins looking on, when Mrs. Vickery knocked again. There was no mistaking the sound: it rang like a chairwoman's gavel. Robins opened the door and was dismissed with a jerk of Mrs. Vickery's head.

“ Now, Charles,” she said, when they were alone, “ if you have come to your senses, I'll give you the aspirin.”

[Cont'd on next page]



“ Honestly, Agatha, did you say all this terrible guff? They've got a speech here that you're accused of having made.”



His very beautiful customer was bending over, as if to follow the map.

TEN GRAINS OF ASPIRIN
Continued from page thirty-seven

"You'll give me nothing. Not even peace and quiet." She threw out exasperated palms. "What has got into you?"

He picked up the folded newspaper from the table, licked a buttery finger.

"I think," she said, "that you've done quite enough for today. Throwing the whole household into confusion—stop reading!—disrupting the whole staff by having your breakfast upstairs. And eating hot popovers. Why, Dr. Francis—"

Mr. Vickery emitted something like a chortle.

"Honestly, Agatha, did you say all this terrible guff about supporting the President? They've got a speech here that you're accused of having made. Funniest thing I've—"

"Are you in your second childhood?"

"Precisely what I was going to ask you. Took the words out of my mouth. Listen: 'Mrs. Vickery said that the President's position on the water-power issue—'"

"I have read it; thank you just the same."

"And will you sue for libel?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. And I'm sure *you* don't know what you're talking about. But when it comes to a man with a stomach like yours eating—"

"What do you mean—'a stomach like mine'? If I were you, I shouldn't talk." He filled his mouth generously and went back to the paper.

"You know as well as I do, Charles, that your headache indicates— *Will* you listen to me?"

He read aloud, with raised eyebrows and a mock-oratorical voice: "'The division now, Mrs. Vickery said, is not between Republicans and Democrats, but between Americans and anti-Americans.' Did you think of that yourself or did they draw lots to see who had to say it?"

"I thought of it myself. I write all my own speeches."

"What a blessing you are to the politicians! You say all the silly things they want said, and you pay for the privilege. You—"

Mrs. Vickery's face was red enough to stop a stream of speeding traffic.

"Charles Vickery, I won't have you talk like that. I won't have it, d'you understand?"

"Then I'll come to the point at once. The point is that you're not going to continue as a heavy contributor to campaign funds. If you don't support their candidates with money, maybe they won't let you make these idiotic speeches, and—"

"You don't know what you're talking about! You—"

"Oh, yes! Recognized fact that I know quite a lot about money. The one subject I'm an expert on. Money. And you don't get any more for the politicians."

"*What?* You promised me only last week—"

"I know. Five thousand for the Thayer campaign. Well, I don't see how I can let you have it. I'll have to withdraw my promise. I can't have you—"

The next ten minutes were too painful to record. Mrs. Vickery withdrew finally, and did not burst with a bang, as her husband half expected her to. His headache was considerably worse for the interview, but he had not yielded. . . .

At about half past ten Mr. Vickery was in the front hall. Robins handed him his muffler and helped him into his overcoat.

"Those shoes, sir—" Robins protested.

"I know," snapped his employer. "Shoes with elastic sides are all wrong for going downtown. Well, I'm wearing 'em, anyway. What's the use of being an old man, Robins, if you can't have a few privileges and comforts?"

"Really, sir—"

"Oh, pish, Robins! Pish! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Pish. Say that over to yourself fifty times whenever you think of correcting me."

The automatic elevator buzzed and clanked. The door opened. Mrs. Vickery appeared.

"You may go," she said to Robins. He went.

"Really, Agatha . . ." Mr. Vickery temporized, surveying the front door with some relief.

"I pledged five thousand to the Thayer campaign, and I'm going to give it," she said in a knife-scraping voice. "If I must, I'll sell a piece of jewelry. Or I'll take the household money—"

"If you take the household money, you'll get no more," he said, and picked up one of the two derbies on the table. He turned away.

"Charles Vickery, if you don't give me that money—"

"I'm in a hurry to get to the office," he said.

"Hurry! Puh! You haven't been to the office in a month."

"All the more reason for hurrying."

HOLDING the hat across his left shoulder, he bowed slightly and went to the door with a steady step. She regarded him with bitter eyes.

"Good morning," he said, opening the door. He let himself into the vestibule, and through the outer door to the sidewalk. Harrigan, the chauffeur, popped out of the front seat of the car and held the door open, Mr. Vickery nodded to him and put on the hat.

It went down over his ears.

He had picked up his son's hat. He looked wistfully across the pavement at the front door. He drew his lips up and relaxed them.

"The office, Harrigan," he said.

By the time the car drew up, Mr. Vickery's head felt as Jove's must have just before Minerva sprang, full-panoplied, from it. Certainly it seemed as if something inside it were stretching and kicking, trying to force its way out. The ache varied rhythmically from an oppressive dull pain to the shock of a sledge-hammer blow.

The red-faced Harrigan opened the door of the car and stood at attention beside it, while his employer alighted.

"Awful," snarled Mr. Vickery into his face. "Awful, awful, awful!"

Harrigan gulped. "What's awful, sir?"

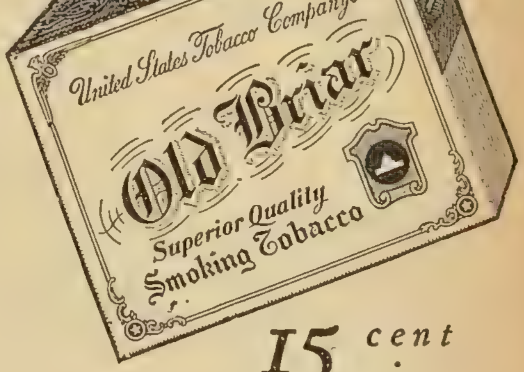
"Your driving. In every particular. Awful! When you're not in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Character, in tattered arms and massive body, marks the gentle giant of the dyke. So, too, does character endow with friendly life the mellow flavor of

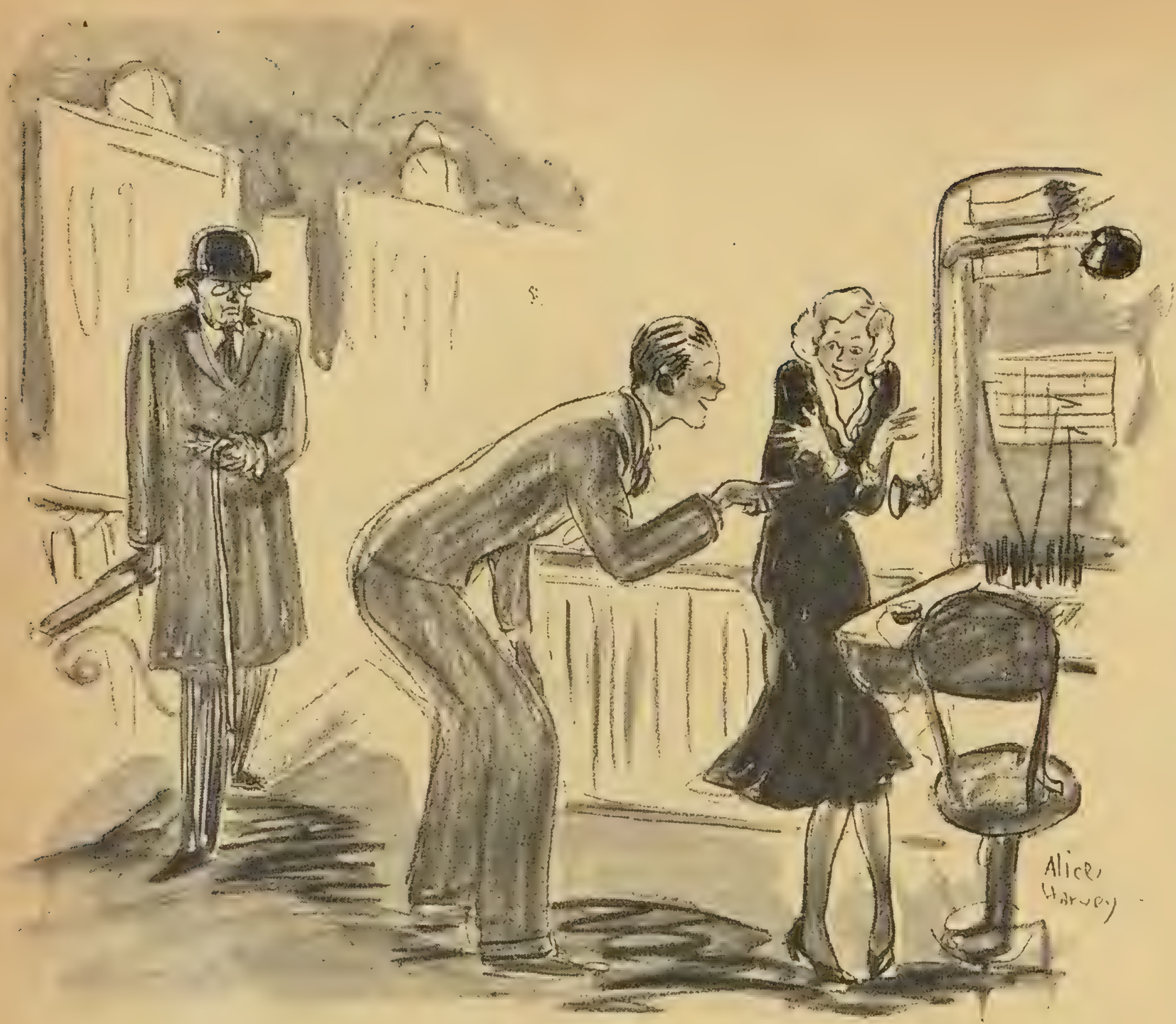
Old Briar
TOBACCO

OLD Briar has one quality that is rarely found in smoking tobaccos. While its fragrance and mildness appeal to the taste of even the comparative novice in the ranks of pipe smokers, it has a relishing sparkle that brings a deep sense of satisfaction to veterans of the briar. This singular character distinguishes it as an exceptional blend and wins friendships that grow more steadfast with every new pipeful.



15 cent size

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.



The sound of his entrance had not been heard by the gamboling pair.

TEN GRAINS OF ASPIRIN
Continued from page thirty-nine

traffic jams, you go too fast. You never miss a bump. You slew around corners as if you were operating a private roller coaster. Awful!"

Harrigan pulled away as if each sentence of the indictment had been a slap in the face.

"Fortunately, Harrigan," Mr. Vickery went on, "I had a headache already. If I hadn't had one, you'd have given it to me."

Harrigan, the soft-hearted, grew sympathetic.

"Headache, sir? Have you got the headache? That's too bad, sir."

Mr. Vickery turned away. Harrigan trotted across the sidewalk after him.

"Have you done anything for it, sir? Tell you what, sir. If it was to of been me, sir, I'd have it fixed in two shakes of a ram's tail, sir." His employer merely flashed him a tilted look. "Yes, sir. I would that," Harrigan argued. "Tell you what'll fix it, sir. Ten grains of aspirin."

They had come to the entrance of the building. Mr. Vickery turned. It was so sudden that the chauffeur saved a collision only by a miracle of balance.

"I won't need you again today," Mr. Vickery announced, and added, "I am glad to say." . . .

II

ON the fifteenth floor, at the door that bore in chaste gold letters the words, "The Vickery Estate," the director of that colossal enterprise got a shock. An unmistakable and undisregardable feminine squeal came from within. Not a squeal of horror, such as a mouse might provoke; nor a squeal of amazement, such as might be called forth by the sight of a long-lost relative; nor yet a squeal of delight at, for instance, receiving word of a raise in salary.

It was the squeal, Mr. Vickery's vivid memory told him, of a girl being tickled. Tickled! In the anteroom of the Vickery Estate!

Mr. Vickery sprang forward and grasped the handle of the door. His son's hat, which he had managed to balance more or less suitably on top of his head, slipped down over his ears, but he was not deterred. He flung open the portal and leaped inside.

His worst fears were confirmed. A too-blonde girl was squirming in the embrace of a pimply youth. He wasn't really a pimply youth, when you looked at him closely, for he had no pimples, but he was the type. You felt that he was a youth who would sprout pimples any minute. And he was tickling the too-blonde girl. And she was only half-heartedly objecting.

MR. VICKERY stared from under the fallen brim of the hat he wore. The sound of his entrance had not been heard by the gamboling pair. The tickling went on.

"Well!" bellowed Mr. Vickery.

The girl jumped clear of her assailant. She tossed one frightened glance at the intruder and was gone so quickly that she might have vanished by a magician's trick.

The youth was not so easily impressed. A little messed up, he turned to see who had come in.

He got the full effect of Mr. Vickery, standing in an attitude of outraged decency, peering from under a hat a size too big for him. A theaterful of paying customers would have laughed. The pimply youth burst into guffaws. He pointed at the apparition and doubled over with his mirth. He slapped his leg and roared.

Mr. Vickery's mouth dropped open and heightened the comic effect. He took a step forward and the hat jolted over at an angle.

"Very well," said Mr. Vickery when he could find words. "Very well. Laugh! But remember he who laughs least laughs last. Or something. Laugh, you hyena!"

The laughter ceased.

"Who you calling a hyena?" demanded the youth.

"You," replied Mr. Vickery.

"Well, look here—"

"Who are you, anyway?" Mr. Vickery demanded.

"That's all right, who I am," said the youth. "That's all right. Who are you?"

Mr. Vickery removed his hat and resumed the appearance of a man of some importance. He cleared his throat and looked at his antagonist as one looks at a mosquito before one brings the folded newspaper crashing down.

"Until a moment ago," he said, "I had the misfortune of being your employer. Or do I wrong the Vickery Estate in assuming that you were recently on its pay roll?"

"Say!" The youth didn't care for the turn things were taking. "Say, I'm the office boy here. You got no right—"

"You were the office boy," Mr. Vickery corrected him. "You may tell the cashier that Mr. Vickery, Senior, requested the pleasure of your absence."

Majestically he passed on into the inner corridor.

He was received here more fittingly. Three girl private secretaries sprang to their feet to greet him. In assorted tones they chanted their good mornings. One took his hat and stick. Another removed his overcoat.

"Mr. Mawson in?" he asked the freckly one with sandy hair.

"Yes, sir, but—"

Mr. Vickery took three steps toward the second door on the right. The girl took four steps and stood in front of him.

"Mr. Mawson is in conference, Mr. Vickery," she said, flustered, barring his way. "He left particular instructions—"

"Customer?" Mr. Vickery asked.

"Y-yes. Very important. He said particularly—"

"Come, come! Stand aside! Come, come, come, come!"

"If you don't mind, Mr. Vickery—"

"I do mind!"

He stepped forward and took the handle of the door. The girl protested with ineffectual hands. He brushed her aside and entered the room. The door closed itself.

There was a hasty movement Mr. Vickery couldn't make much of. It happened behind the desk. When it was over—as it was before the newcomer could focus his eyes—Charles Mawson Vickery, Junior, was moving a forefinger about on a map that lay before him, and his very beautiful customer was standing a foot away from him, bending over, as if to follow the map.

The woman was slender and sleek, beautifully dressed, if a glance could judge. A glistening dark fur was draped about her neck. Her hat was small and black, and the light hair it allowed to show was lustrous. She coughed unconvincingly. Mawson stood up. He coughed too.

"Oh. Good morning, father."

Mr. Vickery nodded and advanced.

"Father, this is Miss Stephenson. My father."

THE eyes she raised to him would have weakened a less determined man. They might, in fact, have weakened the Sweet Old Gentleman that Mr. Vickery was when he hadn't a headache. They were large and blue and well placed to set off a handsome nose and a small very red mouth.

"I am charmed," she said, in a voice that was subtly not the voice of a lady.

Mr. Vickery bowed. He looked from the woman to his son and back.

"Would it be rude of me to tell you, Miss Stephenson," he inquired, "that your rouge has slipped somewhat?"

The girl was flustered. She snapped a bag open. "Oh! Oh, thank you! Make-up is such a nuisance. Where . . ." She surveyed herself in a tiny mirror.

"Not on *your* face, Miss Stephenson. It has slipped to—ah—my son's cheek." Mawson whipped out a handkerchief and scrubbed at his face. "Other side, Mawson. There. Good. . . . Do sit down, Miss Stephenson."

The girl took the chair at the end of the desk. Mr. Vickery dragged another from the side of the room. He seated himself opposite his son, facing the woman.

"Very fortunate, this," said Mr. Vickery. He peered into his inside coat pocket and brought out a letter.

"Father, Miss Stephenson and I were—"

"I quite understand. Quite. Sorry

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"DRINK THAT MILK OR GO STRAIGHT TO BED"

Helen disliked the very sight of milk

Now I give it to her a new way . . . and she loves it!

DELICIOUS HOT

"My little girl was underweight and I had the hardest time getting her to take proper nourishment. She hated milk, and I had to threaten to send her to bed before she'd touch it.

"My husband's sister suggested that I mix Cocomalt with her milk. I took her advice—and how glad I am! Helen loves it—drinks all she can get. The extra nourishment has put eight pounds on her already. She's filling out like a little kewpie!"

What every child needs

Thousands of mothers have the same thrilling story to tell!

Cocomalt provides *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals so essential to the active, growing young body. Every glass a child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk. For, by actual laboratory analysis, it *adds 70% more nourishment to milk.* And it transforms milk into such a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink, youngsters love it!

Strong, sound bodies in children are impossible without Vitamin D. This vitamin, produced by summer sunshine, is present in Cocomalt. It helps substantially to prevent rickets and to build strong bones and teeth.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail this coupon and 10¢ for trial can.

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ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

Cocomalt
A Delicious Food Drink
Chocolate Flavor
DELICIOUS · NUTRITIOUS

R. B. DAVIS CO., DEPT. EE-2, HOBOKEN, N. J.
I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.
Name..
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Ti-con-der-oga
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of only 5¢.

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CRUCIBLE COMPANY
DEPT. 10-J JERSEY CITY, N. J.

TEN GRAINS OF ASPIRIN
Continued from page forty-one

I had to come in. As I was saying, this is a fortunate meeting. Because I have a letter here about Miss Stephenson. Been meaning to take it up with you, Mawson. Putting it off. . . . Did you ever have a terrible headache right here?"

Mawson, who had seated himself and was fidgeting, jumped up.

"Oh! Have you a headache, father? Rotten shame. Here. Let me—"

"No, no. Don't bother. It's nothing."

"But you can relieve it. Let me get you ten grains of aspirin."

"Sit down!"

Mawson sat down. Miss Stephenson got up, as if his sitting had released a spring under her.

"Well, Mr. Vickery . . ." She held out a slender hand.

"No, no. Please stay. Please. I think I'll not bore you."

She obeyed him. She sat and pushed her bag about on the desk with nervous fingers. Mawson studied his left cuff. Mr. Vickery referred to the letter.

"Had this for ten days. Should've spoken of it before. Letter from—well, never mind whom it's from. Very old and valuable friend of mine. He tells me that, quite by chance, he saw you two together the other evening. Says from the look of it he believed you were very interested in one another. Says—"

"Father, please!" Mawson was on his feet once more.

"Sit down, please. . . . Now, it seems that this friend of mine already knew a number of things about Miss Stephenson. About certain—ah—activities of hers in London in 1927. And other—er—achievements in—"

"I'm going now, Mawson," said Miss Stephenson. She was up, glaring at Mr. Vickery with narrowed cold eyes.

"I don't blame you, Marian," Mawson said. "I'll go with you to the elevator."

Mr. Vickery remained seated.

"I MAY mention," he said, "that this unpleasant interview will be much the easiest for both of you if you see it through. It has an air of informality and privacy that I am afraid cannot otherwise be maintained."

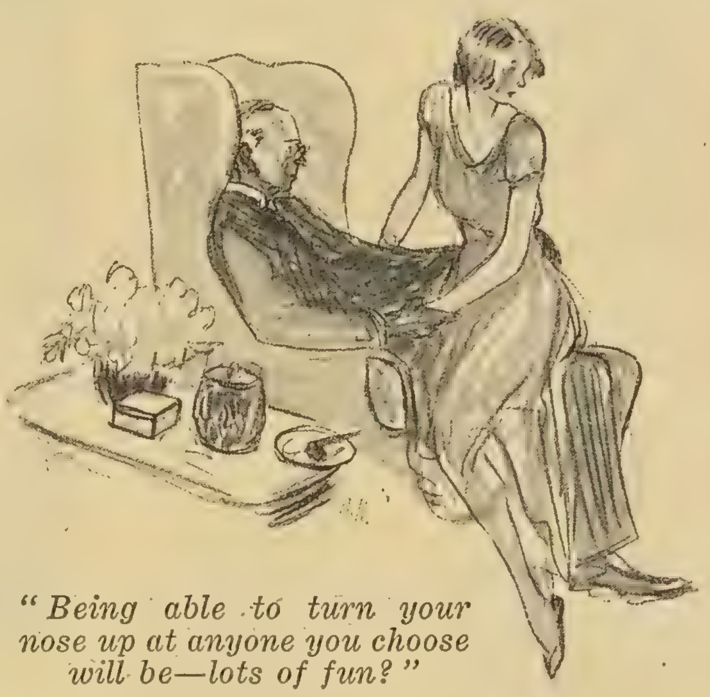
They looked at him, not at one another. They returned to their places.

"Since you are both in a hurry, let me be brief. According to my friend's letter, Mawson, Miss Stephenson has changed the broken promise from—ah—a venial sin into—er—a thriving industry. He cites only four cases in all. In one of these, she was Miss Mary Ann Stevens. In another she was known as Madelaine Steves. In a third—in Washington, this one—"

"I see no use of going further with this insulting nonsense!" As she spoke, Miss Stephenson covered the distance to the door in a few strides.

Mr. Vickery got up. Mawson remained seated this time.

"Nor I," said Mr. Vickery. "If, that is, you understand thoroughly that I am ready to take any case you may suggest right into court, that I shall be glad not only to defend my son against you, but to put you, as an industry, out of business. . . . You're not going to tell me you love my son?"


"Being able to turn your nose up at anyone you choose will be—lots of fun?"

"No!"

"Splendid! Then we understand each other. Good morning." . . .

TEN minutes later Mr. Vickery marched into the pleasantly sunlit corner office of Mr. Thomas, secretary of the Vickery Estate. Mr. Thomas arose, bowed, greeted Mr. Vickery, and indicated a fat, prickly haired man who occupied the best guest chair. The visitor got ponderously to his feet and removed the cigar that had been jammed into the corner of his mouth.

"Mr. Vickery," said Mr. Thomas, "this is Mr. Tison, Mr. William F. Tison."

Mr. Vickery nodded. Mr. Tison dropped the hand he had half extended, and grunted, "Please' t'meech."

Mr. Thomas drew up another chair for Mr. Vickery. The three sat down. The visitor resumed the mastication of his cigar. Mr. Thomas fiddled with the papers on his desk. Mr. Vickery rubbed the back of his head tenderly.

"Mr. Tison," said Mr. Thomas, "represents—"

"Nah," Mr. Tison broke in. "I don't represent anybody. I'm speakin' for meself. Nobody else."

"Yes, yes. Quite right," said Mr. Thomas. "Mr. Tison, however, has friends who can help us tremendously. The new East Side city subway is expected to be ready to open by a year from the autumn. At present, those in charge are determining the locations of the various stations on the line."

"Mmmm," said Mr. Vickery, and gave Mr. Tison what can be described only as a dirty look.

" It seems," Mr. Thomas continued, " that a station has been planned for Fiftieth Street, but that this is not definitely settled. Mr. Tison tells me that it is possible that the station could be located at Forty-eighth, instead."

Mr. Tison, his head tipped to one side, scraped the ash from his cigar on the side of the alabaster ash tray. Mr. Vickery blinked at him. Mr. Thomas cleared his throat.

" To have this station at Forty-eighth Street," he went on, " would, of course, increase the value of our two corners there tremendously. I should say, conservatively, that the increase would be at least fifteen per cent." Mr. Thomas paused.

" Please go on," said Mr. Vickery suddenly. " You're taking infernally long. I've got a headache and I'd like to be through with this. Please speak directly."

" A headache, Mr. Vickery? I'm so sorry." Mr. Thomas moved a finger toward a small black button on the corner of his desk. " Let Miss Underhill get you something. No use suffering. Now, I'd say that ten grains of aspirin—"

" Get on with Mr. Tison! " snapped Mr. Vickery. " Never mind my headache."

" All right. All right." Mr. Thomas took his finger off the button. " Well, in order to bring the necessary pressure to bear on the right parties—"

" Nah, Mr. Thomas. Get it straight." Mr. Tison fished the cigar from his mouth again. " We got the plans and specifications calling for a station at Fiftiet'. It'll cost money to make the change. See? And we can't charge it to the city. So . . ."

" I BEG your pardon, Mr. Tison," said Mr. Thomas. " You see, Mr. Vickery, Mr. Tison and I have been discussing ways and means. The change in plans will cost, according to Mr. Tison's estimate, about—twenty thousand dollars."

Again Mr. Tison elaborately flicked his cigar at the ash tray. Mr. Thomas sat back, his aristocratic fingertips on the desk.

Mr. Vickery bounced in his chair. His head turned sharply, like a bird's, from Mr. Thomas to Mr. Tison.

" Gentlemen," he said, and his voice was thin and unpleasant, " I am unalterably opposed to bribery in all its forms."

Mr. Tison tipped his heavy body forward. " *Say* . . ."

Mr. Thomas pushed his chair back a little. He swallowed hard. He turned a deep red.

" Really, Mr. Vickery . . ."

Mr. Vickery got up. He stood before them, small and stiff and straight.

" Mr. Thomas, I am disappointed to find you even considering such a thing. As for you, Mr. Tison, I may say that I've dealt in New York real estate for fifty years. I may repeat that I am utterly opposed to bribery

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HER TRAINING TABLE IS AT THE "RITZ" . . . YET SHE HAS

'ATHLETE'S FOOT'

SHE does a daily marathon of calls and social duties in a motor car. She's active in charities and the plans of the Younger Set. Naturally, this takes a good deal of running around—but seldom with her feet.

Yet this charming member of the *haut-monde* has an unmistakable case of "Athlete's Foot." Not that she knows what it is. She only realizes that her nicety is offended by a strange, moist whiteness between her little toes. And, like a breath of scandal on the dainty feet, there is even *itching*. If she only knew it, millions of other immaculate people have been afflicted with this same infection.

Muscular Aches, Too quickly relieved when change in weather brings twinges and pain. Stiff, lame, sore muscles soothed.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from ringworm at some time.*"

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes by redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply, and wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.* If the infection does not yield quickly, see your doctor.

SPECIAL WINTER TREATMENT

"Athlete's Foot" doesn't spread so easily in winter. But the germ can hibernate in your home. Now's a good time to rid yourself of sources of re-infection. Do these things now:

1. **Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. on your toes every morning and evening.**
2. **If you wear socks or stockings that can be boiled, boil them 15 minutes to kill this hardy germ.**
3. **Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. generously *inside* your shoes at night.**

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS

"Be joy ever so sweet,
It would be incomplete
Without a good pipe of tobacco."
—John Usher

Make yourself at home ...with Granger

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

For there's "home sweet home" in each mellow bowlful.

There's friendly content in the full fragrant flavor; comfort and pleasure in the cool-burning sweetness; deep satisfaction in the *clean* way the shaggy flakes smoke.

And you can thank Col. Wellman for this marvelous "find." Back in 1870 he discovered the method that *seals in* the flavor—today it's a "secret" that's yours for the smoking!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER

ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

TEN GRAINS OF ASPIRIN
Continued from page forty-three

in all its forms. . . . And I may add this: If that subway station is *not* located at Forty-eighth Street, you, Mr. Tison, and your superiors—Kramer, I suppose, and Joplin, and possibly McCarthy—will find yourselves facing a very uncomfortable situation."

He swung around and marched to the door.

There were other witnesses that day to the severity of Mr. Vickery's headache. The head waiter of the hushed, plush Auteuil Restaurant, for instance, unimpressed by the pink-faced little old gentleman who came in alone for luncheon, rashly told him that the two remaining window tables were reserved. That was one of the few mistakes of his career. He—who had stampeded the Best People by merely raising his left eyebrow—listened to Mr. Vickery's remarks for thirty-eight seconds, and then meekly led the way to the disputed location. . . .

The secretary of Horace Grossmith sustained the shock of his efficient young life when he got Mr. Vickery on the telephone early in the afternoon and told him to hold the wire because Mr. Grossmith wished to speak to him. "Then," came the answer, "why doesn't he call me up?" And the connection clicked off. The Grossmith millions outnumbered the Vickery millions as the flies of August outnumber the flies of April. . . .

And the traffic policeman who was stationed at Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue that afternoon: he probably still remembers his experience. He had just allowed four private cars to turn left up the avenue, when an old and rattly taxi came along and started to follow in their wake. For reasons known only to himself, the cop considered this an affront.

"Where the hell you think *you're* going?" he inquired, and motioned for the cab to continue east. The vehicle, possibly because of extreme old age, hesitated. Patrolman Lischkiwicz, for it was he, took three strides that brought him beside the driver.

"Say—" he began, marshaling remarks adequately withering. The hackman cowered. And then a voice cut in unexpectedly at the side of the policeman's head.

"Why shouldn't we turn here, you great lummox?" the voice snarled. It brought the cop around with his mouth open and his eyes bulged out a quarter of an inch.

"Hah?" he murmured with lamentable civility.

He saw, protruding through the cab's window, a little red face under an astonishingly large black hat. He saw a small, aristocratic mouth open. He heard the words that came from it.

"If you are under the impression that we hire you to make a nuisance of yourself, you are quite wrong. We pay you to keep traffic moving in an orderly way. If you do not at once allow this machine to proceed, I shall take measures that you would not believe possible."

Patrolman Lischkiwicz stood flat-footed. He could not have been more astonished had the Chrysler Building raised its thumb to its nose and wiggled its fingers. Swallowing hard, he found himself, for the first time in a contentious career, at a loss for words.

"Stand aside!" commanded Mr. Vickery.

The cop backed away two short steps and motioned with uncertain fingers for the taxi to go north. By the time it reached the next corner he got his mouth closed.

III

AT about four o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Vickery met his wife in the second-floor hall of their home. There was a chilliness in her manner, but she was preoccupied with a new enterprise now. She saw fit to let the other matter rest for the moment.

She led her husband into the library.

"I must talk with you," she said.

"I was going to lie down," he protested.

"This is very important."

He shrugged his small shoulders. She seated herself on the end of a sofa and he stood before her. She indicated a place beside her. He continued to stand.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I am so pleased!" she sighed. "Gregory VanSlyke has asked Sally to marry him."

Mr. Vickery stared. He rubbed his right eyebrow, on the inside of which the ache from the back of his head was pressing unbearably.

"VanSlyke?"

"Certainly. Gregory VanSlyke. The Mortimer VanSlykes' son. Probably *the* most aristocratic family in New York. Surely you know about the VanSlykes!" Her manner was patronizing.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I know about them, all right. Too much about them. A fine old family gone to seed."

"Charles! How can you—"

"This Gregory," said Mr. Vickery, ruminating. "I remember him. A willowy little thing. Barest suggestion of a chin. And eyes like a terrified rabbit."

"Charles, will you *kindly* listen to me?" He raised his shoulders a fraction of an inch. "Don't you remember last fall, when you and I talked about it? I told you Sally had met him and that I hoped it would be a match, and you agreed with me. We went over all the VanSlykes, and—"

"Has she accepted him?"

"No. Not yet. They're such a formal family that I told her if he should ask her, she'd better say he'd have to talk to you. The old conservative way is so much—"

"You told her if he should ask—? What sort of campaign have you been managing?"

"None at all. I merely explained to Sally what a marriage to a VanSlyke would mean. Absolute, unquestioned social dominance. Why, it amounts to—"

"WHAT about Peter French?" Mr. Vickery cut in, sticking his head forward.

"Peter French! Who is Peter French? A nice enough boy, but where does he come from? Duluth or Des Moines or some such place. A beginning lawyer. No standing, no prospects, nothing!"

"If I had to have one of the two with me on a desert island—"

"You don't. Sally's sent Peter French packing. She's willing to marry Gregory VanSlyke tomorrow. She understands what it means. . . . Now, what I wanted to tell you is this: Sally's asked Gregory for tea this afternoon. He's coming in half an hour or so. So will you please get yourself into a decent temper and have tea with us in the drawing-room?"

"No."

"Charles, I tell you he's coming particularly—"

"I loathe tea. I loathe willowy young men. I have a headache. Tell him that. Tell him I'm indisposed." Mr. Vickery turned about and marched upstairs to his room.

Three-quarters of an hour later, however, Mrs. Vickery looked up from the cup of tea into which she had just dropped a cross-section of lemon, and saw her husband in the drawing-room doorway.

"Ah, Charles," she said in that English-light-comedy manner she reserved for special occasions. "Feeling better?"

"No," said Mr. Vickery.

Gregory VanSlyke floated to his feet and made his way across the room, bouncing a little on his toes.

"Ah, Mr. Vickery. Charmed, charmed. Such a pleasure, seeing you again."

Mr. Vickery took his flabby hand and cursed the rheumatism that prevented him from crushing it.

"Mmp," he said, flicking the corners of his mouth upward for an instant. He passed to the left of his guest to reach Sally's side. She was wearing her formal manner too, but she flashed him a look that was his own. She stood up beside him, inches taller than he, straight and young and beautiful. Involuntarily, Mr. Vickery cast a comparative glance at Gregory VanSlyke.

"Hello, darling," Sally said, taking his arm.

"Where've you been for two days?" he demanded.

"Oh, here and there, and hither and yon. Leading the gay life of the metropolis."

"Sit down, my dear."

"You take my chair, daddy."

"No, no. I'll sit here." He lowered himself into the chair next to hers, looked for a moment at her slender loveliness, her glinting wavy hair, her honest brown eyes. He thought of the Orientals, who trade their daughters for oxen and grain and, if they are lucky, precious stones.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TO INTRODUCE

the New 35¢ tube of

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
60¢ Value for 47¢
Both for 47¢ MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
MENNEN TALCUM for MEN

THIS SPECIAL

Money Saving OFFER

35¢ TUBE OF MENNEN SHAVING CREAM (NEW SIZE)

25¢ TIN OF MENNEN TALCUM for MEN (REGULAR SIZE)

BOTH FOR 47¢

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET: *The new 35c tube of Mennen Shaving Cream.* The same famous quality as the popular 50c tube now also in this new 35c size.

Both Mennen Creams are available in this combination: Mennen Original or Mennen Menthol-iced. Either cream gives you a clean, soothing shave. Either cream leaves your skin refreshed, healthy.

Also—a full size tin of *Mennen Talcum for Men*—the most popular man's powder. It won't show on your face. But it will protect your skin—remove after-shave shine . . . Great after the bath, too.

Your druggist has this special money-saving Mennen offer. But his supply is limited. Better get yours now.

Now! a Lip Rouge That Lasts *All Day!*

You make up once a day instead of every hour with the same Angelus shade for both lips and cheeks, and achieve the new natural effect that is so smart.

A French Discovery that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. No Caking, No Drying, No Unsightly "Lipstick Line"—You Make up But Twice a Day Instead of Every Hour!

A WAY has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long.* Instead of making-up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

WHAT IT IS

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color. Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. *And—it lasts for hours.*

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Ordinary lipstick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box. 9 different colors. Same price as American rouges.

Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art and about whom all Paris is talking.

Angelus
Rouge Incarnat
Louis Philippe, Inc.

TEN GRAINS OF ASPIRIN
Continued from page forty-five

He sat back then, and felt the throb of his headache, and wondered what the devil had brought him downstairs.

"Gregory was telling us, Charles," Mrs. Vickery said in her hollow high-tea voice, "about two polo ponies he's just got from England. . . . Will you have tea, my dear?"

"Tea? Good God, no!"

"It seems that knowing polo ponies is practically an art."

"Mmp," said Mr. Vickery, and allowed the conversation to beat against his bursting skull. . . .

He didn't listen. Mrs. Vickery and Gregory VanSlyke spoke of polo and yachts and the Riviera, and lots of ladies and gentlemen who appear on engraved invitations to charity affairs. The guest accepted another cup with lemon and no sugar. . . .

"What I really came to speak to you about," Mr. Vickery suddenly realized VanSlyke was saying, "was something more personal. I don't know whether we should discuss it here together or whether you would prefer . . ."

"Unless it is obscene," said Mr. Vickery, "we may speak of it before the ladies."

Gregory VanSlyke laughed hollowly.

"Last night, Mr. Vickery, I asked Sally for her hand in marriage. She has referred me to you. Quite properly."

Mr. Vickery blinked at the three in turn. In his wife's eyes he saw the look of a bridge player who has doubled a club and is afraid her partner isn't going to bid. Mr. Vickery looked at the ceiling.

"Properly, yes," he said, "but rather meaninglessly. The days of the patriarchs are over. The girl of today is quite capable of making her own decisions. If Sally loves you"—Mr. Vickery made a gesture of hopelessness—"there's nothing I can do about it. We have to accept these things," he said, as if it had been leprosy that his daughter was about to contract.

Mrs. Vickery's face was the color of a tropical sunset. Sally was giving all her attention to a diamond pin on the front of her dress. Gregory VanSlyke's mouth was an O.

"IDLENESS," Mr. Vickery continued, "is not, in my opinion, a very good thing for any young man. Even those who, like yourself, are idle by birth and tradition and training rarely achieve greatness in the science of doing nothing. If—"

"Really, Charles!" rasped Mrs. Vickery, her feelings sticking through her drawing-room technique.

"If," he repeated, "the decision rested with me, I should take this fact into account. Luckily or not, I have nothing to do with the making up of Sally's mind. There's only one thing to settle: Does she love you?"

The descendant of one of New York's original patroon families was beginning to feel dimly that Sally's father was not enthusiastic. His lips parted and closed several times. What there was of his chin trembled.

"Sally told me last night—" he began uncertainly.

Mr. Vickery cut him off. "We must remember," he said, "that Sally is a very polite and obedient young woman. What she told you last night should not finally be held against her. If you will pardon me, I should like to discuss the matter with Sally in private."

"I don't see what earthly use—" Mrs. Vickery snapped.

"An old man's whim," retorted Mr. Vickery, giving her a look. He was shocked to see that Sally's lip was trembling. He went over and put his old hand on her smooth young neck. "Oh, my dear," he said softly, "if I'm hurting you . . ."

She got up quickly, smiling a sorry little smile at him. "Oh, no, daddy! No, no!" She took his arm and dragged him too swiftly to the door.

In the library he made her sit on his lap. She moved her mouth, trying to make it natural again, to keep it from twisting and trembling.

"Just a couple of things, my dear," he said. "First of all, what's become of Peter French?"

"He had an offer from a law firm in Detroit. He's going out there next week."

Mr. Vickery leaned forward to see her face, but it was turned away.

"I see. Yes." He caught the hand on his shoulder.

“And being Mrs. VanSlyke, and being able to turn your nose up at anyone you choose, will be—lots of fun?”

She moved her head up and down three or four times.

“More fun than being the wife of a struggling lawyer with everything to win—standing beside him, helping—”

She was on her feet before him, with feverish eyes.

“Daddy, you—you can't! Understand? You can't, can't, can't! It's not fair! It's . . .” She walked to the window, and stood there, her head low, staring down.

“But, Sally, dear, I was only—”

She did not turn from the window. “You know as well as I do that mother . . .”

“Go on. That mother what? I don't know as well as you do, but I suspect.”

“That she—she'd do everything in her power to—to make me and Peter . . .” Her voice cracked and she broke off. Then she said, “What's the use of going through all this with you? I've been through it with myself.”

“DO you love Gregory VanSlyke?” He went over and took the hand that had dropped to her side.

“What difference does that make?” she asked the window softly.

“Do you love Peter French?”

She whirled around again. “Daddy Vickery, it isn't fair of you. It isn't fair, when I can't—”

“Can't what?”

She covered her eyes with one hand.

“Sally, darling, you *can*,” he said. “You can do what you please, what your heart tells you to do. You don't need to marry social position. You don't need to marry money. I've got enough money for sixteen young couples.”

Somehow she became smaller. She had her head on his shoulder. She was sobbing.

“Furthermore,” he said, “you don't even need to face the row. I'll go back and tell them.” He smoothed her hair. He patted her shoulder—soft, quick little pats.

“Oh, daddy . . .” She was uncertain.

“You stay here,” he said, disentangling himself and leading her to the big sofa. “And do something for me, will you, my dear?” he added. “Get out my check book and make out a check to Agatha M. Vickery for five thousand dollars. Wait. I'll sign it now.” He found the book in a desk drawer, seated himself and drew a whirly line at the bottom of a check. “You fill it out,” he said. “Mm. You'd better make it ten thousand.”

She was looking at him with shiny round eyes.

“And do something else for me, Sally. Call up Peter French and ask him to have lunch with you and me at the—wherever you say—tomorrow.”

“Oh, daddy, darling!”

“And fix your make-up.”

“Yes, sir.” She smiled at him. Wonderfully. He cleared his throat. He rubbed the back of his head.

“And—will you do one more thing?”

“A million million.”

“Get me ten grains of aspirin. I've had a rotten headache all day long.”

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Fly Fanciers

Billie returning from the home of a neighbor, who was not a good housekeeper, watched his mother chase flies out of the house with a cloth. He thoughtfully remarked:

“Mother, you know, I don't believe the Browns ever let their flies out.”—Dorothy Hubbard, 609 Penn Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

We Know That Kind

It was the first of the month. Eugene, always anxious to help his daddy, was ready with news.

“Any calls or mail today, partner?”

Eugene answered, “No one called, daddy, and the letters all have windows in them.”—Mrs. L. A. Frudeau, 2110 W. Capitol Ave., Houston, Tex.

YOU CAN ESCAPE THE MASK OF AGE

“The years can make any girl more alluring . . . *if she keeps Youth!*”

SAYS **WILLIAM POWELL**

William Powell

“No one measures Youth by birthdays any more!” says William Powell, Paramount, starring in “For the Defense.”

“Nowadays a man doesn't even try to guess a woman's age. Women know so marvelously how to KEEP their fresh, young charm that is so irresistible.

“Feminine stars of the screen and stage, especially, know the secret!” Indeed they do!

How 9 out of 10 screen stars guard complexion beauty

The lovely actresses seem always young, charming, magnetic—*you can't believe they ever have birthdays.* What is the complexion secret these famous stars know?

“We guard complexion beauty above all else,” the lovely actresses will tell you. “A skin aglow with the fascinating freshness of youth is *always* alluring.”

Important actresses in Hollywood—on Broadway—in Europe — use Lux Toilet Soap. *Regularly!* That is why it is in theatre dressing rooms everywhere—the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

Hollywood's choice for all types of skin

Actually 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses are devoted to fragrant Lux Toilet Soap.

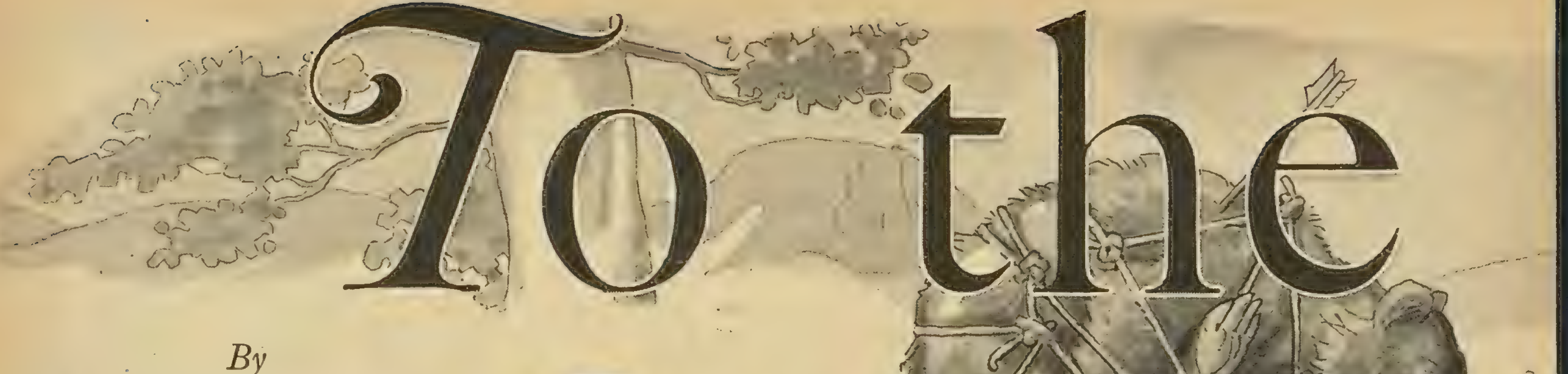
Of the countless stars who use this lovely white soap, some have the fine-grained skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin. All find Lux Toilet Soap the ideal complexion care.

You, too, will find it perfect for your skin, no matter what its type! Order several cakes and begin to enjoy it today.

Lux Toilet Soap..10¢

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

To the



By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

an expert linguist, an authority on fashion, and a descendant of the first czar of Russia.

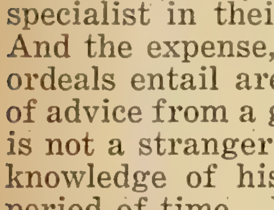
(Reading time: 8 minutes 6 seconds.)

A TREMENDOUS number of people will welcome Dr. John A. Hartwell's plea for the family physician. Dr. Hartwell is president of the New York Academy of Medicine. "The family doctor," he said in a recent speech, "has been crowded gradually to the wall by the uncontrolled development of *specialism.*"

There is indeed much to be said against the indiscriminate "expert examinations" to which people subject themselves, going from specialist to specialist in their endeavor to find out what ails them. And the expense, suspense, and waste of time that such ordeals entail are traceable in nearly every case to lack of advice from a good "family physician"—a doctor who is not a stranger, one who knows his own job and has a knowledge of his patient's physical history over some period of time. With such knowledge, a doctor who can also observe family conditions and take them into consideration is the best friend any individual or any family can have.

The decline of the old-fashioned "family" type among doctors is chiefly the fault of ignorant people who are more impressed by slick young specialists ensconced in the very latest shop-window-exhibition kind of offices. For mature knowledge and real practical assistance the family physician is almost invariably the best. And I have never yet met a reliable general practitioner who was not anxious to obtain the advice of a specialist whenever he felt that he could not rely completely on his own judgment. The family physician to whom people go with minor ailments enables them to practice the system of "prevention" and forgo the more expensive "cure."

But there is still something to be said for the Chinese system of retaining a physician who is paid only as long as the client enjoys good health.



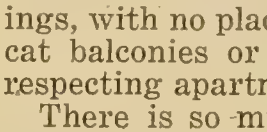
I UNDERSTAND from the great landlords who put up our apartment houses that we city girls are changing our taste in the matter of kitchens. Kitchenettes are going out of favor. A real life-sized kitchen is what we now demand.

To my mind, a good comfortable kitchen is one of the best things ever invented. There's always a cozy, homy atmosphere about a well kept kitchen—and a nice homelike smell. One that is big enough for informal meals is the best of all.

Now that apartment-house architects are attending to our kitchen problem, I wish they would also mend their ways and stop putting shelves eight feet up from the floor into china closets and cupboards.

And I have still another grievance against these architects. My other grievance is—cats. I love cats. Home just *isn't* home without one. But love them or not, what kind of a life can a poor kitty live in our skyscraper dwellings, with no place to go walks? Really, there should be cat balconies or cat escapes of some kind in all self-respecting apartment houses.

There is so much fun to be had with a cat, without becoming one of those pests—a cat worshiper. I once had a cat that positively hated singing. He disgraced me finally by spitting furiously at a famous operatic prima donna who sang for us in our home. His taste in food was extremely individualistic. Plum pudding, taffy, and cauliflower were the dishes he preferred. A New England cat of my acquaintance outdoes him, however, in culinary sophistication. This Yankee cat eats olives and adores black coffee.



OF all the new scientific achievements now being developed for practical use, none is likely to influence our everyday lives more widely within the next five years than television. The possibilities of this have just been given an interesting demonstration in New York.

Two parties of women were invited to tea. One party met at the New York offices of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The other group assembled at the Bell Telephone laboratories, three miles away. During the tea the women of the two groups talked to one another over phones placed in television booths. While conversing, each enjoyed the novelty of seeing the person at the other end of the wire clearly imaged before her eyes in a little moving picture of flickering purple and orange hues.

The pictures came from a half-inch square of luminous surface called the "neon glow." The voices were toned down to match the size of the reflected images, so the general effect was like that of seeing and talking with someone across a fifteen-foot room.

The whole notion of television opens up miraculous vistas. Already television broadcasting is planned on an international scale, and intensive work is being done to perfect the apparatus.

Another year or so and we may have a new kind of talkies right in our homes.

Ladies!

FEW men have lived as romantically or as strangely as the French painter Gauguin. Great art critics have reckoned him a genius. Somerset Maugham has written a novel based on his life. And some have called him crazy, for there are still plenty of folk who condemn Gauguin's flight from a dull wife and a dull clerking job—his flight to the South Sea island of Tahiti, where he went native among the tropical flowers and females, and painted masterpieces.

As if to prove his craziness, there have recently come to light two pictures painted by Gauguin some fifty years ago on the rough walls of an obscure French tavern in rural Brittany. Pure chance led to the discovery of the two lost Gauguins by an American artist, who purchased them from the innkeeper at the Breton village of Pouldu and has now brought them to New York.

These two paintings have a peculiar sour-grape interest for me. The sour-grape feeling is prompted by the fact that I saw them in Pouldu at least twenty years ago and knew they were by Gauguin, but was too much of a ninny to think of acquiring them by buying and cutting out the wall surfaces on which they were painted. In those days the pictures were not covered over with wall paper, as they were when their present owner discovered them by glimpsing a bit of Gauguin's inimitable color work through a tear in the paper.

No, when I knew them they were right there in plain open view—staring at me! I used to go to that very Breton inn with artist friends to admire Gauguin's humorous, bold, vivid picture of a village fête and a girl who may or may not represent Joan of Arc. On another wall Gauguin had painted a huge goose going somewhere in a hurry. The innkeeper did not appreciate his extraordinary murals. I could have had them for a nominal price. Think of it!

But (and here's where I get cheerful again) I remember another Breton village where there is a whole ceiling decorated by Gauguin. A peach of a ceiling, which seems to be undiscovered still—or perhaps it has been destroyed by rustic owners who prefer clean plain whitewash to a dingy masterpiece. I wonder!

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON and R. B. FULLER

WHAT tricky things little words are! And what a lot of grammatical mischief can be blamed on that little word *no*, and the rest of the impish negatives! They're all double-crossers. Use them in pairs and they're sure to trip you. For example, to say *He won't catch that train, I don't believe* is really to say *I don't believe he won't catch that train.* Just the opposite of what was meant, which is what always happens when two naughty negatives get together. The correct way to say it, of course, would be *I don't believe he will catch that train* or *I believe he won't catch that train.* Just remember to keep the two negatives from canceling each other.

Fortunately, the commonest double-negative mistakes, such as *I can't give you no money* and *You shouldn't eat none of that*, are too well known to be very troublesome, but there are others which still lead us astray.

MONARCHY in Spain may stay or go, but whatever changes visit that romantic land, two things remain eternal and unaltered there. The two are bullfighting and Spanish dancing.

All the conventional forms of both those national pastimes have continued through centuries without change. Much of the charm of Spanish dances lies in their conformity to tradition. There are fixed rules for every step and every movement. And the dancer must have special talents to illuminate her knowledge of the conventional movements. She must have grace, vigor, temperament—above all, temperament!

The enormously full, heavy skirts, as they sway and swirl, enhance the idea of unseen limbs dancing attractive measures inside those skirts. And for sheer coquetry is there anything to beat the high comb and lace mantilla topping a sleek head? I have fallen in love all over again with full ruffled skirts and the color witchery of straw or golden-yellow satin combined with black lace. Incidentally, the conventional Spanish shawl is not half as becoming to most women as other types of Spanish national dress—a point to remember when you go to a fancy-dress dance.

AFTER a recent attempt to be Victorian in our clothes, we are now going to become barbaric, apparently. The Colonial Exposition, for which Paris is making feverish preparations, has already exercised an influence on "costume" jewelry. An African inspiration is evident, not only in the wood and metal jewelry now being worn, but also in the newest printed materials.

Barbaric cabbage-looking flowers splashed on lurid backgrounds smack one in the eye. Nightmarish palms grow beside violet seas, and birds that never knew a nest do wing their way across scarlet or saffron skies.

Such silks and cottons are bright enough to cheer up the blackest pessimist—but beware of them! They make one look enormous. Moreover, they are a passing fad. The coming revival of beiges and browns is the reaction Paris dressmakers are already feeling against this orgy of gayety.

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
MINNIE F. ANTRIM
6154 Simpson Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri

Suppose your child has been kidnaped, and you have effected its safe return by promising immunity to the kidnapers. You are thereupon assailed by the newspapers and your friends on the ground that you have no right to consider the promise binding and obstruct legal justice, and that to persist in doing so would endanger the safety of other children.

Would you feel in honor bound to keep your word to the kidnapers, or would you feel that your duty to society required you to aid in the prosecution of the criminals?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, February 28. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.
2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.
3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.
4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.
5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for January 17, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

> **Imagine yourself to be a young single man or woman who does not intend to marry, but makes enough money to support someone else.**
>
> **You believe you would derive satisfaction and joy from taking some homeless street urchin, who has no relatives or friends, into your home. You would develop him physically and mentally. He might become a person of unusual achievements.**
>
> **But you know of an old man who is broke and homeless, without relatives or friends. His life is miserable, through no fault of his own, and he has not another chance. You could give this person peace and comfort for the few remaining years of his life. The influence of his companionship and philosophy, based on past experience, might prove very valuable to you.**
>
> **Which would you choose?**

The Winning Answers

By JOHN E. CHURCH
43 Adelaide Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island

I WOULD adopt the homeless street urchin.

Although the old man, shipwrecked and desolate, certainly deserves pity and consideration, he has lived his life and can be of no further use in the advance of human progress. Give him comfort; give him peace and happiness. He will still be nothing but a kindly old gentleman, so far as the welfare of others is concerned. And of what use is a life that is selfish and self-centered, even in old age?

On the other hand, take the young street urchin. He has everything to gain and nothing to lose. A sordid childhood, perhaps? That, too, can be forgotten. Open your arms to him; give him all the love that a father gives to his son. Make him your constant companion, your hobby. Study him carefully and give him all the benefits of the results of your own failures. The best of an education for him. Be his rule of daily action and his constant guide in the way of living.

The result is obvious. Not only do you increase your own happiness and make your whole life a better and richer thing, but you have as your own to give to the world a man, properly trained, who can take up where you leave off. He can and will, unlike the old man, go out into life, doing good to others and making the world a better place in which to live.

By ADA MOSBY
Hillsdale, Baltimore, Maryland

I WOULD help the old man without question.

The world opens its doors to the young; handing out charity and opportunity to children, in clinics, day nurseries, orphanages, societies for their care, protection, and free education.

But the old are forgotten and cast aside as a useless, finished product. Even in the usual families, the grandparents and other relatives of the past generation are looked upon as burdens and are forced to be satisfied with the "crusts" of life. The world lives for the future. It ignores the poor old slaves who have spent their lives in the galleys for its betterment and progress.

The sincerest charity is helping the old people in any walks of life, for there is no future earthly reward to dazzle the eyes of the donor.

By VICTOR CROLEY
St. John's Hospital, Rapid City, South Dakota

I SHOULD choose the young street urchin. There are charitable institutions for the care of both, but I believe the old man could more easily adapt himself and would suffer least from an institutional life. His philosophy, developed by years of experience, should enable him to find the most of happiness and contentment in his lot.

Children have no philosophy, developed by experience, to soften their hardships. If you went through an orphanage and saw the big-eyed, silent, frightened youngsters you would realize what a home and home life could mean to them. Children react to the inequalities between orphanage life and normal childhood by developing a sense of inferiority that may prove a lifelong handicap. Unhappy experiences in childhood leave scars on the soul that neither time nor later success can ever erase.

There should be no choice in this problem. Satisfaction and joy from a charitable service come only when selfishness is forgotten. If you want the benefit of the old man's companionship and philosophy, he should be worthy of his hire. Help the child. His need is greatest and your joy and satisfaction will be in a like measure.

By ANN CORLEY
Gila Bend, Arizona

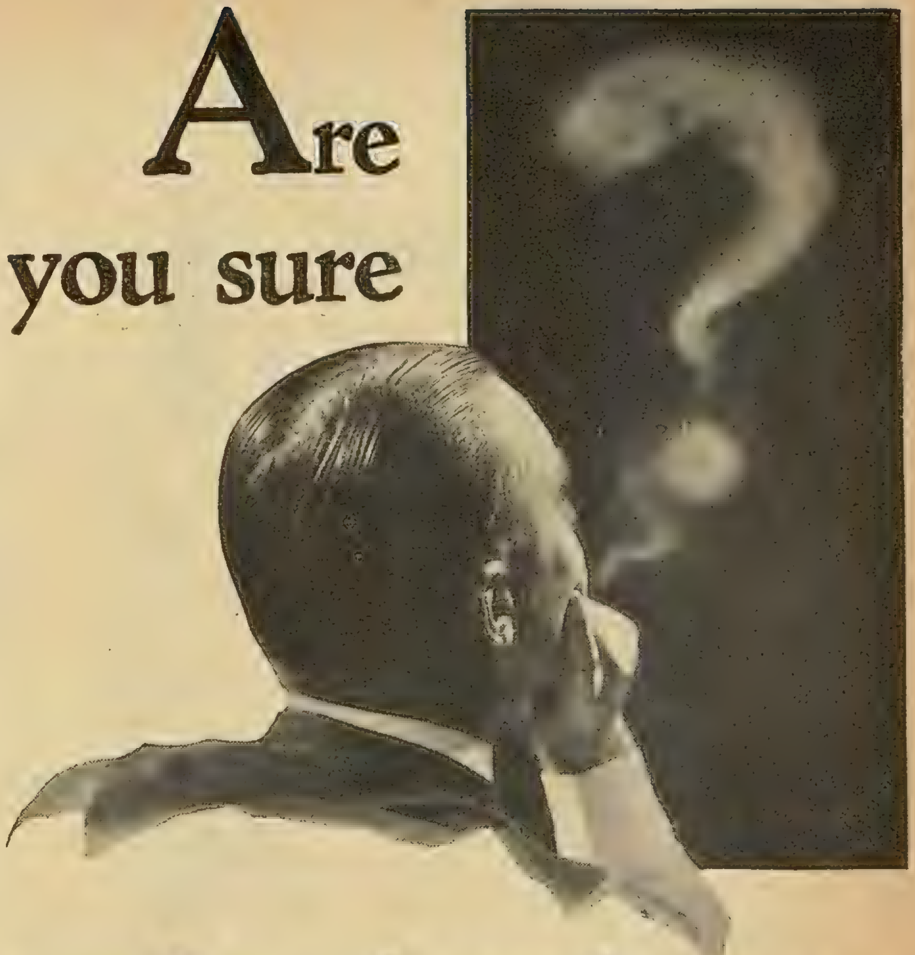
I'D take the old man. Three months ago I'd have chosen the youngster because I love children and would like to feel that I was helping one to become a better, happier person.

But three months ago I came to Arizona to live. And day after day they file past my front door—these tired old men who have been tied to the wheel of life and broken through no fault of their own. Nothing matters to them except a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

And these aren't professional "Weary Willies" I'm talking about either. These are bookkeepers grown old in the service of one company and then cast aside like the proverbial old shoe; haberdashery clerks, waiters, school-teachers, insurance adjusters, automobile workers, farm hands let out to make room for younger brawn and beef, book salesmen, government clerks. Courteous, soft-spoken, gray, unshaven, utterly weary old men who "God bless" me when I give them a cup of tea and some toast. Poor old men who can't go home because they have no homes—drifting about from one coast to the other in a perpetually vain endeavor to find some honest labor which will keep that too-well-known wolf from the door.

Yes, I'd take the old man. And when I had done what I could for him and had the consciousness of knowing that I had made his few remaining years brighter and happier . . . then I'd take the urchin.

Answers to the question in Liberty for January 24 will be published next week.



Are you sure you've found your RIGHT SMOKE?

HOW could you be sure, until you've tried good tobacco in a pipe?

"I had never smoked a pipe," writes L. B. P., of Charlotte, N. C. "Was detailed in command of a guard, stopped over in Harbin, Manchuria, bought a pipe in a shop run by an East Indian, asked him to recommend a tobacco, and he handed me Edgeworth. Have been smoking a pipe ever since. Have tried other brands, but always revert to Edgeworth."

Perhaps *you* have never smoked a pipe. Get a good pipe and fill it with Edgeworth.

Edgeworth has a savor all its own. And Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process guarantees a cool, slow-burning smoke. Fifteen cents at the nearest shop will buy a tin of this good old tobacco, or the coupon below will bring a special packet, free.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural savor insured by Edgeworth's distinctive eleventh process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. *Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

15¢

CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample. I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City and State____________________

B-46

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED

KING and Mr. Alfonso

A Portrait of a

By

LARRY RUE

who for ten years was a member of the Chicago Tribune foreign staff and lived for a considerable time in Madrid. He covered the wars in the Near East after the armistice, was with General Wrangel in the Crimea, ran a Spanish blockade to interview Abd-el-Krim in the Riff, and has flown to Afghanistan and around the Mediterranean.

Acme-P. & A. photo

King Alfonso XIII, the man of paradoxes, in one of the moments when his business weighs heavily.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 27 seconds.)

THE character of King Alfonso XIII of Spain has as many keys as an old Spanish door. No single key, not even a master key, fits all the locks.

To get into the old Spanish house you need two keys each as big as a hammer, and then a couple of small ones, and then probably you will have to unhook a couple of latches.

And if you asked me the key to the character of the King of Spain I would probably have to hand over the whole key ring of adjectives describing personal characteristics, and even then it is not certain whether you would get really inside the man. It might simplify things to say he possesses a personality of dual paradoxes, but that implies positive characteristics. It would probably be nearer the truth to picture him as a bit of everything, but nothing completely.

He is at the same time the most autocratic and the most democratic of monarchs; he is stupid and intelligent, brave and timid, a conservative and a revolutionist, polite and rude, affectionate and cold, observing and blind, considerate and thoughtless, a pacifist and a militarist, a sportsman and yet likes to shoot pigeons. He can even be called handsome and homely. And his people both hate and love him more than any other modern king is being hated and loved.

Physically he is distinctive. He is tall and walks with a springy step. His skin is olive, his eyes brown and deep-set. He has the large bony nose and lantern jaw of the Hapsburgs and the full, generous mouth of the Bourbons.

When attired in the glittering uniform of his various orders he is correct to the smallest detail and looks like a Valásquez portrait of the dashing kings of yore. But when he is not kinging he wears shapeless fedoras, baggy topcoats, soft collars.

Despite the bomb throwers, the king and queen

ALFONSO XIII Bourbon

Royal Business Man

The late Ambassador Alexander Moore told me a story about him to show what a regular fellow he was.

It was at a gala ball at Madrid, a very smart affair. Everybody of importance in the government and diplomatic corps was there.

A young American business man had been invited. He got lost somehow from his crowd and was looking for the washroom. He didn't have much luck. Every time he got into a hall it led into another ballroom. Finally he asked the first man that came along to direct him.

"Certainly, will be pleased to," was the response. "You are an American, aren't you? Great country, America! Great people, Americans!"

The young man didn't pay much attention to his guide. Thought he was a Britisher, judging from the accent. They reached the washroom door, and the American said, "Thank you very much."

"Not at all," was the response. "A pleasure to have been of service, I assure you."

Just then one of the visitor's Spanish friends discovered him.

"Say, young man," the Spaniard said, "you are getting along fine at this party. You are traveling in pretty big company."

"Yeah," the American replied. "A nice guy. Who is he?"

"My God, man! Do you mean to say you don't know the King of Spain?"

THAT story is not hard to believe, for Alfonso frequently does informal things like that.

The king was in San Sebastián in 1926, just after the artillery officers in Madrid tried to start a revolution. He let Primo de Rivera handle the revolution and enjoyed himself by racing his sailing yacht.

I was standing on the dock one day with a big police dog. He noticed it as he was passing by, stopped, and remarked:

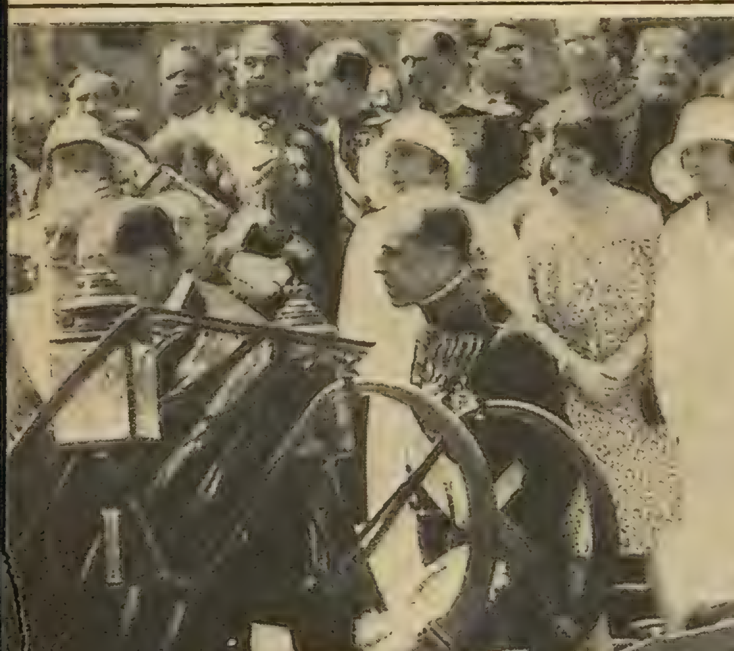
"A splendid animal; did you get him in Germany?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Underwood & Underwood

Here Alfonso enjoys a careless moment. Note that Hapsburg jaw. And at the left, the king off duty, with a doubtful topcoat and soft collar.

Underwood & Underwood



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continue to ride in their carriage.

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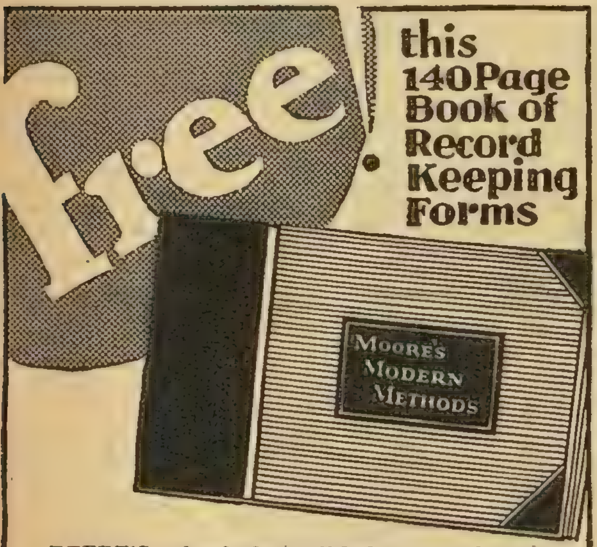

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KING ALFONSO XIII AND MR. ALFONSO BOURBON
Continued from page fifty-three

"That is where he is from, sir," I replied.

"I thought so. He is splendid, isn't he?" and continued on his way.

This conversation was so natural it was unnatural. And out of it all I could only gather that the king acts upon impulse, and his impulses are usually human.

I was in Barcelona during an automobile show. The king was present. He went over to the booth displaying a new model of a famous American make. He looked over the new model and said to the man in charge of that booth:

"Great man, a great car! American methods of production lead the world."

His easy way of starting conversation with people, whether on the streets, at a ball, or even in a bar, has given him a reputation for bravado. The King of Spain has been the target for more assassins' bullets and bombs than any other ruler in Europe. And some of his escapes have been so miraculous that they almost justify the belief among some of his people that he has a charmed life. He has lived under the threat of assassination and revolution since the day he was born.

He was married in 1906. After the wedding ceremony a bomb was thrown at the royal carriage in which he and the queen were riding. Thirty-seven people were killed, the carriage was badly damaged, and the decorations the king was wearing were torn off by the force of the explosion. He acquitted himself nobly. He shielded the queen with his own body.

WHEN he was riding in a carriage with the President of France, a bomb nearly killed them both. He then remarked: "It was nothing but a fire-cracker."

Another time a man grabbed the bridle of the horse he was riding and fired three shots point-blank at him. He miraculously escaped untouched. He commuted the death sentence of his would-be assassin.

When I was in Barcelona a few years ago the king and Primo de Rivera were being fêted. In the midst of the fêting the king received word that a bomb had been placed on the track of his private train.

His Majesty slipped away in a high-powered car, with his doctor and confessor. I got word of the change of the king's plans and followed him in my car. The road was guarded. An officer stopped me and demanded my pass and informed me that all suspicious characters were being placed under arrest. After I had cleared myself he asked me for a lift to the next town. En route we passed the king's car. They had had a puncture. Our tires later picked up a couple of nails. The officer said they had been placed there for the king.

"They are leaving nothing undone," he said, "to kill him. But he is brave and always escapes."

He has had other similar escapes, and when he speaks about them it is only to remark: "Just the ordinary risks of the trade."

Another phrase, indicative of his philosophy, is that "accidents don't matter."

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Queen Victoria and her daughters, the Infantas Beatriz and Maria Christina.

© Keystone

The Spanish princesses, Maria Christina, of

He was born a king. That was in 1886. And as a child he insisted on being king. There is that story about when the prime minister came to see him at the palace. He was then eight years old.

"Well, Alfonsito, how are you?" the prime minister greeted.

"You will address me as 'Your Majesty,'" was the command. "To you I am king. It is only mamma who will call me Alfonsito."

He has always chafed under authority. Once his mother tried to punish him by making him stay alone in a room. He then gave the monarchists one of the great shocks of their lives.

"Long live the republic! Long live the republic!" he shouted, and kept shouting until his mother was forced to give in.

Alfred Adler, the Viennese psychologist, the originator of the "inferiority and superiority complex" school of psychology, would probably cite that as the "fighting child" spirit. The "fighting child" always strikes its parents at their most sensitive point, and by shouting "republic" to his mother, Alfonso most certainly scored a direct hit against the subject his mother held most sacred.

Beatriz and
to see polo.

Keystone photo

The royal enigma, the Prince of Asturias, who is condemned by the hereditary curse but may yet ascend his father's throne.

His mother, the late Dowager Queen Christina, used to tell a story to illustrate how Alfonso would do almost anything as a personal favor, but disliked to be compelled to do it on the ground that it was his duty. It was Saturday night at the palace, or if it wasn't Saturday night it was bath night. Alfonso refused to take his bath.

"I am king. I don't have to bathe," he kept repeating.

His governess went and told the queen. She tried to persuade him, saying that as a king it was his duty to bathe even more than it was his subjects'.

"Not this king," he replied.

Then his mother said, "All right. I don't ask you to bathe. If you don't bathe I shall go to my room and cry."

"Don't cry, mamma, I'll bathe," he promised.

When Alfonso was born he was such a frail baby that it was feared he would die. But, through careful physical training, by the time he was sixteen he was extraordinarily hale and hearty.

His special delight as a child was soldiering. He played with toy soldiers until he was big enough to learn the manual of arms and how to drill. He took a great personal interest in the army. He was only twenty-six years old when he personally went around and tasted the mess of his soldiers, then introduced a law which compels all officers to taste the food of their soldiers before it is served. And the army evidently appreciates his interest; because so far, in all the attempted revolutions, it has as a whole remained loyal to him.

By profession a king, a sportsman by hobby, his suppressed desire is business.

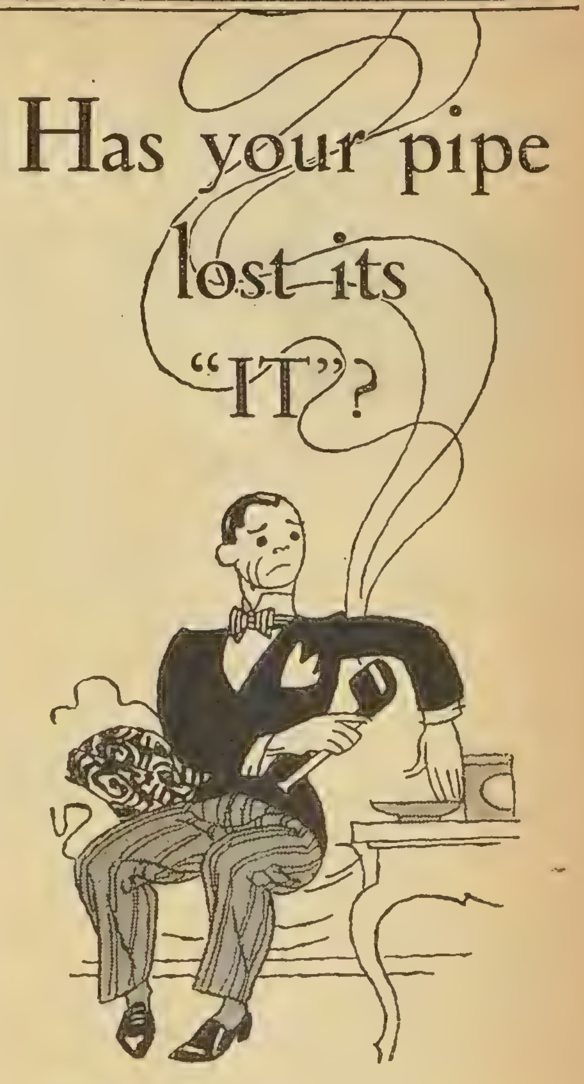
This accounts to a considerable extent for the admiration and liking that Alfonso had for our erstwhile so-called "Embarrasser to Spain," the late Alexander Moore.

Moore's eccentricities at the court of the King of Spain are a juicy topic for gossip, but these eccentricities were personal, not ceremonial. Few ambassadors we have had abroad have been more successful, and, strangely enough, have had a better record in regard to the observance of the ambassadorial proprieties.

Upon being presented to King Alfonso, Moore naïvely confessed that he didn't know anything about society. "I am just a plain American business man," he told the king. And that was what the king had wanted to meet for a long time. How could the peseta be stabilized? How could the economic conditions of the country be improved? Was this or that a good private investment? The king, besides being king, is an industrialist on his own.

Officially Moore scored one hundred per cent. He told me how he did it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



HAS the consolation of that ancient briar somehow turned into bitterness? Quick, there is no time to lose. Go straightway to your favorite tobacco store and get a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh's *milder* pipe mixture. Write Sir Walter to send you, by return mail, his booklet on the care of the pipe. Then stuff the bowl with this mild, full-bodied blend of excellent Burleys. There's "it" for you—the coolest, mildest of smokes.

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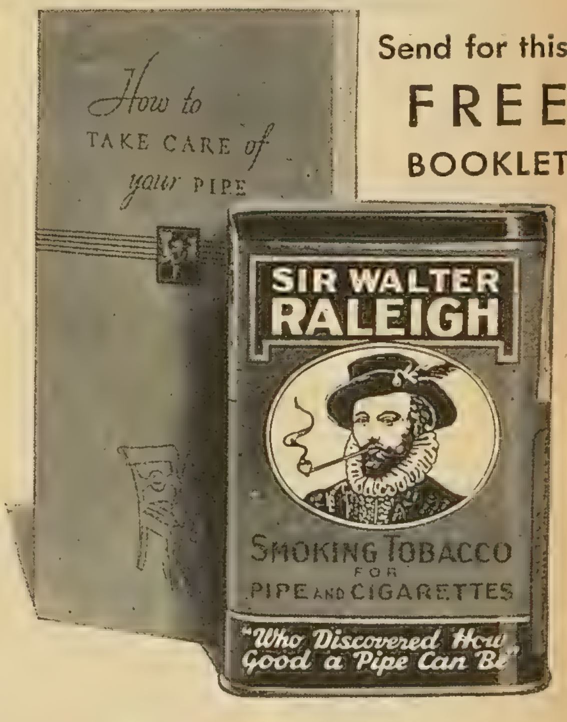

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KING ALFONSO XIII AND MR. ALFONSO BOURBON
Continued from page fifty-five

"When I first came here I knew I didn't know what to do at all these official functions, so I just sent word to the major-domo of the palace, invited him for lunch, and then told him that I was just a plain business man and that I would always be indebted to him if he would tell me just what to wear, what to do, and how to address the queen and king at these official ceremonies. The major-domo did just that."

The result was that at all ceremonial affairs Moore in dress, deportment, and official statements got "excellent" on his report card.

It was only in his personal relations, when he got in the mood of "Now, King, between you and me," that he gave the king and the rest of the court some good laughs.

One was when he presented the queen with a set of aluminum ware for her kitchen. He gave a good sales talk with the presentation, told how aluminum was a very efficient heat conductor, practically indestructible, nonpeeling, everlasting, etc. The court laughed at Moore for implying that Spanish cooking could be improved, and Moore laughed at them for thinking it couldn't be.

Underwood & Underwood

Alfonso on the tennis court.

"Delightfully informal," is the way the king describes another one of Moore's personal originalities. This happened at Santander, the summer home. One of the young princesses was playing tennis. Moore came up with a package.

"Say, Princess, give this to your mother," he said. Not even the children dared to refer to their mother in public as anything but "Her Majesty."

BUT few ambassadors have been closer to the king than Moore, and out of this weird relationship Moore obtained glory and the king a business education.

And Alfonso is using it. Until recently he always recognized the possibility of Spain becoming a republic, and used to say if it did he would be the first president. And to prepare himself for the day when he would be out of a job he has acquired property under the private name of Alfonso Bourbon, so that if the crown properties are confiscated his personal property will remain his. His palace at Santander is the most homelike of all the royal palaces. This palace does not belong to the King of Spain but to Alfonso Bourbon. And to this home the queen has moved their most precious possessions. The children keep their personal treasures there also. And here, if the time came, Alfonso Bourbon was once prepared to be a good citizen of the republic.

THAT time possibly is past. But in 1926, when Primo de Rivera said, "Whether as a king or as a private individual, Alfonso can always be depended upon to be a good citizen," the Bourbon family was the life of Santander. They all went to the tennis club as private individuals, the children played in the matches, and often the queen informally would present the prizes to the winners of the various competitions.

Acme photo

The king sails even when revolutionists threaten. Here he is in a race.

On the beach, at the golf club, at the informal dances, members of the royal family tried as much as possible to establish a relationship of fellowship based entirely upon personal merit.

The king has been busy setting up carpet factories outside of Madrid and has bought an interest in many other industries, so the family won't be in want if the monarchy is abolished.

The greatest force against abolishment of the monarchy, next to the army, is the Church. Alfonso is a devout member. In the same way that he is formally informal, so is he proud in his religious humility. Every Good Friday he carries out the solemn rites of an order to which he belongs. He washes the feet of, and gives food and distributes alms to, the poor. Twelve beggars are chosen for the ablutions. Alfonso requires the presence of the entire court in full regalia to bear witness to his selfabasement. This ceremony is held in the famous Hall of Columns. Nothing is left undone to show the dramatic contrast of regal splendor and abject servility. Contrition becomes magnificence.

On top of throne troubles come domestic worries.

Alfonso has six children. The eldest boy, the Prince of Asturias, is what is commonly known as a bleeder. His is a hereditary malady imparted from mother to son. The second son is deaf. The two daughters, half English, combine the romantic allure of Spain with the fresh open-air charm of the queen's mother country. But they are not eligible for a brilliant royal marriage. The king himself once was forced to write to the King of Italy explaining the danger of the hæmophilic malady being imparted to an heir. Children for them, even if they married privately, would be bringing possible defectives into the world.

This is tragedy because the sisters are both exceptionally attractive. They looked like something off a magazine cover when they were watching the royal yacht races in San Sebastián one summer. The queen, of the Brunhild type—tall, blonde, and healthy-looking—was with them.

Underwood & Underwood

The man who made good with Alfonso in a big business way—the late Ambassador to Spain, Alexander Moore.

The queen was dressed in blue and white sports costume. Princess Beatriz, the older daughter, wore white sports clothes with a brilliant red scarf, and her sister, Maria Christina, also was in white, but wore a bright orange scarf.

The king himself had on white trousers, a navy blue jacket and navy cap. No one would have guessed that anybody in that family was worried about anything.

They were all laughing merrily, seemingly oblivious to the fact that not a single person in the crowd that had gathered to see them cheered or applauded.

THE Prince of Asturias is probably the most pathetic member of the family. He is now able to walk about, but must be supported. He loves to watch any sport, but can never take part. He looks on longingly. Once, after he had fallen down before a crowd watching a tennis match at Santander, he told his mother:

"If I didn't love you so much I would shoot myself."

Specialists have been trying to effect a cure and are said to have made considerable progress.

The second prince, Jaime, or James, was born deaf and dumb. He is a tall, handsome fellow, strong and athletic. He has been learning lip reading. His tutor is a French specialist at Bordeaux. He has learned to make guttural sounds. But most of his friends cannot understand him, and they fear to hurt him by letting him know the truth.

Don Juan, the third son, is his father's favorite and is favored for the throne. Lacking a parliament, the royal family has been unable to make this designation constitutional. Don Juan is healthy, intelligent, good-looking, courageous, and already has a way with the ladies. He is his father's pet. Don Juan is pert. His father likes him for it.

"Isn't he cheeky?" his father comments, when he gets sassy.

The youngest child, Gonzalo, is a healthy boy. He was the favorite with his grandmother, the late Queen Christina.

KINGING in this day and age is precarious enough in itself, and in this respect Alfonso has had more than his share of bad breaks.

He started to take his work seriously. But when he was only twelve years old his country fought and lost a war with the United States. People always like to blame the government for things like that. After that Spain started to have trouble in Morocco. For decades this war continued. It was a war of pride on the part of Spain, and it kept piling up humiliations. More money had to be voted to prosecute this war, more soldiers had to be sent there.

This war was waged for more than twenty years by a constitutional government. And then Primo de Rivera led a revolution in Barcelona. Alfonso approved the dictatorship. The die was cast. Parliamentary government was discontinued. By approving the decrees of the dictatorship Alfonso himself violated the constitution, and his old political supporters, one by one, threatened to join the republican party. Most of them are now republicans.

The king tried all kinds of means to return to constitutional government, but most of the methods proposed proved either unpopular with the politicians or unacceptable to the dictator.

The king and Primo found themselves in the position of holding a bear by the tail. It was dangerous to let go. It was dangerous to continue to hang on.

Several revolts were quelled. Primo was a clever man. He never indulged in reprisals. Of course he would arrest, court-martial, and sentence to death soldiers who turned on the government, but then he would pardon them.

The jovial figure of Primo de Rivera was unique among the dictators of Europe. His régime restored law and order temporarily, put an end to terror and political assassination. He brought to a successful conclusion

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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• FAT •

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"It's the little daily dose that does it"

KING ALFONSO XIII AND MR. ALFONSO BOURBON
Continued from page fifty-seven

that war in Morocco, improved the fiscal condition of the country, and contributed to industrial incentive.

The revolt of the artillery officers in 1926 was directed personally against Primo de Rivera because he had established the merit system of promotion.

The artillery officers are scions of the Spanish aristocracy. The artillery traditions required seniority promotions.

It was on this question that Primo and the king split, and Primo, being the stronger character of the two, won.

THE king promised the artillery officers amnesty if they would surrender. Primo kept them in jail until the king signed all the decrees he had demanded, including the one providing for the establishment of a new system of public representation, based upon professional and industrial activity. The minute that the king signed that decree every leader of the old parliament went over to the republican ranks.

And this is the situation today. Only it is much more acute than ever.

Feeling has been growing in bitterness. The king who once said, "If Spain becomes a republic I am candidate for first president," now says: "I will die rather than yield."

The newspapers reported that during the revolution in December the king personally directed military operations against the rebels.

And two leaders of that rebellion were executed. Their execution was dramatic, and gave the first real martyrs to the cause of republicanism in Spain.

They were army captains and went magnificently to death. They stood before the firing squad and gave it the orders: "Ready!" "Aim!" and then "Fire!" It was the last word either spoke.

THIS was all contrary to the policy of Primo de Rivera. His hands never were stained by the blood of an enemy.

The news that the king personally directed military operations is spreading through Spain. The words "Ready, aim, fire!" may come home to roost.

The king recognizes this possibility. An airplane is ever in waiting near the palace to carry him out of his country.

The little home that Alfonso Bourbon prepared for himself at Santander in case Spain becomes a republic may turn out to be just another castle in Spain.

Maybe that is just one more risk of the trade.

THE END

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ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 32

1—New Zealand.
2—The normal coloring matter of the red corpuscles of vertebrates.
3—Cochineal.
4—In the English Channel off the south coast of England.
5—John Hancock.
6—The Victoria Cross.
7—Jean François Millet.
8—Edmund Spenser.
9—In Ann Arbor, Michigan.
10—Squabs.
11—Italy.
12—In the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris.
13—A love affair.
14—Gigantic; huge.
15—A writing in cipher.
16—Dutch East Indies.
17—A hippopotamus.
18—An object worn as a charm against evil.
19—Toga.
20—Port-au-Prince.

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Half-Way

A Short Short Story

By

SHANNON FIFE

who was born in Texas, lives now at Lake Placid, New York, and occupies himself mostly with writing plays for the stage and screen and achieving as nearly as possible a completely outdoor existence.

(Reading time: 5 min. 27 sec.)

WHEN Hurley's wife telephoned me that he was desperately ill with pneumonia I was preparing to sail for Europe within the hour, but I dropped everything to hasten to his bedside. I had been Hurley's roommate at college and best man at his wedding, and although I had not seen him for several years the warmth of our friendship persisted.

As I taxied posthaste to the hospital I carried with me the mental picture of the same unchanging Hurley I had always known—an undersized mild-mannered type of man, hesitant and undecided as to character, now nearing forty, and apparently reconciled to remain forever a plodding clerk.

But the moment I glimpsed him I was conscious of a startling change. Hurley had been somehow transformed into an entirely different type of person, and solely through the alchemy of a smile.

It was not the resigned smile of one reconciled to death. It was a smile of victory, of proud achievement, of triumphant success—things never even remotely associated with Hurley.

"I've won," he breathed. "I've won at last. Thank God I'm a success."

Through the delirium of intermittent unconsciousness Hurley's declaration of victory and success was repeated again and again.

The nurse, sharing my startled wonderment, whisperingly confided details. At the time of the attending physician's diagnosis they had thought Hurley asleep, only to discover that he had overheard the tragically brief remark of the physician—a few ominous words virtually sealing Hurley's doom. And it was upon hearing these words that Hurley had first smiled his smile of success.

To add to our bewilderment we knew that Hurley wanted to live. Among many other reasons was the bond between him and his wife, a colorless, repressed little woman who moved meekly in an aura of self-obliteration, and who seemed a perfect complement to Hurley's mild negations of character. Between them was a deep love, a piteous, clinging-together type of devotion which had always been woven through the drab texture of their lives.

SHE was sitting there at his bedside, tremulously whispering words of endearment and encouragement to him. The pressing proximity of my sailing hour drew me reluctantly from the room. As I paused at the door for a last lingering look at my friend, there came once more Hurley's exultant tocsin:

"I've won; I'm a success."

And accompanying the words was the illuminating glory of his triumphant smile—a smile born in the same moment that he had heard the sentence of death passed upon him.

I was well out at sea when the agony of my suspenseful waiting was finally relieved by the arrival of a radiogram. I opened it tremblingly. Hurley had passed the crisis and would live! . . .

Business kept me in Europe for more than a year. Almost immediately upon my return home a telephone message from Hurley took me to his office. If I had been amazed at the metamorphosis of the man at the hospital, I was dumfounded now. Hurley, radiant with success, was established in a splendidly appointed office, the enthusiastic head of a flourishing brokerage business.

He immediately sensed my profound bewilderment, chuckled delightedly, settled back in his chair, and told me his story—the story of "Half-Way" Hurley.

He began with his entrance into matrimony, only half-way prepared for its responsibilities. He dwelt at length upon his half-way success as an accountant; of half-way health; of the half-paid mortgage upon his home, a home which was bereft of children because Hurley felt himself only half-way fitted for the exactions of parenthood.

"AND so I drifted on and on," he explained, "always at the half-way mark in everything, until my inner mind was dominated by the psychology of defeatism, and my subconscious self labeled me 'Half-Way' Hurley.

"Finally I began to grow ashamed of myself. I thought of my wife. I began to want success. Desperately I began to plan success. I knew that I was a victim of psychology, and I knew that the laws of psychology work both ways. I reasoned that if there could be one thing in my life not done half-way that thing would serve as a psychological symbol of success.

"On the spur of the moment I selected my half-completed garden as that symbol. I worked furiously, trying to rush it to a completed condition. I badly overtaxed my strength and in a moment of lowered resistance contracted my pneumonia. I was carried to the hospital bitter with the realization that I was still 'Half-Way' Hurley—that I still lacked my symbol of success. Man, how I wanted that symbol of one thing well done. How I needed it!

"And then, suddenly, the physician who examined me gave me that symbol with words never intended for my ears—words which virtually portended my death but which, ironically and whimsically enough, were to me the elixir of life; words which gave birth to my smile of achievement; words which made me resolve not only to live, but to push everything in my future life to completion and success. They were the words spoken by the doctor to the nurse when he said: 'There's nothing half-way about this case; he has *double* pneumonia.'

"And there was my symbol. At last I had stopped doing things by halves." . . .

In the silence that followed, Hurley's telephone rang and I heard him conversing with his wife. And in those few sentences was tenderly crystallized all of the love one human can bear for another.

"This time it's my wife who is at the hospital," Hurley said as he hung up. "I've got to hustle over there at once and you must come along. You see, that's the real reason I've sent for you. There's to be an addition to the family and you're to be godfather."

Enthusiastically I shouted my congratulations, and asked: "What is it—a girl or a boy?"

Hurley threw back his head with a long joyous laugh—a laugh vibrant with the pride and strength and power that comes with assured success.

"There's nothing half-way about that, either," he exulted. "It's both!"

THE END

"a new cosmetique that

WON'T MAKE LASHES BRITTLE"

"GIVE US"—women said—"a cosmetique that won't make lashes brittle, beady or coarse looking . . . one that *will* give a natural, not a theatrical effect . . ."

Here it is: The new Liquid Winx with the Double Treatment formula . . . First, it darkens and beautifies. Smart? Yes—but always natural. Then Winx *softens* lashes. Try it! Send 10¢ for the new Vanity Size.

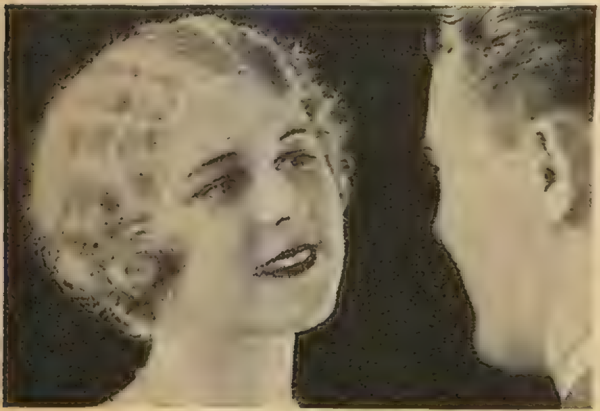
For Lovely Lashes **WINX**

ROSS COMPANY, Dept. L-1, 243 W. 17th St., New York

Enclosed please find 10¢ for the Vanity Size (enough for a month's use) of the new Liquid Winx.

*Name*__________________

*Address*__________________



Stay BLONDE

. . . you owe it to HIM

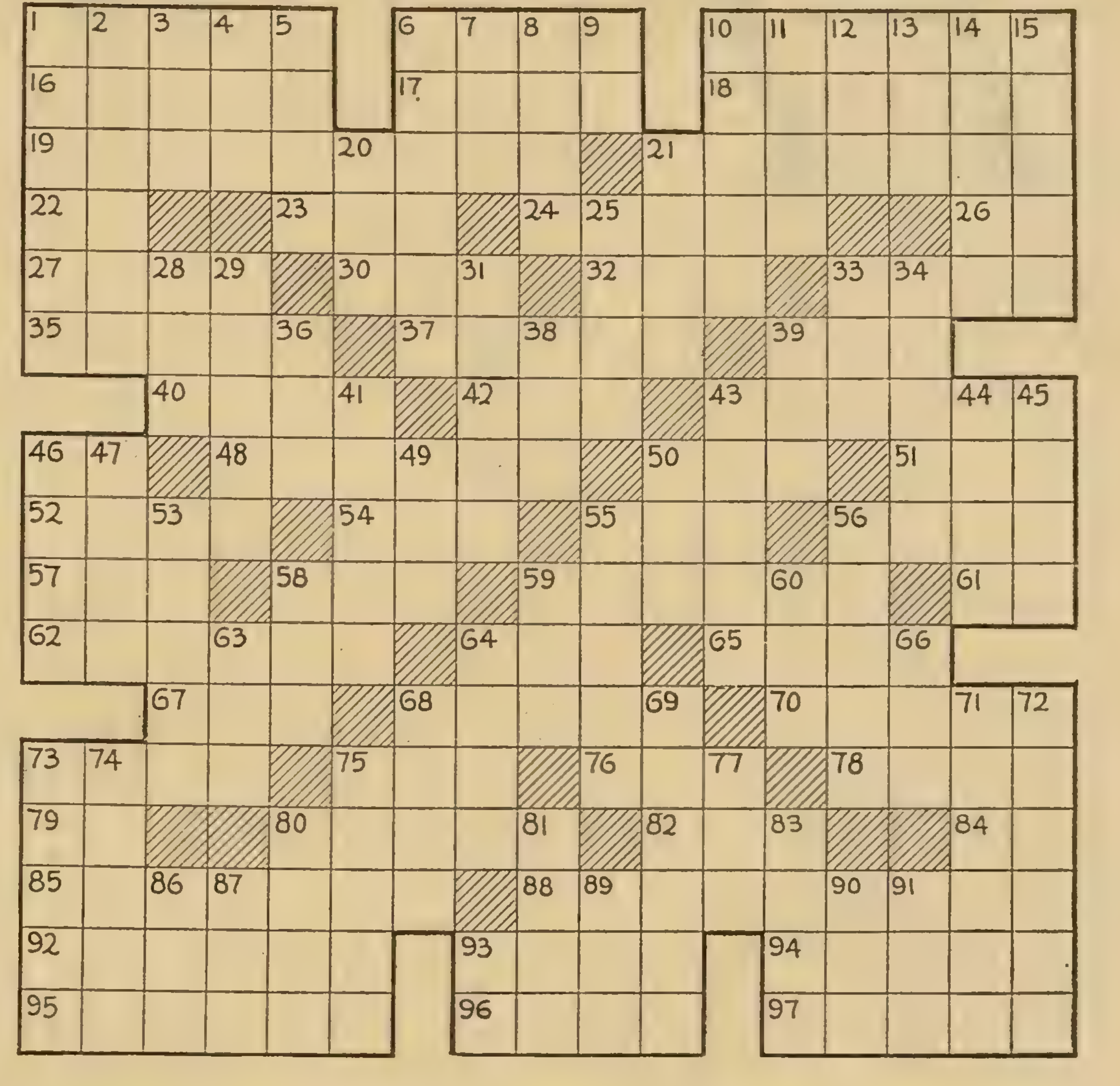
DON'T slack. He'll be the first to notice when your golden hair begins to darken. Use Blondex, the special shampoo that not only prevents darkening—but safely restores soft-gleaming brilliance to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for scalp. A million delighted Blondex users can't be wrong. At all the leading drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

Psyllium Seed

The first importation of the new 1930 French crop is now available. The seed is of unusual quality, black, lustrous, with a remarkably high oil content. Cleaned by a special process, all chaff, dirt and foreign substances have been removed, offering a perfect Psyllium Seed for medicinal use.

Try this amazing seed for the treatment of constipation. It is not a drug nor a medicine. It is a natural seed, combining in one treatment the advantages of bran, agar and mineral oil. A five pound tin will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of three dollars and fifty cents to Seedol Laboratories, Dept. No. 39, 27 West 20th St., New York City.

Two Puzzles *for*



HORIZONTAL

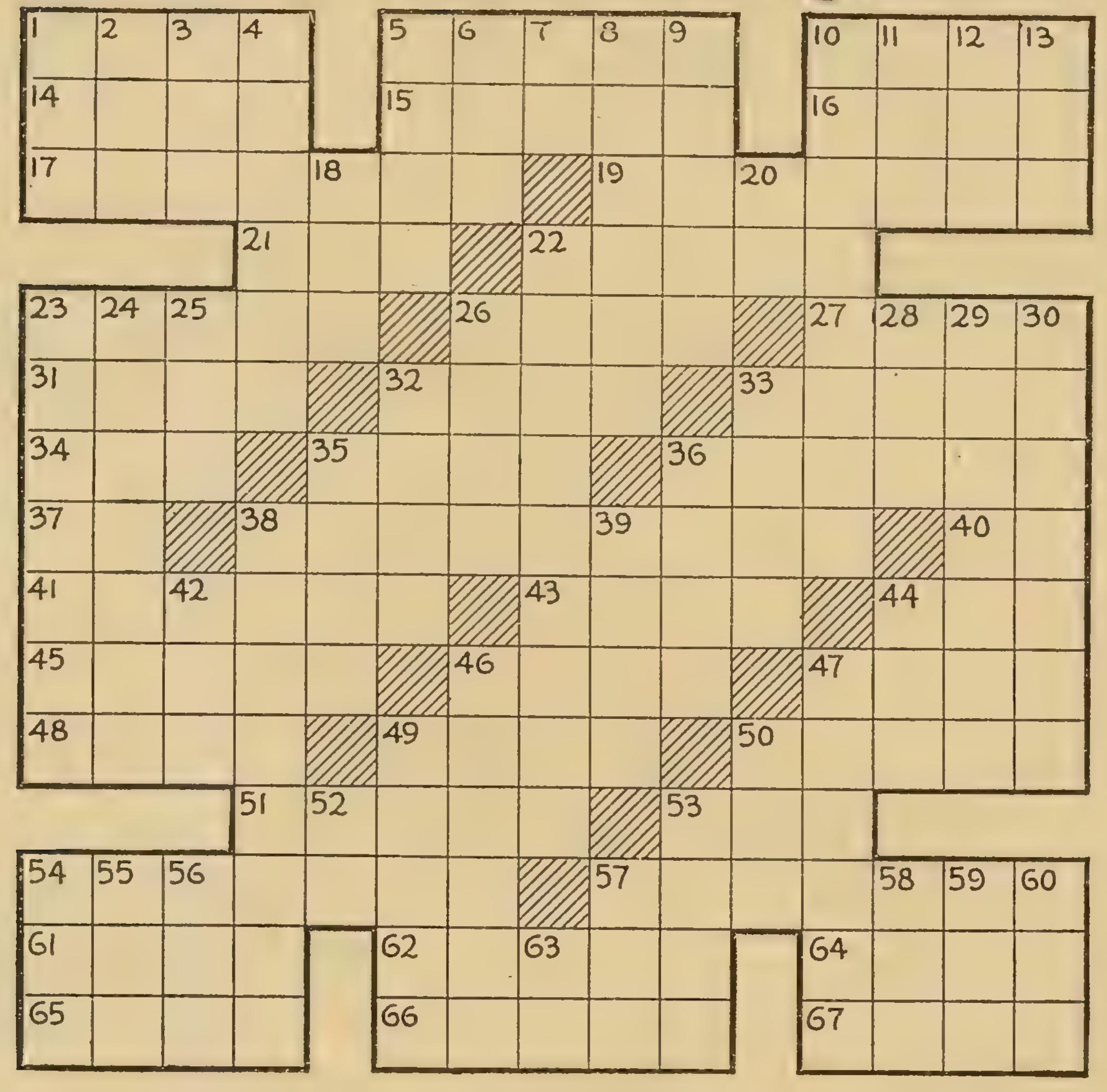
1 Suffers defeat
6 Genus of trees
10 Massachusetts city
16 Titular hero of a Rousseau novel
17 Entrance or passage
18 Characterized by melody
19 Animal jelly (plural)
21 Affirms; declares
22 An element (symbol)
23 Furthermore
24 Resolve a sentence into its elements
26 Latin conjunction
27 Chinese weight
30 Pinch
32 Born
33 Excludes
35 Worms
37 Former Vice President of the U. S.
39 Part of a wheel
40 Narrative poem
42 Unrefined
43 Shallow dish (pl.)
46 Exclamation
48 Builds
50 Light carriage
51 Digit
52 A gaze askance
54 Beam
55 A container
56 Slave
57 Constellation
58 Distant
59 Fondle
61 Printer's measure
62 Foot covering
64 Parity
65 Perches
67 Immeasurable period of time
68 Wooden shoe
70 Pares
73 Secrete
75 Because that
76 Disfigure
78 Falls in drops
79 Over and in contact
80 A city in Massachusetts
82 Billow
84 The symbol for an element
85 Utter a second time
88 Flower head of a plant used as a vegetable
92 Calm
93 Kind of cheese
94 A candle
95 Barters
96 Electrified particles
97 Outbuildings

VERTICAL

1 An ambassador or envoy
2 Greek letter (pl.)
3 Yellow ocher
4 Note in the original scale
5 Bristles
6 Frank
7 A poem
8 Speech defect
9 By
10 Billiard shot
11 Bottom end of a wooden pulley block
12 Recline
13 Kind of beetle
14 Salt of ether
15 Cozy abodes
20 Hostelry
21 Measures of area
25 Over again
28 Compass point
29 Leprosy sufferer
31 Political group
33 A conjunction
34 Incites
36 Title of respect
38 Form of to be
39 Witch
41 Pertaining to wax
43 Tree (plural)
44 Not one
45 Observed
46 Exclamation
47 Wife of Zeus
49 A vehicle
50 A fish
53 Brought forth young
55 Billiard shot
56 Ethereal salt
58 Air agitator
59 A conveyance
60 Sup
63 A deer
64 Peel
66 Large wave
68 A fish
69 Tries the flavor of
71 Joined; coupled
72 Scoffs
73 Raise
74 Bury
75 Destinies
77 Brazilian coin
80 Mentally sound
81 A loin cloth
83 Deeds
86 Period
87 A color
89 Japanese money of account
90 Exclamation
91 Open
93 Prefix: twice

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 Drive in or down by a succession of blows
5 Combining form meaning loving, fond of
10 Prevalent; existing generally
14 Declare in a positive manner
15 Made of the grain of a cereal plant
16 Of or pertaining to an era
17 Those employed in servile offices
19 American variety of hardy white grape
21 To expel moisture from
22 To be filled with fervent devotion
23 The wild buffalo of India
26 Disclose to view
27 The young of a domestic animal
31 Ovule
32 At any period or point of time
33 A gem carved in relief
34 Rested
35 Slender threadlike outgrowth of an animal
36 That of which any physical object is composed
37 A fish
38 An aspirant or contestant for an office
40 The symbol for an element
41 Becomes serious or subdued in demeanor
43 The fruiting spike of any cereal (pl.)
44 Part of a horse's bridle
45 Lyric poem
46 Insects
47 A prong
48 Distinguished performer
49 A stake in the game of poker
50 Organs of an animal body
51 Eagles
53 Propel
54 Bread basket
57 Dark spots on a gray or tawny ground
61 County in New York
62 Harmonize in opinion or action
64 Silkworm
65 Sleeps
66 Former English gold coins
67 Colorer

VERTICAL

1 A cap
2 A salutation
3 Pieces or counters used in checkers
4 Indulged in self-esteem; plumed
5 Combining form meaning many
6 Possesses
7 Pronoun
8 One who grants the use of
9 The bulb of a liliaceous plant
10 To freeze together again
11 Man's name
12 Distant
13 A note of Guido's scale
18 Exist
20 An area ten meters square
22 A gentle laxative (plural)
23 Successions of zones bearing typical fossils of the same species
24 Again to take and receive as one's own
25 Mesh fabric
26 Poet of ancient Rome
28 Danish land division
29 Joining
30 Salts of boric acid
32 Bears young
33 Domestic animals
35 A rodent
36 A planet
38 Hydrocarbon in red cedar oil (plural)
39 A fruit
42 A serpent
44 Goods receptacle
46 Lack of energy
47 Rotated
49 Close by
50 Medieval lyric poem
52 Japanese measure
53 Crude metal (plural)
54 Write
55 A constellation
56 Pinch
57 Babylonian deity
58 Free from moisture
59 Recline
60 Attention
63 Egyptian god

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

...and now those UGLY HAIRS can *never* grow again!

Now you can be forever free from ugly, unfeminine hair. Koremlu Cream — the achievement of a noted French scientist — not only removes the hair *for all time*, but actually is most beneficial to the skin itself.

Koremlu Cream is not a temporary corrective of superfluous hair; *it is a permanent cure*—and is backed by a written guarantee. Koremlu is a delightfully fragrant cream. You easily and quickly apply it to the skin, like cold cream, and leave it on all night. It *removes* the unwanted hair from any part of the body by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, destroying them safely but surely. Koremlu Cream, used regularly for a definite period as directed is guaranteed by a signed, money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have alway hoped for—*the complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair.*

Rejoice that you can now be rid forever of all unwanted hair. Send the coupon *today* for full details of the Koremlu Cream method.

Koremlu Cream is sold at leading department stores. (Ask them for booklet.) If you cannot get Koremlu Cream in your locality, you may order direct from us.

KOREMLU

for *permanent* hair removal

KOREMLU, Inc., 11 West 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me booklet (in plain envelope) giving full information about Koremlu Cream for the guaranteed removal of superfluous hair.

Name..........
2-B
Address..........

Easy Way To Make Hands Soft and White

A dandy way to make dry, rough, red or work-stained hands soft, smooth and white is to rub into the hands, after each washing, a few drops of a mixture of sea moss and glycerin. Sea moss is a noted skin-whitener and softener, and glycerin a splendid balm. In combination, the two make a remarkable lotion. You can buy this lotion at any good drug store. It is called Nepto Lotion and costs only 50c a bottle.

Nepto Lotion makes dry, rough or red hands soft, supple and white. It makes "houseworky" hands look aristocratic. Nepto Lotion may be used on the face or any other part of the body with as great benefit as on the hands. Wherever it is used, it whitens, smooths and refreshes. It also relieves and prevents chapping, chafing, sunburn and windburn. Rub a few drops into your skin before going out and it will protect your skin from the withering effects of sun and wind. Nepto Lotion is a naturally good thing for the skin and can do no harm whatever. Contains no grease to clog the pores and catch dirt. Rubs in dry and smooth so you can powder over it. Economical, too, as a little of this unique lotion goes a long way.

If your druggist or department store cannot supply you, send coupon attached for free trial size bottle of Nepto Lotion.

E. L. Patch Co., Dept. 16-L-221
Stoneham P. O.,
Boston, Mass.

Free Trial

Send free trial size bottle of NEPTO LOTION.

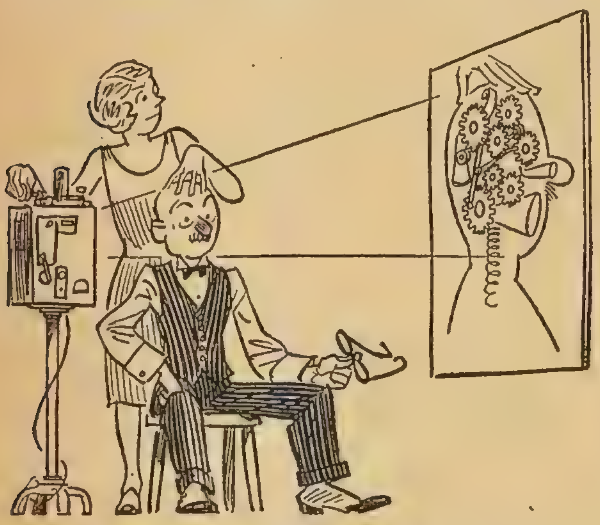
Name..........
Address..........
Town.......... State..........

Vox

Would This Picture Do?

Oil City, Pa.—Hey, I got to thinkin': Why not drop that little item in which you so generously offer 100 bucks for short short stories—stop kiddin' us. You could use the space for somethin' useful.

Anyway, one must have a very interesting past to tack up over the short short story in order to get one published. Ho, hum! I can see myself sweating away into the wee small hours diggin' up the past. It'd have to read this way:



A short short story by Miss So-and-So, whose exciting career has included several dangerous exploits in the dark regions of Africa for the Umphery Newspaper Service, and a nonstop flight around the world in quest of news for the Daily Blaa. She has written several famous novels, is a noted singer, is wedded to a famous literature artist, etc., etc.

Ya know, I'd love to get hold of an instrument that would give a picture of the editor's head-works and see what makes the wheels run so funny (if there are any?).—*E. Dayton.*

Oh, Come, Cap'n—How About Terence Mulvaney—and the Foreign Legion?

Columbus, Ohio—Your editorial of January 17 on "self-destruction" was, as usual, interesting even if one didn't agree with your theories or observations.

It was, in general, complimentary to the military service, but your statement that "A man may lie, steal, drink, and cavort with the fair sex and still be a good soldier" is so erroneous and misleading as to require correction. In the army, lying in an official statement or in connection with fraud is always punished.—*C. C. Park, Capt., F. A.*

Trouble Is, You Don't Restate What the Editorial Said

Saint John, N. B., Can.—Spoofing us, weren't you, Editor, in your editorial, "Self-Destruction"? No? Well, perhaps not.

With your intention who could quarrel? It is a fact, pure and simple, that we are becoming too successful in accidentally killing ourselves. And apart from withholding the stigma of suicide from a suicide's survivors, the practice of returning a verdict of accidental death whenever possible, when self-destruction has been deliberately embraced, has become too prevalent, and is a shirking of the consequences.

But the way you went about proving your point, Editor, was too plausible to be true. The reflection became like that which comes from a concave mirror—too thin. Cases can be made, we'll agree, to show almost anything. As you say, "a case can be made out also to show that it is more disgraceful in some ways—more ignominious and more a confession of failure in life—to shoot one's self accidentally than it is to do it deliberately."

The trouble is that cases of such sort so frequently have the consistency, cohesiveness, and impregnable logicity of a Swiss cheese.

Toothsome morsels such arguments are, like the doughnut. If only, as with the doughnut, one didn't always arrive at the hole!

May I restate your editorial in this wise: Suicide is properly regarded as failure; still, it is finer to have failure for a purpose, and to achieve it, than to have success for an aim and accidentally to fail, as when we go hunting and accidentally kill ourselves.

What a time you must have had when writing that editorial, teeter-tottering back and forth as you did on the principle that two and two make five!—*Walter G. Hughes.*

Well, Things Don't Look So Bright This Week

Brooklyn, N. Y.—I like everything about your mag. The stories are great! You should see the frown on my brow when I have read the whole mag and find that there is no more.

When it comes to the point where a girl tells Tom, Dick, and Harry that she can't see them because she has a date with "Good Ole Lib" you can realize how good your mag is.

When all those sarcastic letters come rushing in and everything looks dark, just let me know and I will try to cheer you up.—"*Señorita.*"

"If People Could Only Understand"

Montgomery, W. Va.—I've been watching comments on John Monk Saunders' recent Nikki stories in Liberty. So far only C. S. Chandler of Santa Monica seems to know what it is all about. I know several Sheps and Bills and especially do I know several men like the "Washout."

Shep and Bill were fortunate. The pity is they couldn't have finished it on the front. God knows what will happen to the "Washout"—jail, the penitentiary, the chair, or the gutter.

I was with these boys at the front, in Paris, and in the billets after the war. If our people could only understand your Nikki stories, what a difference it would make to these men! Many of them could be rehabilitated. They ought to be. They are brave, lovable, true soldiers—the débris of war. They ought to be in the hospital with many Nikkis for nurses.

God bless Nikki and all of her kind; and there are more of her kind than most of our pet pacifists think.—*George M. Ford.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—May I shake hands with C. S. Chandler, whose letter in Vox Pop for January 24 is the only letter I have read in that column which sees the tragedy behind the irrational buffoonery of Nikki and her friends?

Having myself been through those experiences, which strip life of sanity and make normal living impossible for a time, I know that the only cure is Time, and the only way to survive would seem to be through a series of irresponsible adventurings during which the soul, if strong enough, makes its way back to normal living, with only scars to mark the wounds life made.

I am not mushy, but have had tears in my eyes while reading Nikki and a prayer in my heart for all who are passing through such a hell.

Some are fortunate enough to go through life without those shattering experiences, which shake the universe and bewilder the soul to such an extent that God and Love seem a dream and one's own living a nightmare through which one madness follows another madness without reason or habit to interpret the sequence. Thank God some of us win out, and should, in our regained knowledge of the Universal Order, not forget to sympathize with those who are still in the labyrinth.

This may not seem important and for all I know is not, but some things are too sad and too heartbreaking for those who have not suffered to understand.—*V.*

Pop

Pooh and Piffle: or, A Cure for Ranters

SOMEWHERE IN MISS.—Why all the Vox Pop hullabaloo about married women in business?

It is just as silly to expect every married woman to be a home maker as it is to expect every married man to be a ditch digger.

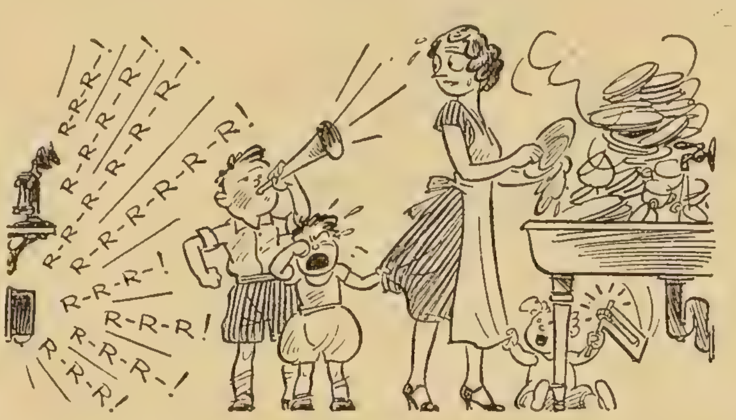
Brains know no sex, and I am very thankful that, in this enlightened age, the woman who is capable of work and desires to work can work at something else than the dreary round of housekeeping.

And again, you don't have to go very far to find immoral young men and women. Look them over.

Right now I have in mind a fallen young woman whose mother is not one of these business women, but the wife of a minister and a faithful home maker. And still another, whose mother is no bridge-playing, gallivanting woman, but one of these faithful household drudges.

Pooh and piffle, I say. You find as many errant boys and girls from homes where the mother is the dray horse in the way her conscience dictates.

I see no cure for such ranters except to give them one week in a house, with kids tied to their apron strings, three meals to cook each day, thousands of dirty dishes to wash, the telephone to answer and the doorbell, get the kiddies off to school, attend to baby, clean the house, mop the kitchen floor, do the family mending, and the other million and one et ceteras of home making.


R-R-R-R-R-!
R-R-R-R-R-R-R-!
R-R-R-R-!
R-R-R-!
R-R-R-R-!

If, after one week of such hectic living, they are not ready for bedlam, I miss my guess. Give the poor married woman a chance.—*Mrs. Lee D. Hall.*

Aw, You Behave!

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—On the front page of your otherwise admirable mag you erroneously state that your publication is "for everybody." Now, why in heck don't you be truthful about the whole thing and come right out and say that it is for women and other morons?—*Just a Male.*

We Wouldn't Know About This

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—'Tween me and you, and the rest of the gang, I think there is a skunk in the woodpile because I smell a rat! I read Robert Benchley's article in January 24 issue, Liberty Weekly, "The Helping Hand," in which he said he tried to be public-spirited. The way he was acting could not be public spirits—no, sir, I'll never believe it. He may have been corn-spirited or maybe rye-spirited, but public-spirited never.

Say, I'll bet that guy wasn't drinking coffee that morning when that gang arrived to repair his house. Imagine a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Have Lovely Lips for 8 Hours

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

You apply when you go out

Eight hours later—lovely lips!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

man drinking seven cups of coffee! Well, maybe he did. It must have been toasted, and buttered, with a dash of jam, and good to the last drop, or else he would never have been able to drink seven cups. Seven cups! Think of it! Seven cups of coffee is a lot of coffee. It must be almost a potful, and not a small pot at that. Seven cups of *coffee?* Well, maybe I am wrong.—*A Popper.*

O Yeah?

VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—Last week Anne asked in Vox Pop: "Is there any man who would be gracious enough to take his wife back after she had wronged him, as in Henry Kitchell Webster's story, 'The Lover'?"

Please let me answer her query.

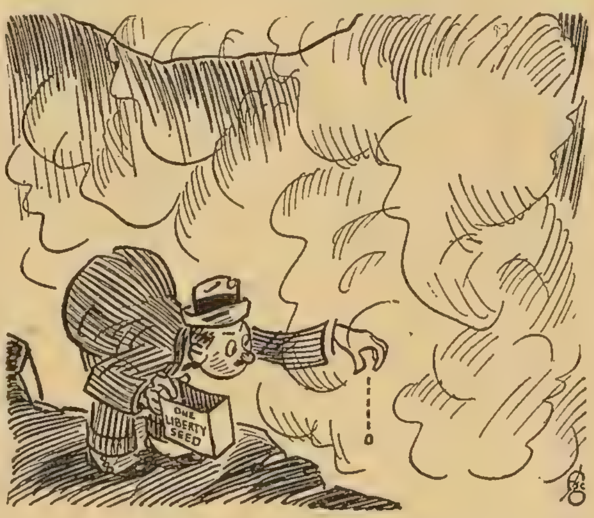
Listen, Anne dear, nearly all married men do just that sort of thing, but very few of them know it.—*Alba.*

Distressing Effect of a Liberty Editorial

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Your editorial on divorce in the January 24 issue was written for me. I married in New York State eighteen years ago and separated from *her* six years ago. Am a wanderer on the highroad as a result. I want freedom. Cannot get it in New York State without paying. Have been fluctuating on the divorce question for some time and today your editorial settles the question. I am starting for Reno to get me one of those divorces. Now see what you have done.—*A Reader.*

How Quaint

BAIRD, TEX.—I have so little use for tobacco that if there were only one tobacco seed in the world I would put it in the fire and burn it. Presto, and no more tobacco. Also, Buddy, if Liberty grew from seeds (and it does) and there were only one Liberty seed, I would gladly crawl or fly, or both, from Texas to the crater of Mount Vesuvius and gently plant it.—*C. W. Fowler.*



Lines to the Author of "Chivalry in the Air"

PORTLAND, ORE.—What a silly ass is this Lt. Col. Wm. A. Bishop. What a lot of rot he can think. He must be the "daisy" of the squadron. You'd think the enemy and ourselves threw cream puffs at each other. Honest, Liberty, you've got guts to print such rot and lies. You'd think we of the air forces were "delighted" to suck ears with the German pilots. God! All I can say is what rot and I hope I never buy another Liberty (Ha!) as long as I live.

Yours in disgust.—*A. B. C.*

It Probably Wouldn't Be as Much Fun

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—Why couldn't some of these people who raise hell just to see it grow have been born twins? Then they could fight with each other without bothering anybody. — *Earle Martin.*

Joke

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—Thank Floyd Gibbons for his article, "How It Feels to Be Shot" (with lead). I've often wondered what it would be like. You see, I wasn't in the war, and I've never been to Chicago.—*Harry P. Sullivan.*

You Tell Him

[RADIOGRAM]

OAKLAND CALIF
ENJOYED FLOYD GIBBONS STORY VERY MUCH STOP WONDER IF HE KNOWS HOW IT FEELS TO BE HALF SHOT
GENE CLARK

Sorry. It Isn't There

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Where is the rest of that "Dilemma" story in your January 24 issue?

"Decide. . . . She must decide. They were waiting for her to speak."

Now I ask you, is that any way to end a story? Dig into that pile of short short stories and see if you can find the rest of it.—*R. Harvey.*

How to Lose Fat a Pound a Day

Do
Just These Two Simple Things...Fat Melts Away

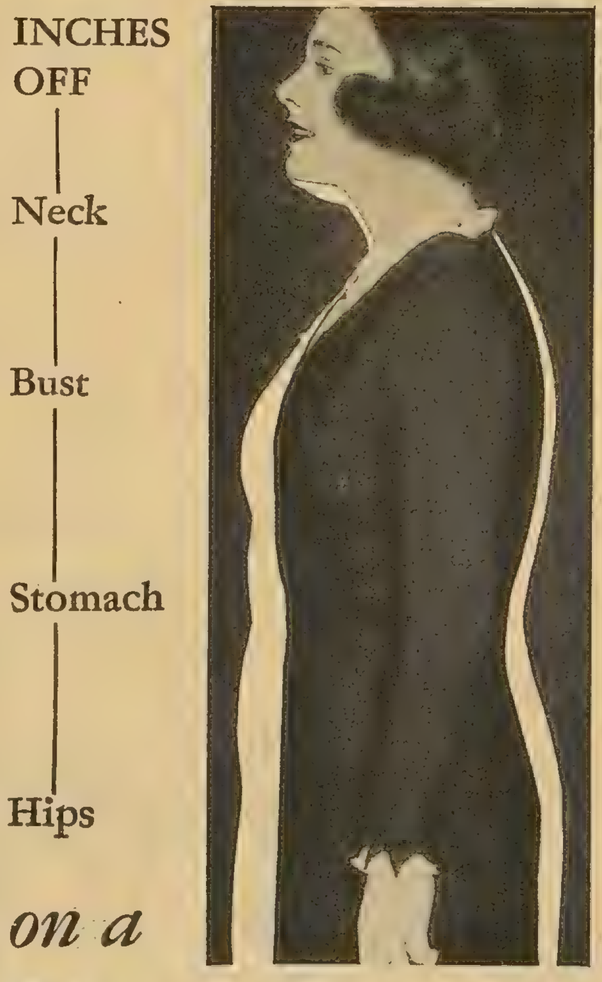
Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normal, overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach.* Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment,* you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking two teaspoons of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand—*of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted—or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good size piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit—except bananas.



on a Full Stomach

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach.* Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have. The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit*—with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat, decreases your fat day by day. The salts clear your system and cut moisture-weight. The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

Swat the Tsk-Tsk Midge!

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

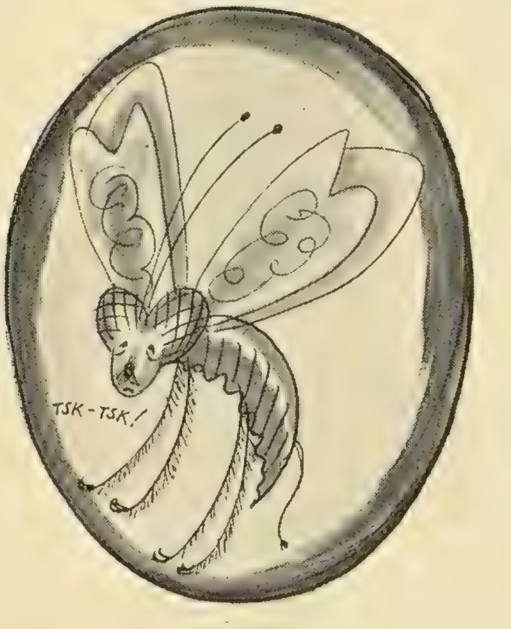
Pictures by PETER ARNO

(Reading time: 6 min. 17 sec.)

AMONG the least flashy, and least interesting, of the movements looking toward the betterment of the human race comes our intensive campaign in the Uganda for the elimination of the tsk-tsk midge, or Hassenway's crab-fly. The tsk-tsk midge (or Hassenway's crab-fly) is something like the tsetse fly, except that it uses the hyphen. It is a very tiny fly, with plain features, and was first discovered by Dr. Ambercus Hassenway while he was looking for something else.

For a long time the residents of the Uganda had been conscious of the fact that *some*thing was wrong with them, but couldn't quite decide what it was. They were nervous and fidgety and likely to break down and cry if you pointed a finger at them, until it finally got so that they would just walk about all day rubbing two sticks together and looking out of the corners of their eyes at people. This was bad for business.

It was not until Dr. Hassenway isolated the tsk-tsk midge and had a good talk with it, that the Ugandans realized what the trouble was. They had been accepting the tsk-tsk midges all along, thinking that they were caraway seeds and rather liking them. Dr. Hassenway pointed out their error and showed them that this little animal was probably the cause of all their *malaise*, and, in recognition of his services to them, they insisted on renaming the tsk-tsk midge Hassenway's crab-fly. Dr. Hassenway protested that he really had done nothing to deserve this honor, that he already had had an oak tree blight named after him ("Hassenway's leaf-itch"), and that he was going home in a couple of days anyway. But the natives insisted, and Hassenway's crab-fly it was.



Then began the campaign to eliminate it. Dr. Hassenway is said to have remarked, a little bitterly: "Why bother to change its name if you are going to eliminate it right away?" But he took the thing in good part and entered into the game with a will. In fact, it was he who threw the first midge in the opening battle.

The first thing to do was, obviously, to discover the personal habits of the tsk-tsk and try to upset them. It was discovered (probably by Dr. Hassenway, as he was the only one in the Uganda at the time who knew how to read and write or even part his hair) that the tsk-tsk midge was dependent on a certain set of antennæ, cleverly concealed under a sort of raglan-like coat, for its pleasure in biting people. The bite of the tsk-tsk midge, by the way, is barely noticeable at the time of biting. The victim merely feels that he has forgotten something. It is not until later that he begins to rub two sticks together and look out of the corners of his eyes. And, by then, it is too late.

Now, in order to remove these antennæ, or "antlers," it is necessary to get the tsk-tsk midge into an awkward position, such as a big bonfire or a printing press. He must be convinced that he is among friends, and then set upon; a rather nasty trick, if you ask me. The difficulty comes in locating the midge, for he is (I don't know why I keep referring to the midge as "he." "Midge" is certainly a girl's name.)—it is—able to change its color, and even its shape, at the drop of a hat. This completely confused Dr. Hassenway.

The next complication to arise in this mammoth battle of man against midge was the discovery of the fact that the female midge did not lay eggs but *bought* them from a sort of common egg supply. (If I am not making myself clear to you, you have nothing on me. I am, frankly, in a panic about the thing.) All that we know *is*, that the female midge, when she wants to hatch a couple of million eggs, goes to the corner egg place and, in exchange for some bits of old moss and acorn ends, gets the required number of larvæ. These she takes home and puts into a quick oven, and, in fifteen or twenty minutes, there are you, bitten by a whole new set of tsk-tsk midges. The only way to fight this sort of thing was, obviously, to close up the egg supply stations. Try and do it, however.

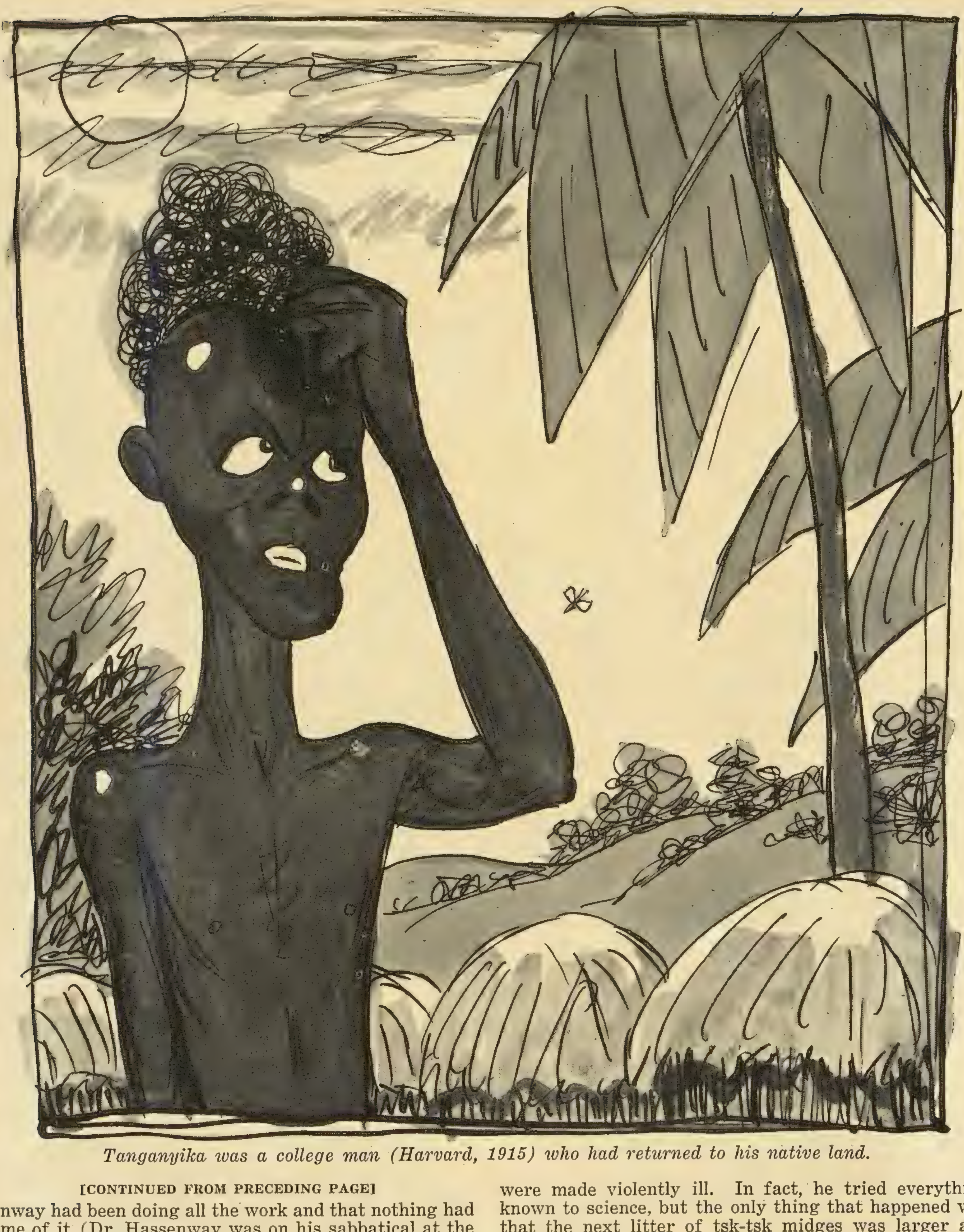
The problem called for outside help. Dr. Hassenway cabled to America, imploring the authorities to start a drive in behalf of this humanitarian campaign, and, as a result of a whirlwind publicity avalanche, the good people of that country sent an expedition of five scientists to the Uganda with instructions to stay there. These scientists, under leadership of Dr. Joe Glatz, set out October 12, 1929, and, so far as anyone has ever found out, never arrived.

So far, so good. The tsk-tsk midges had, by this time, so firmly intrenched themselves in the more tender sections of the Uganda that the natives were looking up timetables and planning business trips into the interior. It was a young Ugandan, Tanganyika Tangan (yika) by name, who finally came forward with a plan which was destined at least to postpone this hegira and to give his countrymen a good night's sleep.

TANGANYIKA was a college man (Harvard, 1915) who had returned to his native land on a visit after graduation and had never got around to putting on his collar again. He saw the crisis and he decided that it was up to him to meet it. So he called a council of chiefs and told them that, unless they worked up some way to get rid of this devastating pest (pointing, by mistake, to his father), the country would be the laughingstock of the civilized world. "A people of our caliber," he said, "a people of our traditions, do not go on forever being bitten by tsk-tsk midges." (There were cries of "Hassenway's crab-flies!" from the Extreme Left, but he frowned them down.)

He then brought out some maps and charts which he had had left over from his botany course at Harvard and showed them that, for every tsk-tsk midge which was born, 300,000 Ugandan babies woke up in the night and asked for a drink of water. He showed them that Dr. Has-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Tanganyika was a college man (Harvard, 1915) who had returned to his native land.

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

senway had been doing all the work and that nothing had come of it (Dr. Hassenway was on his sabbatical at the time, a fact which was noticed only when Tanganyika mentioned it), and that if the Uganda was to have any national pride left, the tsk-tsk midge must go. Then he threw himself on the ground in a tribal doze.

It was, at this time, what is known as "the rainy season" in the Uganda, which means that everybody had lost interest. Everybody, that is, except the midges, and they were working in three shifts. Tanganyika tried to start grass fires, with a view to burning the midge nests, but succeeded only in burning his fingers badly. He instituted a spraying contest, in which the youths on the left side of the village street tried to spray more poison around than the youths on the right side of the street, with the result that the youths on both sides of the street were made violently ill. In fact, he tried everything known to science, but the only thing that happened was that the next litter of tsk-tsk midges was larger and had better color.

This is where the matter stands now. Dr. Hassenway and Tanganyika are both at French Lick Springs and don't seem to care any more. The natives of the Uganda are getting used to being made nervous and jumpy, and *they* don't seem to care any more. The tsk-tsk midges are having the time of their lives. The only ones who are concerned in the elimination of this little animal are the scientists, and I don't know how much longer their interest can be held. I am issuing this as a sort of appeal that Something Be Done!

Mr. Benchley will publish another paper on things that matter in an early issue of Liberty.

HIT and RUN

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

WITH a rattle-bang-bang Jerry the iceman drove his big truck up the hill. Water sprayed from under the wheels as they splashed through slushy puddles. Flakes of ice went skimming from the road and slid over the snow crust in the ditch.

"Got a hitch! Got a hitch!" a man in a dirty white apron yelled from the seat of a wagon filled with Kathleen's Homemade Pies. But Jerry paid no attention. He was trying to decide which dizzy blonde to take to the movies that night and he wasn't interested in hitches.

"Isn't this fun?" Gwendolyn Smithers giggled from the tailboard of the ice truck. "There's nothing like hitchin'. Drag your feet like this an' slap 'em when you get to puddles." She demonstrated this thrilling stunt.

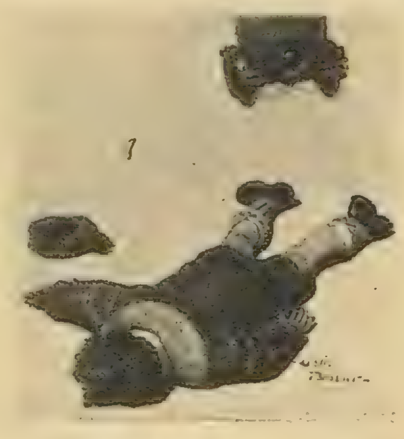
"I have to drag my feet," Red Hancock told her. "My fingers are slippin' an' I can't keep my feet off the road."

"He'll stop soon," she laughed, swinging her legs out behind her. "Then we'll eat some ice while he goes in houses. If he forgets his pick we can pick holes in his tires. Then when he gets goin' again he'll get a flat an' have to stop an'—an'—"

She stopped talking. The truck went bump-bump-bumping over a rough stretch of road flanked by trenches filled with gas pipes and workmen and tin lunch pails.

"Got a hitch!" a man shouted, waving a shovel in the air. "Got a hitch!" He was going to yell another warning, but some dirt rolled into his mouth and he wished he hadn't been such a calamity howler in the first place.

"Why don'tcha stop?" Gwen called to Jerry. "I think I smell food in those pails an' I'd like to get some."



This week's cover picture.

"You'd think about grub," Red panted, trying to tighten his grip on the tailboard, "if you were hangin' by your teeth an' one toe from an airplane one thousand miles from nowhere."

Rattle-bang-bang! The truck crossed an abandoned trolley track and nearly jerked the children's arms from their swaying bodies. Rattle-bang-bang!

"Got a hitch!" a little boy shrilled from a farmhouse gate. But Jerry didn't hear. He waved his hand before turning a corner and the truck sped down the hill. Faster. Faster. A dog barked.

"Gee!" Gwen said. "Look at us go!"

"I'm not lookin'," Red told her. "I'm not doin' anything but holdin' on. I'm scared an' I'm tired an' if we don't stop soon—"

"Stop!" Gwen shrieked. "Stop! We can't keep holdin' on much longer. If you don't stop this old truck—"

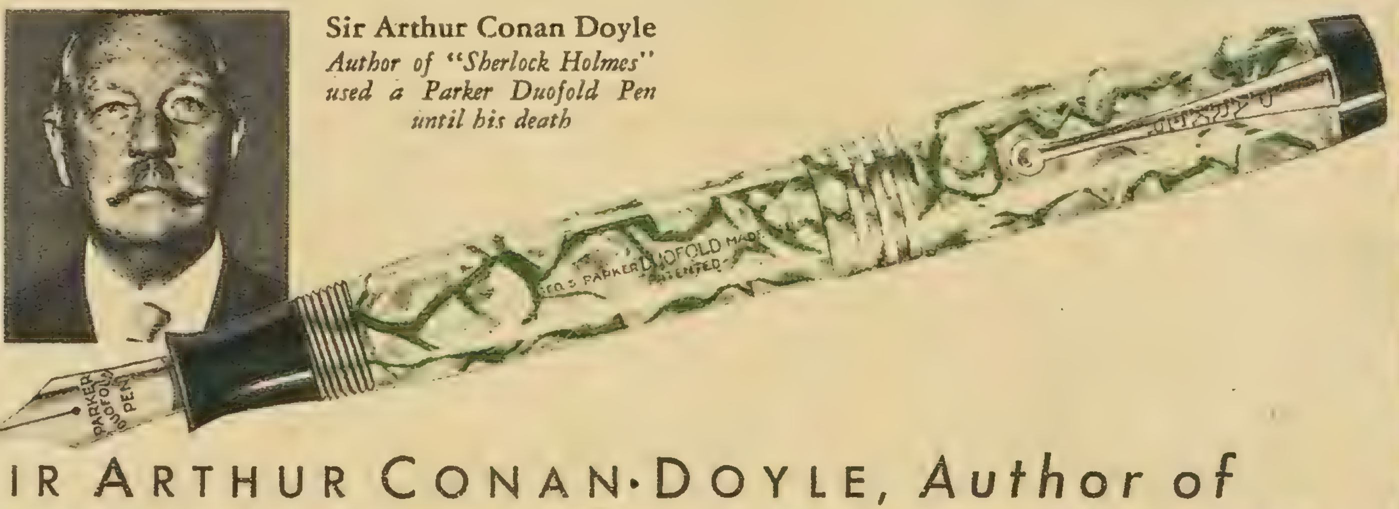
Jerry didn't hear anything except the noise of his truck. The wheels sliced their way through a stretch of mud. He began to whistle. The truck crossed a bridge, rounded a village green—and sped down the main street.

"Got a hitch!" Dr. Reback called from his front door where he was bowing out a patient. She was a fat lady and she was very happy with a new assortment of rheumatism pills which looked just like buckshot.

"I'm fallin'!" Red panted. His hands slipped, and he dropped to the asphalt. Limp. Stunned.

A red car struck him. He rolled over three times. And the car didn't stop. Mean. Criminal. Wicked. Another case of hit and run.

(Next week's cover adventure: The Hero)



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Author of "Sherlock Holmes" used a Parker Duofold Pen until his death

SIR ARTHUR CONAN·DOYLE, *Author of*

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GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

THE late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote reams of manuscript—tried all sorts of pens. Came the day, as it has to 26 million others, when he discovered the Pressureless Writing Parker Duofold. Taking it in hand, he wrote to his friend, Lord Molesworth: "I have at last met my affinity in pens."

You, too, can gain great aid from this Pen that lets you write without strain, and think without irritation.

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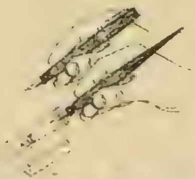
The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.



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GUARANTEED FOR LIFE
Pencils to match them all, $2.50 to $5
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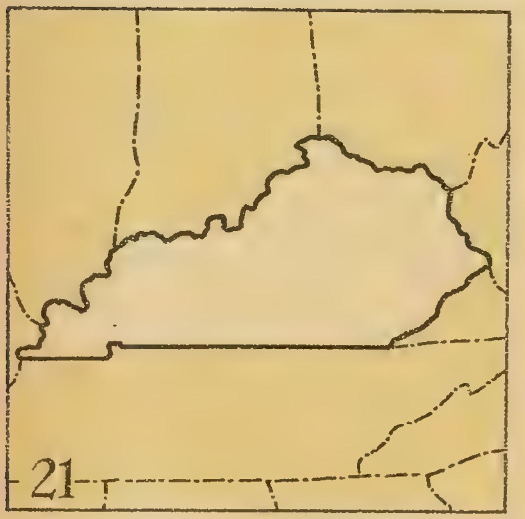
$5 $7 $10

Liberty's Patriotic

$25,000 IN CASH PRIZES

divided as follows:

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next 180 prizes, $25 each	4,500
Next 1,355 prizes, $10 each	13,550
TOTAL (1,540 prizes)	$25,000



The raising of livestock is an important industry of this state, which is bounded on the south by a state that bears the name of a large river.

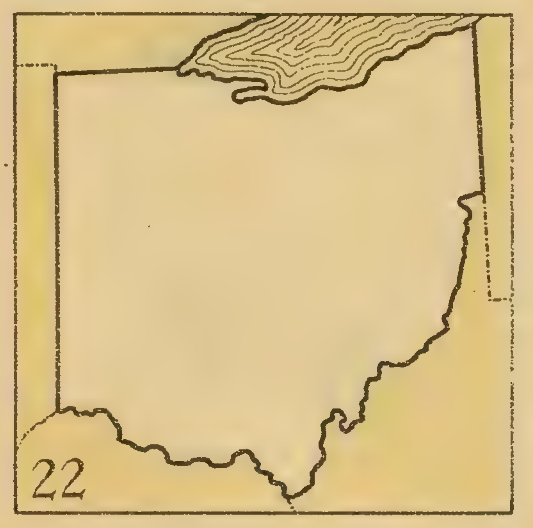
Name of State..........................

Bounded by..............................

....

....

SET NO. 6



The production of oil and the manufacture of rubber goods are among this state's principal industries. A large body of water touches it on the north.

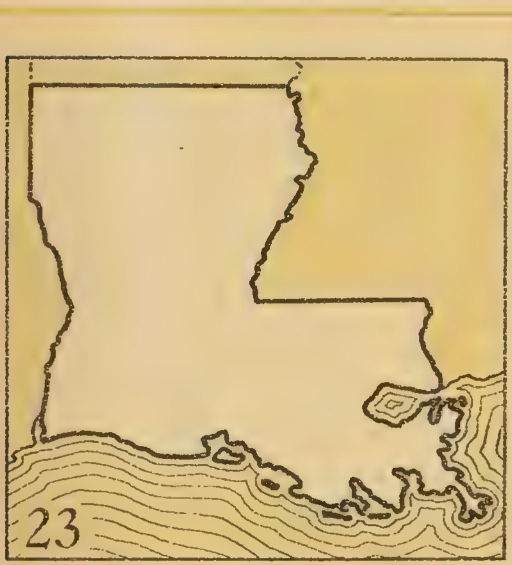
Name of State..........................

Bounded by..............................

....

....

SET NO. 6



This state was named for a king. It is bounded on the north by the only state in the Union in which diamonds have been found in any considerable quantity.

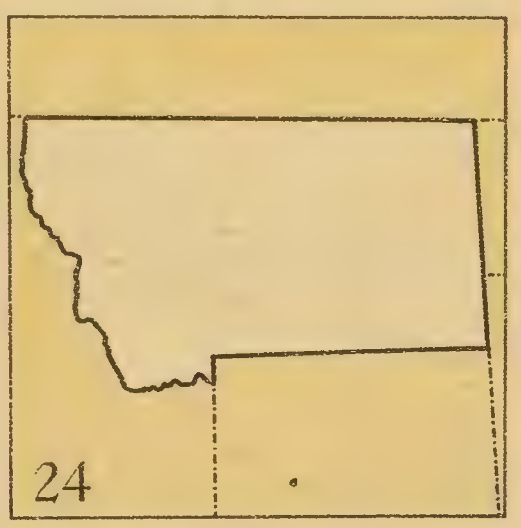
Name of State..........................

Bounded by..............................

....

....

SET NO. 6



This, the third largest state in the Union, is bounded on the east by two states whose territory was a part of the Louisiana Purchase.

Name of State..........................

Bounded by..............................

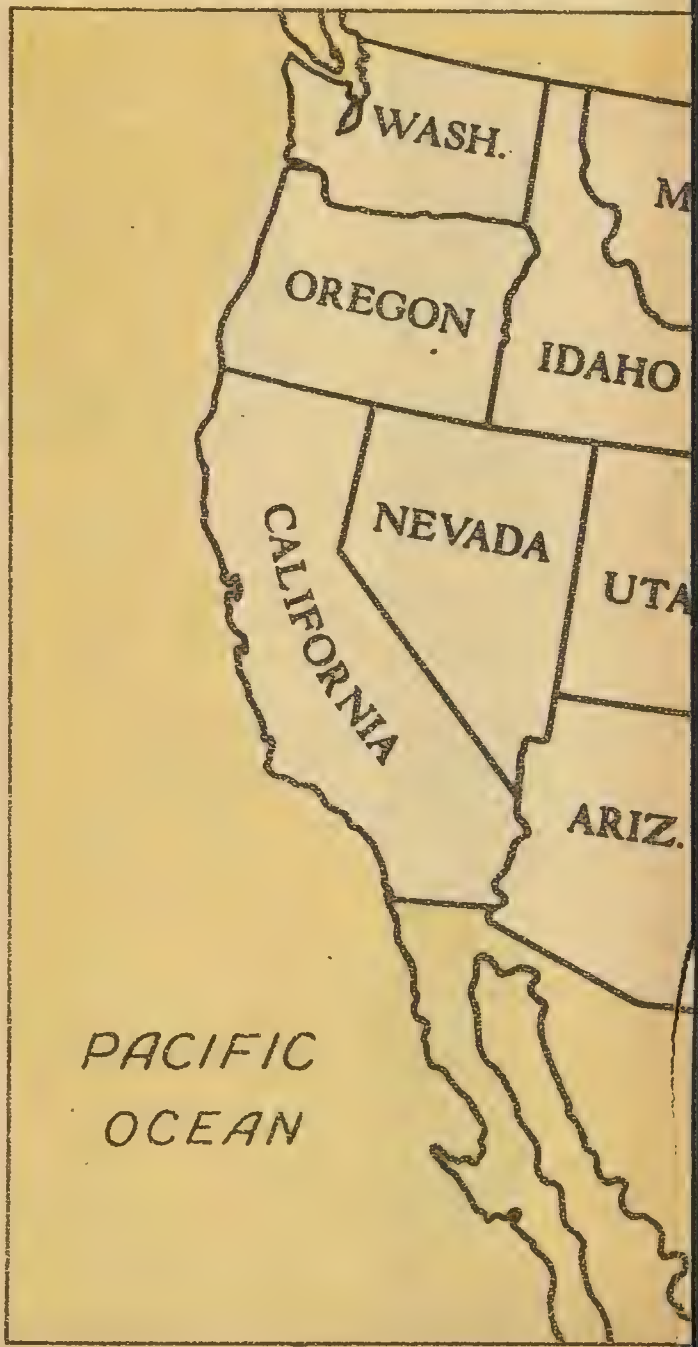
....

....

SET NO. 6

HERE is the sixth set of maps you need to play Liberty's Patriotic Game of States. Others will appear in the next six issues of Liberty. When you have twelve sets you'll be ready to try for your share of $25,000! This is a game that teaches you things about the United States—and, best of all, it's a lot of fun. Everybody can play it.

Read the rules carefully, and follow them. A map of the United States is printed herewith, to help you. Remember that you are not to send anything in until you have twelve sets of maps—forty-eight maps in all. And please note that we cannot supply back numbers to contestants in the Game of States. Save the maps, or copy or trace them, NOW!



GAME of STATES

The Rules

1—Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States; a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2—You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3—When you have done this with all the maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4—Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

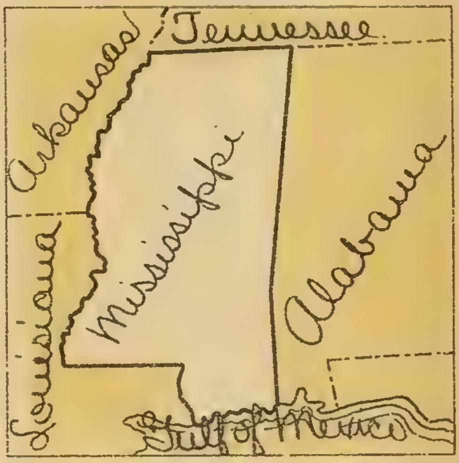
6—Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, Post Office Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by midnight, 21 days after the final set is published.

7—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post office box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8—You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. *We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.*

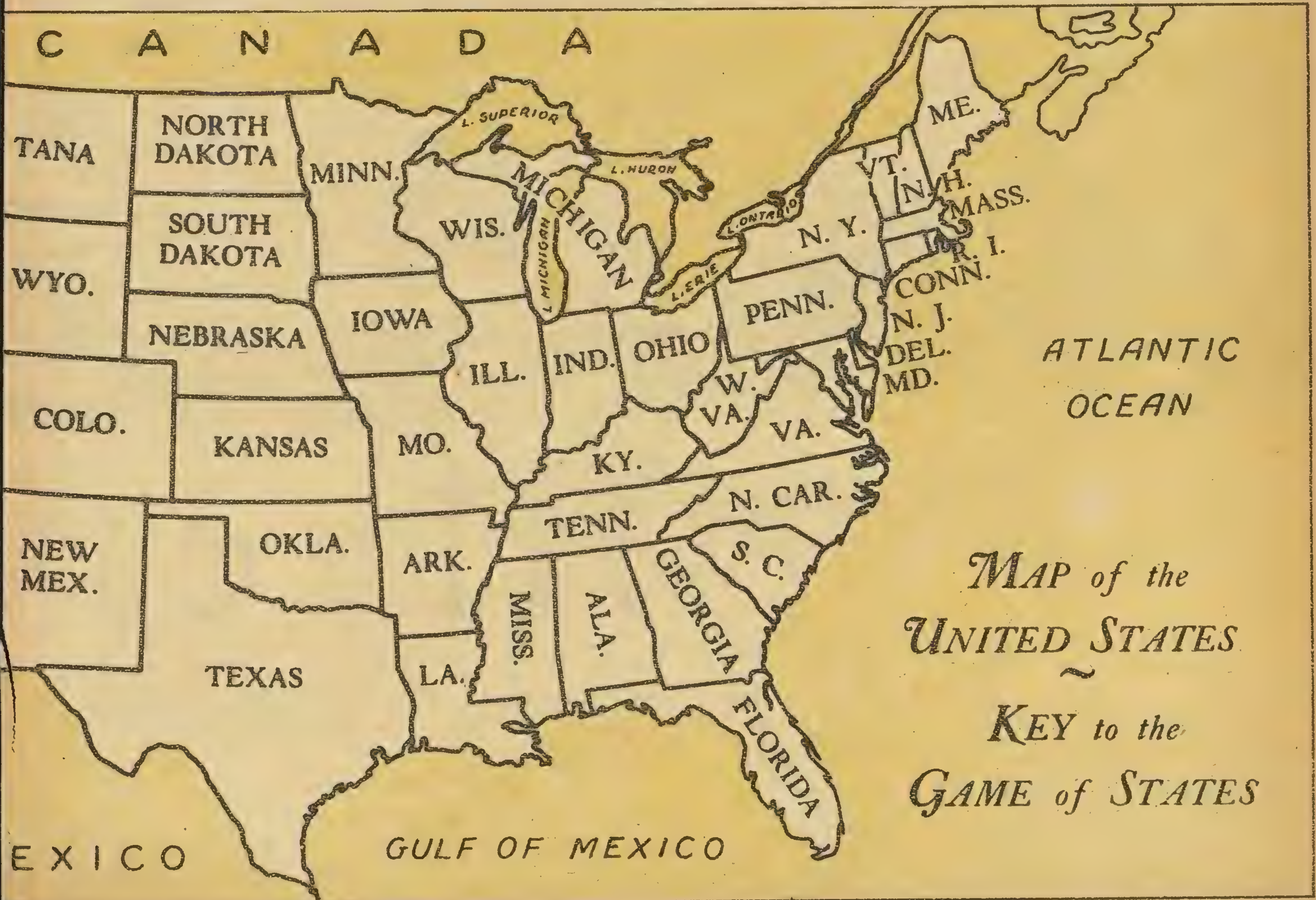
EXAMPLE


Tennessee
Arkansas
Mississippi
Alabama
Louisiana
Gulf of Mexico

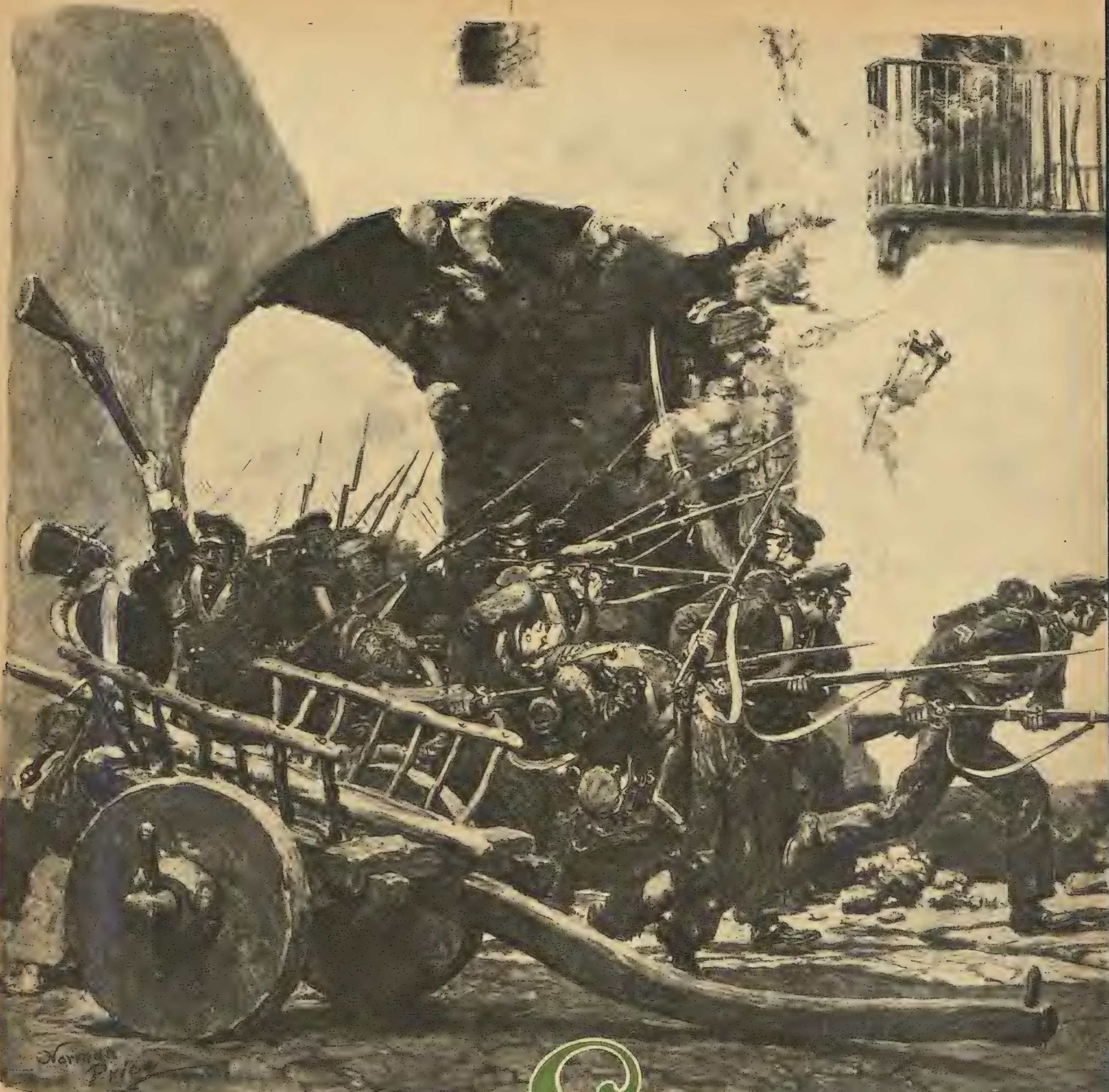
You may write on the maps, as above, or fill in the blanks below, like this:

Name of State *Mississippi.*
Bounded by *Tennessee, Alabama, the Gulf of Mexico, Louisiana, and Arkansas.*

NOTE—To avoid confusion, *don't give rivers as boundaries.* Give states, countries, or such waters as the Great Lakes, the oceans, and the Gulf of Mexico. Thus, in the example above, include Louisiana and Arkansas among your boundaries rather than the Mississippi River.


CANADA
TANA
NORTH DAKOTA
MINN.
L. SUPERIOR
MICHIGAN
L. HURON
ME.
VT.
N.H.
MASS.
WIS.
L. MICHIGAN
L. ONTARIO
N. Y.
R. I.
SOUTH DAKOTA
WYO.
L. ERIE
CONN.
PENN.
N. J.
IOWA
NEBRASKA
ILL.
IND.
OHIO
DEL.
MD.
ATLANTIC OCEAN
W. VA.
COLO.
KANSAS
MO.
VA.
KY.
N. CAR.
TENN.
NEW MEX.
OKLA.
ARK.
S. C.
MISS.
ALA.
GEORGIA
TEXAS
LA.
FLORIDA
EXICO
GULF OF MEXICO

MAP of the UNITED STATES ~ KEY to the GAME of STATES



Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE

Silver

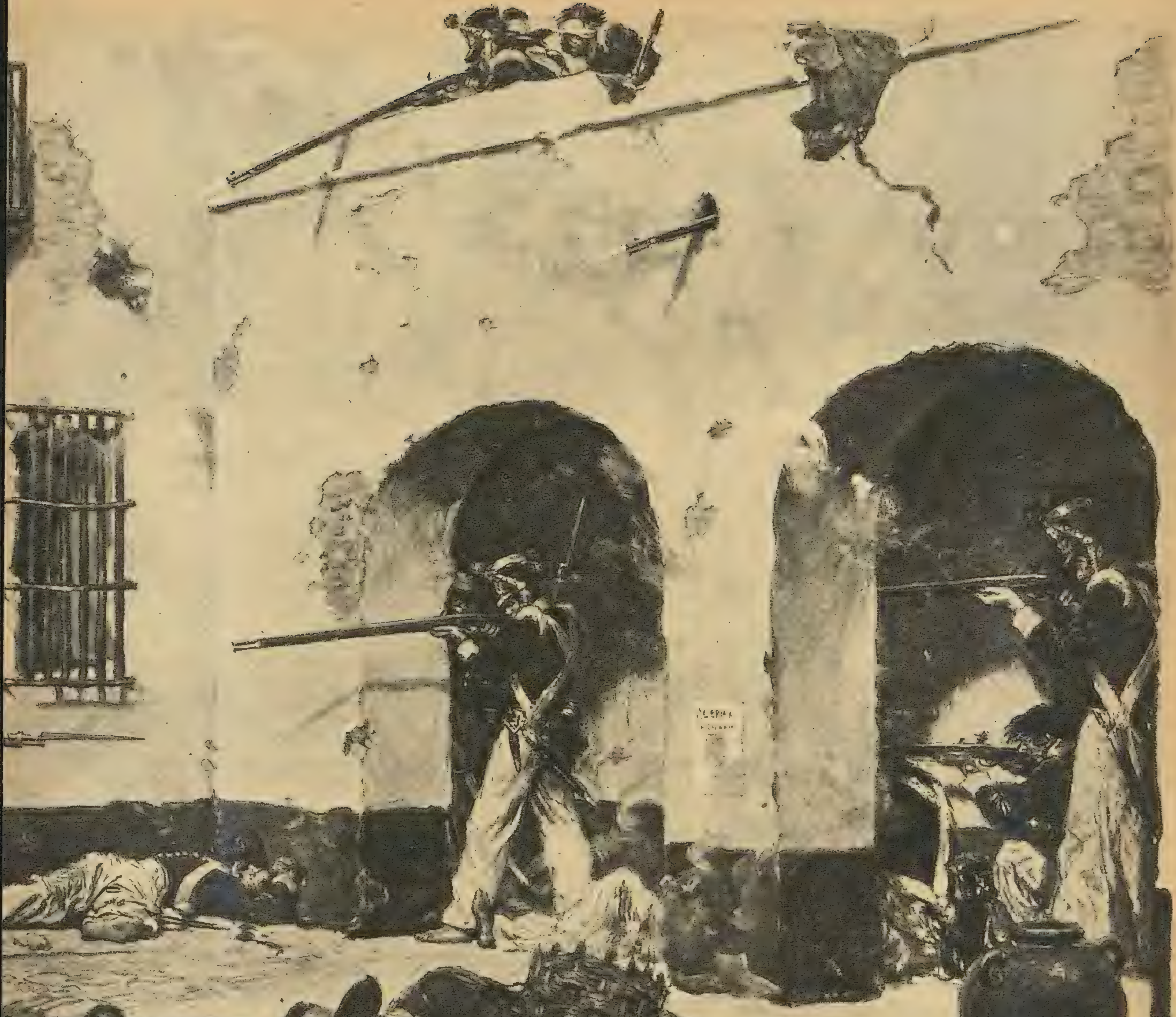
A Romance of the Rio Grande

(Reading time: 30 minutes 30 seconds.)

THESE are the adventures of Captain Maddox, superintendent of spies in the Mexican War, and of Silver Knees, a dancing girl, who had saved his life when he was all but hanged in Matamoras. Later, he ran across her in Monterey. Because Torrejon coveted her, Maddox tried to take her away to safety. They were caught, the girl was sent to a convent, and Maddox and his scout, Peep, were thrown into a prison about which the war raged. You can begin here and still understand what follows.

PART SEVEN—THE COURAGE OF DESPAIR

THE noise of the cannonade had become stupendous; our walls trembled under the concussions. We could hear the rippling crash of musketry not far away to the north of us and the terrific explosion of mortars in the direction of Fort Teneria. All the



Knees

"The Americans are in the city and are breaking their way through from one house to the next. They have come almost to the Plazuela de la Carne."

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

northern, eastern, and western bastions of the city were noisily ablaze with artillery and musketry fire, and with the detonations of American shells bursting all over the Obispado and even as far as the villas in the pretty suburbs along the river.

My senses informed me of all this, but my mind was desperately preoccupied, as is natural to a man about to die, with thoughts of Silver Knees and of life and death.

Hour after hour passed with scarcely a word between Peep and me. The uproar of battle increased steadily, swelling ever nearer and nearer; and, half listening, I could distinguish the distant shouting, the far cries of officers urging their men, the wild flurry of bugles rallying, warning, hysterical; the clatter of cavalry through

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-one

the streets; the gallop of staff officers and aides-de-camp.

Nobody came near us. The sun slanted through our barred window. A mocking bird in a China tree outside sang carelessly despite the awful uproar; and I saw lizards basking on the white wall of the patio, their jeweled flanks contracting, palpitating, expanding under the burning sun.

About three o'clock some sweating, slovenly soldiers shuffled into the patio, in charge of a shabby-looking officer in a cotton uniform trimmed with red.

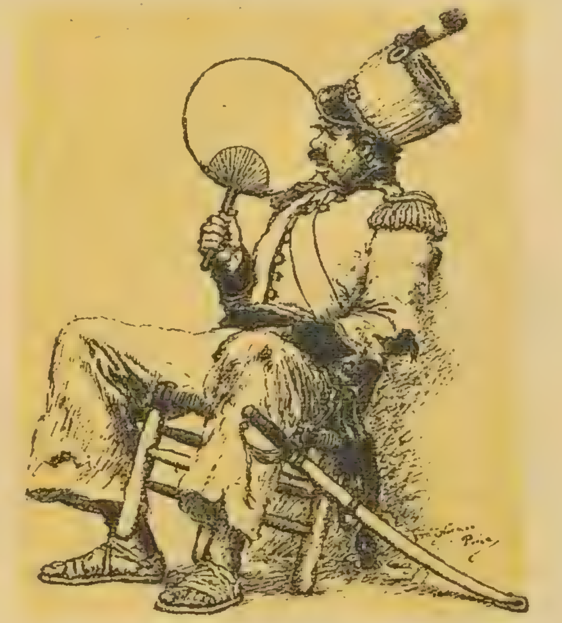
They stood at ease close to our window, not noticing us, but talking excitedly among themselves.

One of them fetched a chair and a fan for the officer, who seated himself in the shadow of the wall and began to fan himself.

We could hear what the soldiers were talking about. There had been a charge of Mexican cavalry on the Saltillo road, followed by a terrific fight with American infantry. Mexican artillery had driven them back, but they had come on again, wading the river, evidently determined to storm the bishop's palace.

"Dios," said a sweating corporal, "our light troops gave them a bellyful. One would think they had had enough."

"Like swine," said another, "they don't know when they're gorged, but run on, grunting for more."



The officer seated himself in the shadow of the wall and began to fan himself.

"By God, our lancers will let out their stuffed guts for them!"

Another said: "Their regulars are real men, but their cowardly volunteers are wild beasts. Women and children they outrage and murder, but they run squealing when our rancheros ride into them with bloody lances!"

IT was toward four o'clock, and the sun, westward, was blotted by a great coil of thunder clouds, when Peep, looking from the window, reached down and jogged my elbow.

"Aven," he said.

I got up and looked out. Into the patio shuffled a dozen barefoot soldiers of the permanent militia. In their midst slouched Frank Haslett.

His swollen, red hands were cruelly knotted behind his back; his disheveled hair straggled over his sullen visage. He was chewing tobacco steadily.

The officer in the shadow of the wall got up, laid aside his fan, drew his sword. The squad of execution came to slovenly attention. They led Frank to the wall, pushed him back against it. He spat.

"You like a priest?" demanded the officer in command. "It is some at the barracks—ver' holy man—"

"Go to hell!"

"It is you who shall go, not I," retorted the officer, laughing. "How you like? Eh? I shall tie your eyes with a handkerchief? Yes?"

"You goddam greaser," said Frank, "why don't you shoot me in the back like you done to our people down to Goliad!"

"For why I shoot you behind?" asked the officer with good-natured curiosity.

"Because you're afeard to look a Texan in the face, you yeller pig!" said Frank. "Shut up and go on with your job, you Mexican skunk!"

When they aimed their muskets at him, he sneered at them. He was still chewing tobacco—a little faster than usual—when they fired.

He slid down gently to the foot of the wall and remained there, half seated, his head sagging over.

A sergeant reloaded and cocked his piece, went toward him, felt of his heart, uncocked his musket, and walked back to the squad.

The mocking bird had already begun to sing again.

II

NOBODY came near us. We were suffering severely from thirst; but hunger seldom mates with fear, and we were not hungry. We talked together about the cannonading—about the overcast sky which promised rain—about anything to keep our minds occupied.

Frank Haslett's riddled body lay almost under our window, against the wall, until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when some barefoot soldiers of the militia came in, rolled it into a ragged poncho, and lugged it away. At that hour the outrageous noise of battle dominated all other sounds in the city. Salvos of shells from our batteries fell along the river, exploding with frightful detonations. The racket of musketry, punctuated by the bang of field guns, had become continuous in the direction of the bishop's palace and toward Fort Teneria.

In the courtyard the sun, blotted out by clouds every now and then, dappled the bullet-pitted wall with intermittent sunshine.

It was very hot in our prison; the threatened rain already drew a gray veil across a distant mountain.

Toward half past five some dismounted cavalrymen came dawdling into the patio and began to draw water from the well. They smoked and gossiped and did little work.

Peep called to them and asked for a drink. One of the troopers obligingly filled a gourd full of clear, sweet water and passed it up to us. We had been feeling a little demoralized, and it helped to steady us.

While the last troopers were still drawing water, there came filing into the courtyard some soldiers of a Sonora battalion—wild-looking fellows—who grounded arms in front of the wall where Frank had been shot, and drew and fixed bayonets. A few moments later, into the patio rode some lancers and dragoons—half a dozen, perhaps—but among them I saw Colonel Torribio López. Presently that handsome major of lancers who had presided at our first interrogation galloped into the yard.

López spoke to him by name, calling him Major Romano.

"You had better shoot those two Gypsies at once," he said. "Here is the firing squad from the Sonora battalion."

I heard Major Romano give a brief order to the Sonora lieutenant. Peep heard it, too.

"Well," said he, forcing his voice, which had a quaver in it, "at least we are no longer thirsty, prala."

As the squad of execution came to attention, they were thrown into some confusion by a sudden irruption of excited cavalry—Jalisco lancers escorting a colonel in full uniform, accompanied by a bareheaded colonel of dragoons who wore a bloody bandage across his face.

"FOR God's sake, Major Romano, what are you doing here?" shouted the colonel of lancers. "The Americans have driven in our dragoons and are galloping down the Topo road! Mount your men!"

Romano bawled after López, who already had dismounted and was entering the corridor of our prison: "Colonel López! Colonel López! Here are Colonels Don Juan Najera and Don Mariano Moret! Leave those Gypsies to the Sonora squad and mount your men!"

A bugle blew wildly. The patio instantly became a turmoil of milling horses and riders—lancers and dragoons—some mounted, others mounting, others afoot and running after their nags or trying to control them in order to get into their saddles.

As for the firing squad, it was already scattered in confusion, trying to avoid the horsemen, whose nervous animals, crowded in the courtyard, were rearing, kicking, huddling, backing into each other.

It had suddenly grown quite dark in the courtyard. Huge thunderclouds, crowding up from the southwest, buried the sun. A livid, unreal twilight fell over the city.

Colonel Najera, irritated and impatient, hustled and knocked about in the semidarkness, spoke loudly and angrily to Romano, telling him to let the dragoons out first, as Colonel Moret's troopers appeared to be better disciplined than the lancers of Jalisco.

I saw López spur out through the alleyway at the head of his Guanajuato dragoons, just as the first gust of rain swept the patio. Najera followed, accompanied by Romano, who seemed to be in a rage, glaring right and left under his scarlet schapska. After these crowded their lancers at a trot, breaking into a swift gallop as they entered the alley beyond.

Against the inky blackness of the skies shells were exploding redly just above the northern roof tops and in full view of our windows. And, as we looked, lightning flashed from the clouds, and after a long while the heavy reverberation of thunder followed.

The lieutenant commanding the Sonora firing squad, a dumpy, square-visaged Indian, left his men under the China tree where they had taken shelter both from the cavalry horses and from the rain, and came toward our prison.

"Mother of God!" said he, unlocking our door and walking in. "Here is a real storm coming, and I think we all had better sit dry until it is over. . . . Unless, señors, you prefer to die in the rain."

Peep said, with an effort at a smile, that we preferred to die dry, lest our corpses catch cold.

THE Indian lieutenant went to our barred window and shouted across to his men: "Fetch over that pulque brandy!"

Turning to us: "You have a journey before you, señors; you should fortify yourselves."

A soldier in bare feet and dripping blouse came in with a gourdful of brandy. The lieutenant set his lips to it first. As he began to drink, Peep pinched my arm. At the same moment the soldier who had fetched the pulque came close up and looked at me in the gloom of the gathering storm. The soldier was my own scout, Bandara!

Such a violent emotion possessed me that I set my teeth to control it.

I saw Peep crouch. Bandara stepped aside and behind the officer. As the lieutenant lowered the gourd to take breath, Bandara's right hand encircled his throat, and the left covered his mouth.

Crash went the gourd. There was a moment's furious struggle in the dusk; then the half-strangled officer stood reeling on sandaled feet, Bandara's bayonet prodding his back, and his own pistol, in Peep's fist, pushed up under his chin. Peep also had his knife.

I took off my sash and tied the fellow's arms firmly.

Peep said to him: "You will call to your men from this window, and order them to stack their arms and cartridge boxes in the corridor outside; and then you shall order them to go into the alley stable until the rain is over. . . . If you refuse, I shall encourage this large knife of yours to play tag with your liver."

"If the coyote yelps, kill him," added Bandara. "Everybody—all together—if he as much as whines."

We took him to the window. His throat was badly bruised and swollen, but he managed to find voice enough to save his life.

It had grown so dark that only by the glare of the lightning could we see the soldiers stacking their muskets in the corridor and going off into the alley on the run.

Now the thunder had become louder than the cannonade—or perhaps the cannon had ceased firing and we were mistaking the flare of lightning for the swift brilliancy of exploding shells.

We made the wretched officer sit down on the floor, facing the wall. I watched him, pistol in hand. Peep and Bandara went into the corridor and fetched in ten loaded muskets with bayonets and ten sacks of ammunition, including percussion caps. Then we locked and bolted the outer door.

The roar of the rain in our yard was like the tremendous noise of a high falls pouring into a ravine. The lightning was continuous; the solid shock of the thunder, peal on peal, deafened us. Except in the glare of the lightning,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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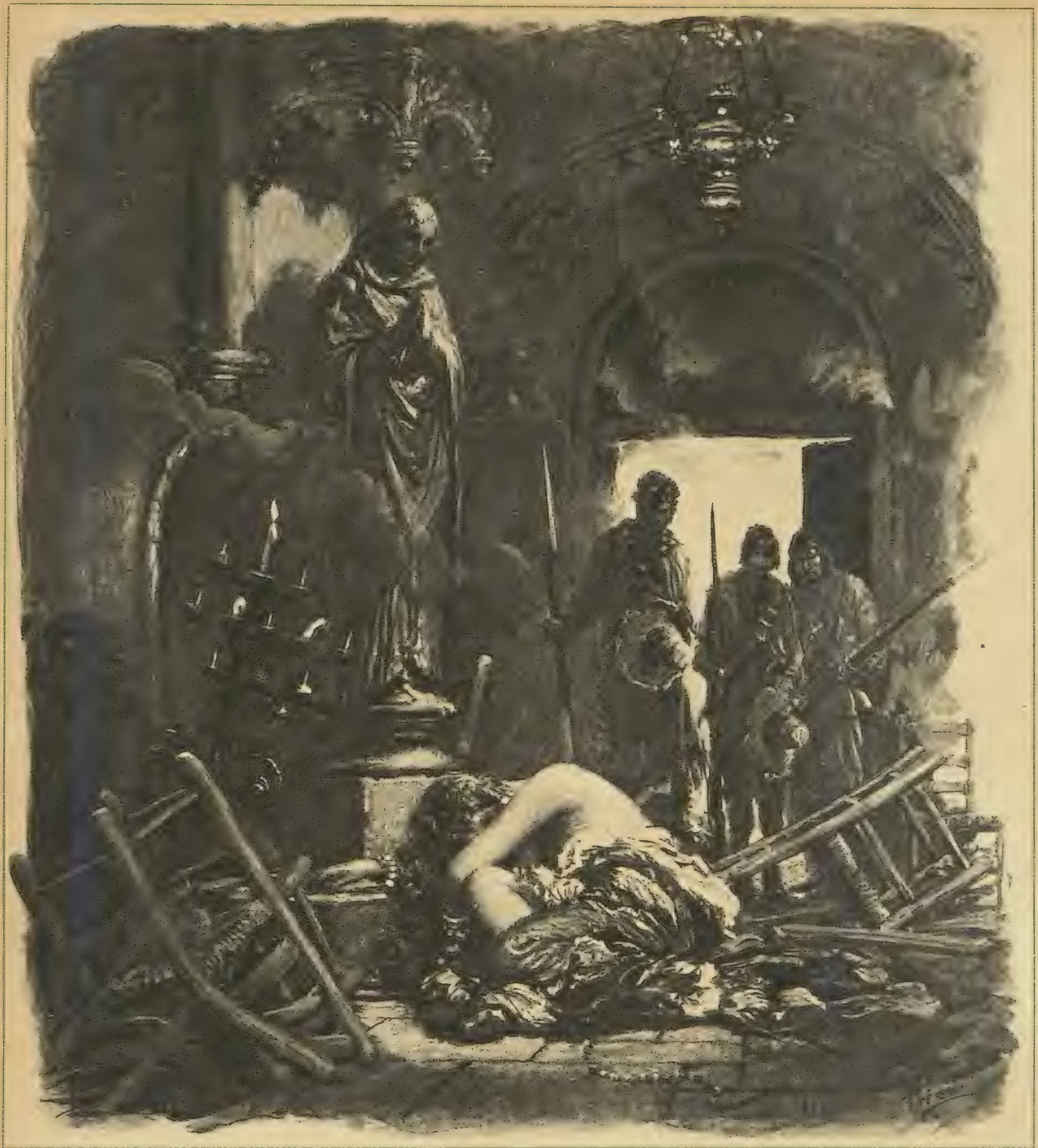

In the shadow of the gilded Virgin crouched a little half-naked figure, her head bowed on her white knees under a shock of tawny hair.

SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-three

we could see nothing outside and could not see each other.

We had Bandara's brief story in bits and snatches between bolts.

After they had let him go he had hung about the market place, watching and listening for news of us.

They were bringing dead soldiers into the Carne, where the Sonora Indians had dug a trench and made a breastwork. Shells already had killed several of them; and Bandara, discovering a dead man in a butcher shop, put on his uniform, took his equipment, and went out into the square just as the order came for a volunteer squad to do our business for us.

That was all. He had volunteered, hoping for a chance to help us. The chance came and he took it.

Peep and I pressed the brave Indian's hand in silence.

"It was nothing, your honor—nothing at all, brother Pio," said he; "it would be a poor Jicarilla who could not outwit a Spaniard."

The rain roared and roared unceasingly. Evening became night; hour dragged after hour. The thunder, receding, rolled and boomed among the mountains; the lightning flickered and flared.

About six o'clock in the morning the rain slackened; the rumble of thunder died away; a pale, watery, primrose-tinted light spread beyond our barred windows.

One of the Sonora soldiers, a corporal, swathed in his poncho, came into the yard and called up to his lieutenant. We made the wretched officer go to the window and give orders for food, then sent him back to squat down and look at the whitewashed prison wall again.

At that moment a frightful cannonade began, and we heard musketry in the market square, and the explosion of shells.

When the soldier came running back with a sackful of tortillas, chili con carne, and a gourd of sweet water, Bandara took in everything through the bars.

"Our lieutenant," said he to the nervous soldier, "has gone to the Guard Plaza and has left me to guard these American pigs. . . . What is the news, compadre?"

"Well, then, there is plenty, compadre! The Americans are in the city and are breaking their way through from one house to the next with crowbars and pickaxes. Like an army of burrowing moles, they swarm through our house walls from the west, and have come almost to the Plazuela de la Carne, where they fire from roof and window upon our men in that accursed trench we dug!"

"Where else are the American pigs?" demanded Bandara.

"Good God, they are everywhere! They have taken the Obispado. Romano's cavalry are all cut to pieces and Romano is dead. Also, the lancers of Jalisco are ruined; Don Juan Najera fell dead at their head. We have lost the Tannery Fort; our Third light infantry ran! . . . Are there orders for us, compadre?"

"Yes. He orders you to take the squad to the Purissima Bridge, where you will find your regiment—"

Like a panther, our prisoner, the Indian lieutenant, was on his feet and had leaped to the barred window.

"A lie!" he shouted. "It is death to go there! I am a prisoner here—"

Bandara drew up his musket and fired at him.

"Viva Mexico!" he gasped, clinging to the bars for an instant more. Then his fingers relaxed and he sagged down dead under the barred window.

OUT of the powder fog in the room we looked through the bars at the soldier outside. That ragged Sonora corporal was as brave as his dead lieutenant. He hadn't the slightest chance for life under the muskets of Peep and Bandara. He glared dauntlessly at the latter.

"Traitor to your country!" he said. "You will burn in hell for this!"

"I am no traitor, then!" shouted Bandara. "I am a Jicarilla Apache and no Mexican!"

"Nor am I," cried Peep. "I am Pio Pacheco, a Gitano of the Ursari! What have I to do with your cursed Mexico?"

"Let that man go," said I.

Bandara hesitated; Peep shrugged and lowered his musket.

"Clear out," he called to the Sonoran. "The American you were going to murder gives you your life!"

Very coolly the corporal stepped forward three paces, lifted his dirty hand in salute. "Señor," said he, "I thank your honor very much." Then he turned his back and walked leisurely away into the alley.

"Now," said Bandara, "let us get away from this window, because in a few moments we are going to catch it."

We were eating when the first volley came through the window from the alley, filling our room with lime dust where the flight of bullets battered our wall.

I went into the corridor, where, in the massive outside door, I could see through tiny holes made for that purpose.

Again the walled yard echoed with the crash of musketry; but no Mexican soldier ventured to show himself.

For half an hour this fusillade continued; but, in the comparatively quiet intervals between volleys, we could hear the rapidly approaching uproar of fighting between the cemetery and St. Anthony's Church, and the Plazuela de la Carne.

Bandara said that our troops must already have carried the cemetery, and must be battering their way through the houses of the street directly west of us.

Northeast of us, too, there was a steadily rising roar of battle, as though not only the Teneria Fort had been taken, but the Devil's Fort also; and our people already were in possession of the Campo Santo and within musket shot of the cathedral. Nevertheless, there came always the heavy booming of the citadel cannon from the north, which told us that the Black Fort was holding out.

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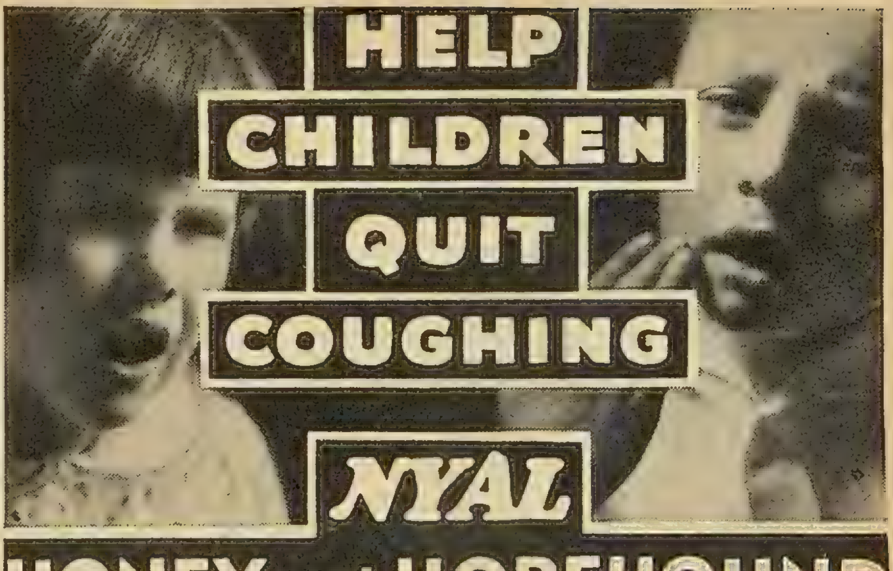

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SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-five

As for the unseen soldiers who were firing at our jail windows, we paid little heed to them. Cannon alone could batter in our walls.

Now and then, between volleys, Peep and Bandara aimed at the alleyway and let off their muskets with tremendous bangs; then we squatted on the stone floor to wait for the next storm of bullets. This useless business continued until about three o'clock in the afternoon. By that time the street fighting raged so close to us that we could hear American shouts and cheers amid the racket of musketry; hear the blows of mattock and pickax on partition walls of houses close to ours.

In the corridor was a ladder leading to the low, flat roof overhead. Up this I climbed and ventured to look out over the city.

Everywhere smoke whirled upward from musketry and field guns in action. The handsome Mexican flag on the bishop's palace was gone; our flag flew there, dainty as a wind-whipped blossom in the flying smoke. The Mexican flag with its stately eagle was gone, also, from the citadel, from Teneria, and from the Devil's Fort.

AN immense uproar arose all around me—shouts, shrieks, cheering, explosion of muskets, rifles, escopetas; the shattering crash of field guns in the city streets; the shaking thunder of heavy artillery and mortars.

There, in that roaring pandemonium of smoke and flame, we three sat down on the parapet of our roof, muskets in hand, and awaited what fate held in store for us.

It was as though the city of Monterey had become, suddenly, the pit of hell itself. On three sides of us towered huge mountains, their broken peaks looming high against the sunset sky. Eastward, Saddle Mountain dominated the gloomy barrier of rock; westward the jagged coronet of Mitre Mountain, bathed all in shadow; to the south the Sierra Peak soared.

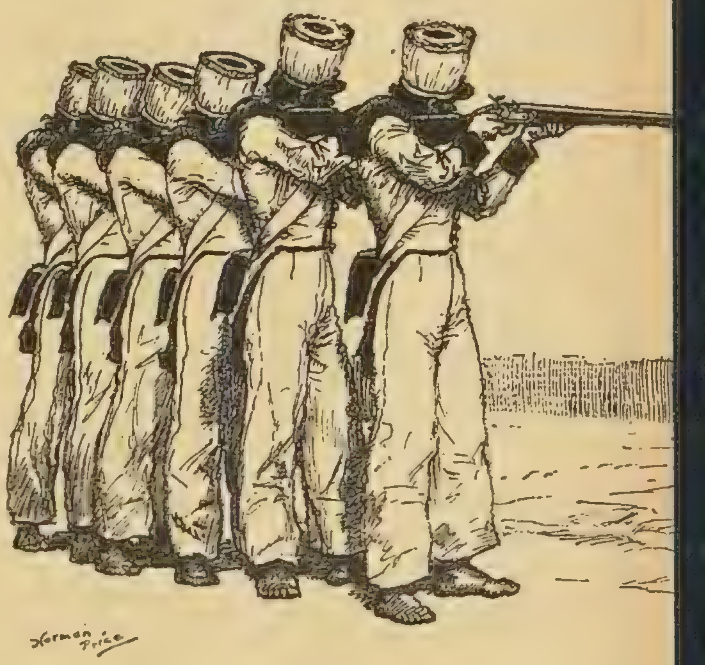
Over the beautiful doomed city, which is entirely built of stone, hung the storm cloud of battle laced with incessant lightning. Through whirling smoke we could look down into narrow, paved streets and walled gardens where orange, banana, pomegranate, and fig trees swayed, mangled in the blast of exploding shells.

We could see very plainly all the Mexican forts; the citadel; the huge ruin called the bishop's palace, with its turrets, battlements, and the stone Christ overhead; the cathedral—its Moorish façade unfinished—flying the Mexican flag. I could even make out the main bridge over the San Juan, and the great statue of the Virgin with her green cloak and gilded crown.

Suddenly, two houses west of us, I saw a United States regular soldier climb to the roof and peer over it into the street below.

"This way!" I shouted to him. "Bring your men over here and you can come down through the scuttle!"

Other soldiers appeared on the flat roof tops. As they moved toward me they fired down into the street and dodged back to reload.



When they aimed their muske

A sergeant of the Fifth infantry reached our roof first. He and a dozen others descended our scuttle. Then I saw Rossell of the Fifth infantry running toward me. The uniform on his bony body was drenched with blood.

"How on earth did you get here, Maddox?" he asked cheerily. I told him in a word or two. "From the patio below," I explained, "your men can command the entire Plazuela de la Carne. What on earth is the matter with you, anyway, Rossell?"

"Only a prick from a lance. It's nothing—"

But as he went down the ladder I heard his boots wheezing and slopping with the blood that filled them.

LOOKING down at the square below, I could see dismounted troopers of Texan cavalry—Wood's regiment—swarming across the streets.

An officer of the Seventh regular infantry, whom I knew slightly, now appeared on our roof, leading a file of his men. He told me, bitterly, that some of our volunteer regiments had behaved abominably, running like rabbits from the Mexican lancers and leaving his regiment in the lurch.

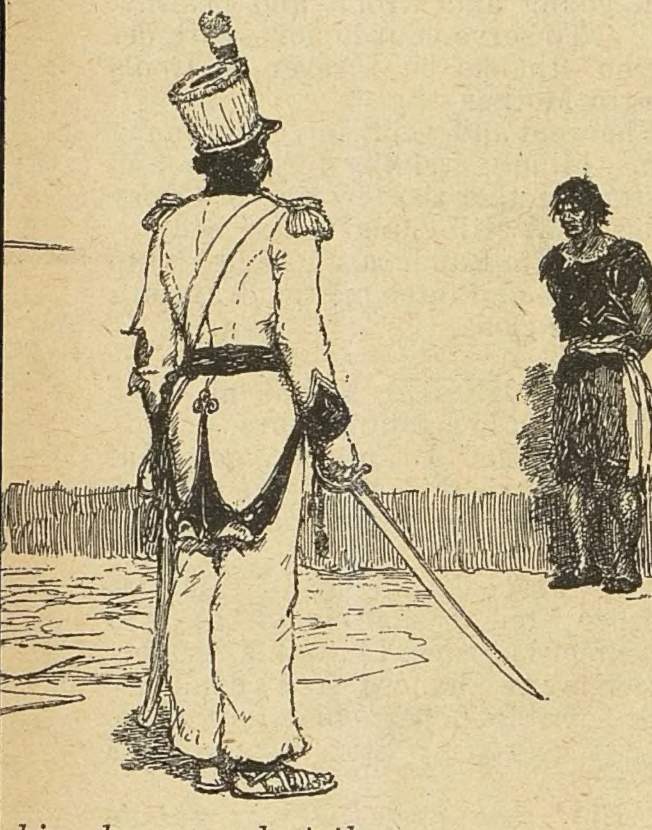
"They're a brutal, undisciplined, cowardly lot," he said. "Their officers are ignorant and incompetent, and can't handle their men in camp or in action. They are making our flag in Mexico an emblem of outrage, robbery, and ruin, and they are dreaded like death in every village in the land."

I asked him which regiments had bolted and he told me.

"Old Zack," said he, "knows how these volunteers are behaving. The

Mexican government has complained to him and he has sent an apology for their behavior. But I tell you, Captain Maddox, their cruelty and brutality will make the name of America stink in Mexico for a hundred years to come!"

By this time his regulars were swarming over the roofs in every direction. He descended the scuttle, sword in hand. I followed him; his dusty soldiery came tumbling after. Bandara and Peep unlocked and opened the jail door for them.


him, he sneered at them.

And now down the scuttle came pouring more soldiers from Indiana and Louisiana regiments, yelling excitedly, drunk with powder fumes and the reek of blood. They rushed out through the patio into the Market Plaza, storming shops, stalls, houses; carrying all before them—trench, breastwork, barricade; and overwhelming the few frightened Presidiales and rancheros whom they surprised there looting.

I saw some Texan cavalry galloping out of the cemetery. A regular battery—Sherman's, I think—which had been firing from there, limbered up and trotted through the market place, which now was thick with smoke.

I caught Bandara by the sleeve and asked him if he had seen the little Gypsy, Silver Knees, since they had released her.

"No," he said; "López sent her to the Incarnation nuns."

"I know where it is," added Peep; "—and we had better get there before some of these crazy volunteers break in."

III

THE two streets running northward from the Carne to the Plaza of the Virgin were swept by musketry. Our troops had entered the houses again, breaking and blasting their way through the solid walls from one building to the next.

The First Ohio infantry now occupied the market place. The regiment had been shot to pieces and badly cut up by lancers. They were in support of one of our field guns, which was sending blast after blast of grape shot toward the Plaza of the Virgin, from which we could see Mexican lancers stampeding in every direction.

I saw Colonel Davis, with his fine regiment of Mississippi riflemen, moving northwest to take the suburb by the flank. He told me that Old Zack was fighting to the eastward, and had penetrated so far that his infantry were close to the Cathedral Square, where the bulk of the Mexican army was now massed.

In the smoky sunset glow a section of one of our light batteries—Braxton Bragg's, I think—came trotting up, dropped its guns, and opened on the long street running eastward.

Out of it, in terrible panic, rushed the ranchero lancers; and instantly the whole quarter was in a frightful uproar as some of our volunteer regiments surged into it and began to tear the shutters from shops, break in doors, and start the sinister work of violence and plunder for which they already had become infamous.

The streets were already dusky.

IN the square of the Virgin del Roble, dead Mexican soldiers and dead horses lay sprawling everywhere—on footways, on the pavement, in the gutters which ran through the middle of the streets, and which were thickly splashed with blood.

In some of the gardens and alleys just beyond, hand-to-hand fighting was still going on where our volunteers had encountered plundering bands of rancheros. Everywhere a disorderly mob of volunteers surged, shouting, cursing, quarreling, laughing. Yells, screaming, the noise of splintering doors and shutters, sounded from the darkened houses in all directions.

As Bandara, Peep, and I pressed on toward the low temporary refuge of the nuns of the Incarnation, who had recently sought safety in Monterey, we caught sight of the Virgin's Church just beyond, where something inside had caught fire. A crowd of screaming women and children were running in and out of the sanctuary which threatened no longer to protect them.

I saw a sister of the Incarnation come out, her face and hands and coif scorched. She spread her tortured hands wide in a gesture of protection over the terrified women huddled behind her and already threatened with violence by some ruffians dressed in volunteer uniform.

I went up to their leader, swung my musket, and knocked him senseless. Then Peep, Bandara, and I turned on the others, who bolted before our leveled muskets.

"Have they done you any violence, sister?" I asked.

The poor nun looked at her scorched hands, whimpering.

"They have done us nuns no violence," she wailed. "But between

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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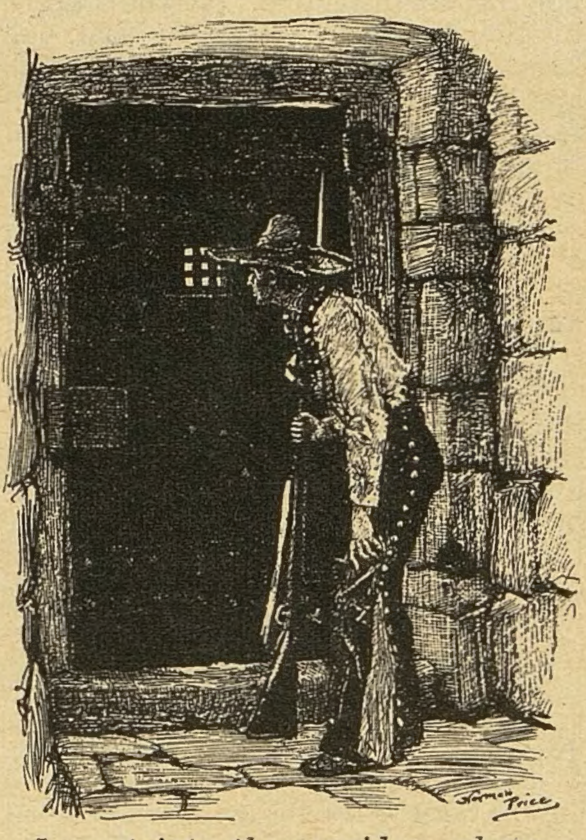
SILVER KNEES
Continued from page seventy-seven

them and the rancheros and Presidiales they have mistreated the women and murdered inoffensive men in all these houses. God will punish them all—Americans and rancheros alike! " she sobbed, wringing her burned hands distractedly.

I took hold of her sleeve. " Listen to me, sister," I said. " Colonel López sent a Gypsy girl under guard to the nuns of the Incarnation. Where is she? "

" Oh, Mother of God! " she wept aloud. " The drunken Presidiales broke into our refuge where all the poor young girls were hiding. . . . We tried to protect them. . . . They even ran out among the bursting shells—preferring death. But the rancheros drove and dragged them back. . . . Then the Americans came—and it was the same thing. . . . Two young girls lie dead there—God knows of what. . . . I saw the Gypsy girl fighting like a wildcat. A drummer lad—and others—had hold of her. . . . They got her knife away. . . . When at last they let her alone, she was lying all huddled up in a corner—under the altar Virgin—"

As I turned and pushed my way across the square through crowds of frightened women and children, a column of our flying artillery began to traverse it, preceded by regular dragoons of the Second regiment. These splendid horsemen rode out with drawn sabers, driving the plundering soldiery before them, who scuttled away, like rats, through lanes and alleys in every direction.



I went into the corridor, where, in the massive outside door, I could see through tiny holes made for that purpose.

Riding with the dragoons was an officer I knew. He passed close to me in the smoky gloom, and I called out to him, naming myself and asking him to detail a trooper and a led horse for a business I had in hand at the Incarnation refuge across the square.

Then I strode on, Bandara and Peep at my heels, and presently came to the refuge with the cross above it.

The heavy doors, badly splintered, hung open. A young woman lay dead on the steps; another, her clothing in indecent disorder, slumped across the threshold.

INSIDE was a chaos of broken chairs, bedding, overturned choir stalls and prie-dieu. A candle still burned redly in the shrine.

Under it, in the shadow of the gilded Virgin, crouched a little half-naked figure, her head bowed on her white knees under a shock of tawny hair.

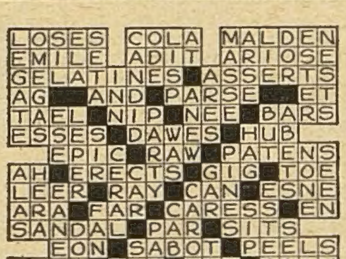
Bandara and Peep halted. I went forward amid the débris. At the sound of my footsteps the figure lifted a bloodless face in the candlelight.

" Encarnación? " I whispered.

She looked up at me. " Eraño! " she said in a colorless voice, "—my lord and master! "

The next instant she was on her feet, and stood shivering and staring at me out of swollen, startled eyes.

" Eraño—are you dead? " she gasped.



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LOSES COLA MALDEN
EMILE ADIT ARIOSE
GELATINES■ASSERTS
AG■■AND■PARSE■■ET
TAEL■NIP■NEE■BARS
ESSES■DAWES■HUB
  EPIC■RAW■PATENS
AH■ERECTS■GIG■TOE
LEER■RAY■CAN■ESNE
ARA■FAR■CARESS■EN
SANDAL■PAR■SITS
  EON■SABOT■PEELS
HIDE■FOR■MAR■RAIN
ON■■SALEM■SEA■■NE
ITERATE■ARTICHOKE
SERENE BRIE TAPER
TRADES IONS SHEDS
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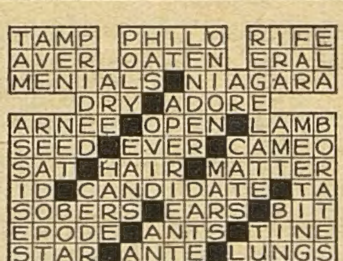
Answer to the puzzle on page 60



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TAMP PHILO RIFE
AVER OATEN ERAL
MENIALS■NIAGARA
   DRY■ADORE
ARNEE■OPEN■LAMB
SEED■EVER■CAMEO
SAT■HAIR■MATTER
ID■CANDIDATE■TA
SOBERS■EARS■BIT
EPODE■ANTS■TINE
STAR■ANTE■LUNGS
   ERNES■OAR
PANNIER■BRINDLE
ERIE AGREE ERIA
NAPS RYALS DYER
```

Answer to the puzzle on page 61

" This is no spirit but myself, Silver Knees."

Tears started, welling up and running over her marred cheeks.

" I thought your honor was dead," she whimpered. " López came and told me so. Oh, prala—prala—he told me you had died begging for life—under the jail wall—"

" Silver Knees," said I, " have they harmed you? "

" Oh, Don Juan, what do I matter as long as you are alive! " she cried hysterically. " What has my Gypsy carcass to do with you! "

" Did they harm you, little sister? " I repeated hoarsely.

" Prala, I fought them with my knife. . . . That crazed drummer lad—oh, Virgin Mother, they used me ill—"

I took her into my arms. She cowered against me, her wet face buried on my shoulder.

" Mother of God! " she sobbed in a stifled voice, " what am I crying about when you are alive? . . . And I am still young and strong and healthy. . . . To serve your honor—with devotion—thanks be forever to God's Virgin Mother—"

She wept and wept, shivering in my arms, blindly striving to gather and fasten together the few rags of Gypsy finery that still clung to her body.

I called to Bandara, and told him to go outside and fetch me the dragoon's long blue cloak.

SILVER KNEES looked at Peep through her falling tears.

" Now that I am become what you used to say I was," she sobbed, " you will laugh at me and mock me, Pio."

" By Jesus," said he, " I shall do neither; but I shall laugh at that drummer lad when I have his neck between my two hands! And I shall also kill Torribio López, some day, to do you pleasure, my little sister of the Ursari."

" Ei! " she wailed, " why should you care to please a Gitana dancer of the camino? Oh, dua! dua! I ought to die of drao, like the slut of the Gao I am become—like a sick rat of the Guchiba—grajuna, garibarda—wounded, soiled, and full of pain—"

" Esden y jóbe—what are you talking about? " said Peep, " who still have three times your years to live in! Laugh, then, little sister. Ha perádo la lon chingaripén! The quarrel with the liló drummer shall have an end to please you! I, Pio Pacheco, swear it. Bandara, too, shall swear it—"

Bandara brought in the dragoon's mantle. I wrapped it carefully around Silver Knees.

" Where are you taking me, prala? " she asked through her tears.

" To the camp of the American army, little sister. You are to remain with me."

She looked up at me out of widened eyes, her whole features transfigured with ecstasy.

" Am I to cook for you, and sew and mend? Oh, Don Juan, am I to serve you on my knees, then, after all? "

" Not as a servant."

" Servant am I to none! " she cried. " I am a free Gypsy, and serve only him I choose. And I choose to serve you all my life on my knees, prala. God gives me happiness in this hour of shame."

I took her small hand in mine. She moved as lightly as ever beside me on her naked feet from which the espadrilles had been torn.

In her horseman's cloak I lifted her to the saddle of the led horse.

The dragoon offered me his horse, but I preferred to walk beside Silver Knees, leading her mount through the dark disorder of the silent city under the glittering hosts of tropic stars.

In next week's installment of the story you'll learn what happened to Silver Knees, as a sequel to the tragic hours she lived through.

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